**The history of Pembrokeshire / by the Rev. James Phillips.**


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# THE HISTORY OF PEMBROKESHIRE

BY THE REV. JAMES PHILLIPS

HAVERFORDWEST; ALDERMAN OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL OF PEMBROKE

LONDON: ELLIOT STOCK
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# FOREWORD

THE decision to publish this History was not easily or hastily arrived at. The fact that the manuscript was incomplete presented the greatest difficulty. The author had projected a history that would have dealt with the county to the close of the nineteenth century. His outline included three chapters under the following headings: Georgian Pembrokeshire, The Landing of the French, and Modern Days, which he did not live to write.

A perusal of the present volume by the general reader will, we believe, carry with it a regret at the absence of these chapters. But the shadow of death and the multifarious public engagements of the author interfered with the execution of his plan.

He was able, however, to deal pretty fully with the Evangelical revival of the eighteenth century, a subject that had long interested him, and the study of which had undoubtedly suggested to his mind the larger undertaking.

The general desire expressed for the appearance of a book thus written from a fresh standpoint, the product of one who, by early training and sympathy, had so many qualifications for treating the matter adequately, and the knowledge of the pleasure the prospect of its appearance gave our brother, overcame our hesitation to a great extent.

Still, there remained the fact that no arrangements had been made with the publishers before the death of the author. When, however, we were offered terms which, we were persuaded, would not involve us in pecuniary loss, we ventured to trust the reading public of the county in the hope that the volume would yield both profit and pleasure and satisfy a long-felt want.

We desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to friends, without whose advice and generous aid we could not have seen the volume through the press. Our thanks are due to the Rev. T. Gough Griffiths, who carefully perused the manuscript and satisfied us of its continuity and completeness (within the limits already indicated) ; to Mr. T. C. Rees, for his general superintendence of the issue ; to Mr. H. E. H. James, Director of Education, for his invaluable services in reading the proof sheets ; and to Mr. Llewellyn G. James for compiling the index.

J. AND M. PHILLIPS.

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# The History of Pembrokeshire

## Book I

### Introductory

#### Part I

"DEMETIA," wrote Giraldus Cambrensis—"Demetia, with its seven cantreds, is the most beautiful district of Wales."

Yet in no other part of the Principality is there to be found among the people so much readiness to acquiesce in the depreciation of their own county as there is among the inhabitants of old Demetia. Of this singular phenomenon we have only one explanation to offer. For many centuries the county has been divided into two sections. Neither the spread of the English language in the north nor the large infusion of Welsh blood among the population of the south has fused Teutonic and Celtic Pembrokeshire into one. This permanent division has been hitherto a formidable obstacle to the growth of a spirit of local patriotism, such as animates the people of Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire.

Yet there is no county in Wales of which the inhabitants have more reason to be proud. The last few years has witnessed a local outburst of archæological enthusiasm, which on that side has done much to redress the unjust neglect with which it had long been treated. But its

historical interest is not the only, nor even the principal, charm of the "premier county." Pembrokeshire scenery has an abundance and variety of natural beauty, of which few of its inhabitants seem to be aware. The great forest that once spread over the central tract has almost entirely disappeared. The woods that formerly clothed the northern slopes of the Presselly range are but scantily represented now. Still, Pembrokeshire abounds in spots of exquisite beauty—secluded glens that lie far from the main thoroughfares, hamlets that nestle beneath the rounded hill-tops, valleys whose loveliness startles the casual visitor into astonished admiration. The writer can never forget his first visit to one such nook. The main road is sufficiently uninteresting, but a stroll of a few hundred yards brings one into the midst of delightful sylvan scenery, while beyond lie the blue waters of Milford Haven. Nor is this charming valley without its historical associations. The churchyard that overlooks its northern end is believed to be the last resting-place of one of the members of the grim High Court of Justice, who in the evil days of the Restoration found here a shelter among the kindly country-folk. On the south side of the churchyard is an exceptionally fine British earthwork, which tradition, as old as the days of the Conquest, links with the name of King Arthur's nephew, Walwayne,—the Gawain of whom Tennyson sings :

"Light was Gawain in life and light in death."

The church in whose porch the hunted Puritan died has made way for a handsome modern structure. Some thirty years ago the Rector was the saintly Sir William Dunbar, in early life a friend of Edward Irving, for whose memory he never ceased to cherish an affectionate regard.

Such is one of the many lovely spots of Pembroke-

shire. Then there is the unrivalled coast-line. There is a weird fascination in the bold headlands and frowning cliffs of Carnarvonshire, with their background of cloud-wrapped mountain peaks. But even Carnarvonshire cannot enter into competition with Pembrokeshire and its alternation of cape and creek, islet and roadstead and stormy frith. Westward its contour is broken by the Bay of St. Bride, inhospitable enough to the tempest-driven sailor, for scant shelter will be found there, but a splendid sheet of water as it spreads out before the landsman's eye ; while on each side of the entrance rise the tall cliffs of islands which still bear the names the Vikings gave them a thousand years ago. Only those can rightly appreciate its changeful beauty who are familiar with its aspect at all seasons—who have watched it not only beneath the brilliant sky of June, but in spring and autumn, when the purple cloud-shadows chase one another across its surface, and in winter, when it is white with crested surges, and the foam is seen breaking over the Lighthouse Rock, twelve miles away.

A fine view of the bay and of North-West Pembrokeshire is obtained from Carn Lleidi, the pointed rock that rises from the northern cliff, a mile from St. David's. The peninsula of Dewisland (David's Land) lies at our feet. In the foreground the roofs of the little city cluster round the cathedral towers. In the distance is Roch Castle (the Castle of the Rock), the outpost of the Teutonic colonists against the Welsh, whom they had dispossessed. About three-quarters of a mile to the west of us is the promontory of St. David's Head, the Land's End of Wales, where the Warrior's Dyke—a broad rampart of unhewn, uncemented stone—still guards, as it has done for millenniums, the hut-circles, the so-called "huts of the Gaels," whose name attests their connection with some one of the vanished or vanquished races. Between the Head and Carn Lleidi are long lines of stonework,

the remains of a huge fortress, perhaps contemporary with the Warrior's Dyke, but never completed. Possibly it dawned upon the builders that the barren waterless waste was unsuitable for a permanent camp of refuge.

South of the Head stretch the sands of Whitesand Bay, near the northern end of which have been found traces of a Christian settlement at least as old as the days of St. David. Further south, Ramsey Island is separated from the mainland by the broad but perilous Sound. Beyond, the sea is studded with the miniature archipelago known as the Bishop and Clerks. Between Ramsey Sound and the city is the fortification-crowned rock which bears the name of Boia, the chieftain who figures in legend as the inveterate enemy of St. David. Eastward of the city gleam the waters of Dowrog Pool, near which passes an ancient British trackway. The whole district abounds in prehistoric remains, earthworks, maenhirs, cromlechs, and ogham stones.

On the cliffs overlooking St. Bride's Bay are fine specimens of the old cliff-castles. One of these, between Caerfai and Caerbwdy, is of the three-walled type, the middle wall being the highest and the inner wall the lowest. This camp, curiously enough, has its exact counterpart directly opposite, near St. Bride's, on the southern shore.

Ramsey and St. Margaret's on the north, and Skomar on the south, keep watch and ward over the entrance to the bay, the rugged outline of the southern island contrasting strikingly with the gently swelling hills and smoother contour of its northern neighbour. On Skomar there are traces of primitive dwellings and evidences of interments so numerous as to suggest the idea that the bleak rocky islet was the last refuge of some tribe, driven from the mainland by more numerous or better-armed invaders. Between Skomar and the peninsula of Roose rush and swirl the waters of the dreaded Jack Sound.

A short journey along the coast leads us past another cliff-castle—in good preservation, but of a ruder type than those we have seen in St. Bride's Bay—past the beautiful but rarely visited Marloes Sands, past West Dale, to the romantically situated lighthouse of St. Ann's, where the full force of the Atlantic surges breaks on the lofty cliffs, which they have carved into a thousand fantastic forms.

Immediately beyond St. Ann's is Brunt, the traditional landing-place of Richmond, in August, 1485; though it is not easy to understand why he should have landed here instead of at Dale, just inside the harbour, for we are now at the entrance to Milford Haven—the great "Midfiord" which penetrates into the heart of the county. Has not Shakespeare sung the praises of "this same blessed Milford"? We are in no danger of forgetting that, for we are reminded of it in season and out of season. The one feature of their county over which all Pembrokeshire men wax enthusiastic is their "far-famed haven," with its magnificent possibilities—possibilities that have been so slow of transmutation into fact, but which in the last decade have become something better than a dream. The development of the trade of Milford, if it does not realize the sanguine fancies of a former generation, yet has been sufficient to transform the little town, once as sleepy as a dead city of the Zuyder Zee, into a bustling seaport, with new streets spreading out into the county on all sides.

At first the Government Dockyard was at Milford, until the exorbitant price demanded by the local landowner for additional ground provoked the Admiralty into removing it higher up the harbour to Pater or Patrick-church, now Pembroke Dock. Opposite to Pembroke Dock is Neyland (misnamed New Milford), the terminus of the Great Western Railway, and for many years the starting-point of the steamers that plied to Waterford and Cork.

The commercial possibilities of the Haven concern only the part from Neyland and Pembroke Dock westward, but its upper reaches are well worth exploring. On one of its eastern branches stands the dismantled castle of Carew (see footnote).* Go there, if you can, when the tide is full beneath its walls, and the sun, ere he sinks behind the hills of Roose, floods the valley with golden light. Then it looks scarcely less imposing than when Sir Rhys ap Thomas, to whom the Tudors owed their crown, feasted the chivalry of South Wales within its precincts. Better still will it be to " visit it by pale moonlight." As the silver sheen falls on rounded turret and mullioned window, it requires little imagination to see Sir John Perrot—Bluff Harry's unacknowledged son—coming forth to welcome his guests, the Pembrokeshire men whom he loved so well. Loyal and true were they to him throughout the brilliant, stormy, licentious, patriotic career, which found its tragic, undeserved close in a traitor's cell. Near the churchyard of Carew is a fine cross, one of the tallest in the Principality, with finely carved ornament of an early Celtic type. In the churchyard a humble stone marks the resting-place of " John Relly, Preacher of the Gospel "; but the story of the brothers James and John Relly, evangelists, hymn-writers, and theologians, will be told in a later chapter.

At the southern side of the entrance to the Carew Estuary are the woods of Cosheston, and on the northern, Lawrenny Castle, a tastefully-built modern house, stands in a small park ringed with fine trees. Just opposite, on the western shore of the Haven, the ruined peel-tower of Benton Castle rises amid masses of foliage that slope down to the water's edge. It is here that the visitor is most forcibly reminded of the Dart. Were the banks of the Cleddau as well wooded throughout as they are in parts, the Devonshire river, which its admirers fondly

* Pronounced " Cárew," not " Carέw "—the Welsh " Caerau."

call the English Rhine, would have a formidable rival of its fame. There is a pleasant stretch of water before we come to Picton Point. On the left hand, up a deep combe, lies the large fishing-village of Llangwm. It is a pretty sight when the little flotilla set out for their night's work in the land-locked waters of the great harbour, outside which their small craft rarely, if ever, venture. Many a stalwart form recalls their Scandinavian ancestry, while the quaintly pretty costumes of the women, who share the toils of their fathers and brothers, add to the picturesqueness of the scene.

Just between the meeting streams of the Western and Eastern Cleddau, embowered in its ancient woods, is Picton Castle, the only castle in Wales (almost the only one in Great Britain) which has never been dismantled, has never ceased to be inhabited, and has never passed out of the possession of the descendants of its founder. Its history is interwoven with the history of the county.

In the seventeenth century its Puritan lords were resolute opponents of the Stuart tyranny. Loyal to the Parliament and to the Protectorate, they were faithful to the "good old cause" in its darkest hours, and after the Revolution were devoted adherents of the new settlement. The "good Sir John" who lived far into the reign of George II. worthily sustained the religious and political traditions of his family. By a strange irony of fortune, the sturdy old Puritan, the patron and friend of Whitefield, became the grandfather of Horace Walpole and the father of a zealous Jacobite. The younger Sir John was the secret leader of the malcontents when Pembrokeshire, in the '45, was a hotbed of Jacobite intrigue; but this aberration was only temporary, for in the next generation Picton reverted to its hereditary Whiggism.

Eastward of Picton, and also delightfully wooded, is the demesne of Slebech. This comparatively modern house occupies the site of a famous preceptory of the

Knights of St. John. The course of the Eastern Cleddau may be followed (not all the way by water) under Canaston Wood, where the Parliamentary forces lay in ambush before their final victory on Colby Moor, as far as the ruins of Llawhaden Castle, the baronial residence of the medieval Bishops. The Western Cleddau (the main stream) is navigable, when the tide serves, to Haverfordwest. About halfway on the left bank, just below the modern house of Boulston, are the ruins of the old mansion of the Wogans, once the most influential family in the county ; and adjoining is the diminutive parish church, where many of them were buried. Like their neighbours of Picton, the Wogans were Roundheads. One of them, Thomas Wogan, Member for Cardigan, signed the death-warrant of King Charles, and is said to have been the mysterious fugitive who died at Walwyn's Castle. Nearer to Haverfordwest, on the right bank, is the church of Haroldston St. Issells, associated alike with memories of seventeenth-century Puritanism and of eighteenth-century Evangelicalism ; for Peregrine Phillips, one of the ejected of 1662, lies buried there, and its walls have echoed to the voice of Howell Davies, the Methodist Apostle of Pembrokeshire. This church of Evangelical and Puritan memories, of Norman (or possibly Flemish) construction, bearing a Scandinavian name, and dedicated to an Armorican missionary, is in itself an epitome of Pembrokeshire history. The church of Uzmaston that crowns the hill-top on the opposite bank is of similar origin, also bears a Scandinavian name, and is dedicated to the same Celtic saint. Looking up the valley, through which the Merlin's (rather Marlan's = Maudlen's = Magdalen's) Brook flows down to join the Cleddau, we catch a glimpse of the ruins of Haroldston, the home of the Perrots. Here lived Sir James Perrot, the illegitimate son of Sir John, a stout-hearted Puritan who braved the ire of James I., and sadly harassed his unfortunate Catholic

neighbours. Here, too, lived Herbert Perrot, the protector of Peregrine Phillips, and also a later Herbert, the original of Sir Roger de Coverley. Within these crumbling walls Addison first met his future wife, the Countess of Warwick.

Before us is Haverfordwest, the county town of Pembrokeshire, though not its name-town. The proper name of the town is Haverford, and Haverford only. It is styled Haverfordia in all old documents. The "west" was added, probably in the fourteenth century, by some bungling officials who persisted in confusing the Scandinavian Haverford (=Havre-fiord) with the Saxon Hereford, though the county town, Haverfordwest, is a town and county of itself, having its own Quarter Sessions, Sheriff, and Lord-Lieutenant. Until, by the iconoclastic Local Government Act of 1888, it was merged in the administrative county of Pembroke, its independence of the county which surrounded it was complete; *e.g.*, in 1656 the Corporation, in an official document, asserted that a recent Act of Parliament dealing with Wales had no force in Haverfordwest, because, while it enumerated the twelve counties and Monmouthshire, it did not name the county of Haverfordwest.

In the seventeenth century it was the second town in Wales, if not the first, Carmarthen being its only rival.

To the history of the old town, Briton and Scandinavian, Norman and Fleming, have contributed their several shares. Anglo-Norman conquerors, Celtic immigrants and French invaders, have played their parts here, Protestant martyr and Catholic confessor, Anglican prelate and Puritan lecturer, Celtic orator and Methodist, revivalist and German Quietist have in their turn influenced its religious life.

We cannot stay to describe the Edwardian castle, now a mere shell, but externally little damaged, that occupies the site of the ruder structure built by Gilbert de Clare.

Nor can we visit St. Mary's Church, with its exquisite Early English work, unsurpassed save at Salisbury Cathedral, and its fine Tudor roof, the work of the peaceful days that followed the crowning mercy of Bosworth Field. Yet before we turn away, let us climb the Parade Hill, overlooking the Valley of the Cleddau. North-west the view is bounded by the Lion Rock of Trefgarn; eastward it extends over the highlands of Central Pembrokeshire to the foot of the Presselly Hills. Three miles off is the "Rath Rings," a large earthwork closely resembling the elaborately planned fortification of Walwyn's Castle. A little farther off is Wiston, whose castle has never been rebuilt since its destruction in the formidable Welsh invasions of 1220. South-west, at a bend of the valley, the prospect is closed by the woods of Boulston. It is a pity that that disagreeable necessity of civilization, the railway, should mar a landscape so beautiful; but of a summer evening, when the winding river-bed is filled by the rising tide, and coasting vessels and pleasure boats pass and repass, even the utilitarian ugliness of the railway embankment is forgotten in the charm of its surroundings. The valley looks its loveliest when the spring-tides flood the marshes and transform it into a land-locked estuary, while from the waters that lave the hillocks at their feet rise the ivy-clad ruins of the great church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, gilded by the morning sun, or decked by the moonbeams with fantastic tracery. Then indeed the landscape is one of marvellous beauty. Perchance this eulogy may seem excessive—the extravagance of the writer's love for the scenes of his boyhood. Yet this same view of the Cleddau by moonlight won the enthusiastic admiration of one who had seen many men and many lands. This was how it came about. In October, 1865, the old church of St. Martin's was reopened after restoration of a rather sweeping character. The preacher in the morning was Bishop Thirlwall, the

greatest of the successors of St. David. In the evening the pulpit was occupied by the late Dean Phillips, probably the most popular preacher among the clergy of the diocese ; but the most distinguished member of the morning congregation, who had escaped recognition in the crowded edifice, was not present at the second service. Early that evening a Haverfordwest shopkeeper, standing at his door, was accosted by a clergyman and his wife, who asked the way to the castle. He took them to a room in his house which commanded a fine view of the old fortress, and then offered his services as their guide round the town. Of course they went to the Parade. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and a high tide filled the valley. The visitors were enchanted with the landscape, and expressed their admiration in glowing terms. At the close of their ramble, they thanked their guide warmly, and gave him a cordial invitation to the Deanery of Westminster. When the good man found that he had been acting as cicerone to Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta, he felt like one who had been " entertaining angels unawares." Several years after, the writer, one summer evening, passed near the railway-station an open carriage containing two elderly clergymen. One face in particular attracted him by its expression of keen intelligence, and haunted him with a sense of familiarity. On his way up High Street he met his friend, the hero of the incident just narrated, who exclaimed : " Who do you think has been here ? Dean Stanley !" The Dean had been staying at St. David's, with Dean Wellesley of Windsor, and would not leave Haverfordwest without calling upon the gentleman whose courtesy to a stranger he had not forgotten. Lady Augusta was not with him now. The shadow of the great sorrow was resting upon his closing years. A few months later he passed out of that shadow into the everlasting light—

" When from earth's foreign inn he turned
And went home to his wife."

We have, however, omitted to mention one locality, probably the best known to our readers. The two places in Pembrokeshire most frequented by tourists are the grey cathedral that stands in the treeless peninsula of the north-west, and the modern watering-place which from its south-western coast looks out over Carmarthen Bay. Not that Tenby is a town of yesterday. The last syllable of its name has led many to attribute to it a Danish origin—an illustration of the danger of a little learning. The "by" is not the Danish "by" of Derby, Whitby, or Grimsby. Its parallel is to be found not on the shores of the North Sea, but in the Vale of Clwyd. In ancient Welsh manuscript it is called "Dinbych-y-Pyscod" —*i.e.*, Dinbych of the Fishes or the Fisheries—"Dinbych" being "little fort." The Denbigh of South Wales is at least as old as the Christian era. The traces of Roman rule in Pembrokeshire are slight, chiefly numismatic. But such as they are, they point to an occupation of the district in the last quarter of the first century, and to a settlement of some kind at Tenby, which may have been either a health-resort or a minor naval station, possibly both. Coins of Vespasian, Marcus Aurelius, Faustina, Probus, Maximinus, Carausius, Constantine, Constantine II., and Constans have been found in the town or in the immediate neighbourhood. The evidence thus covers nearly the whole period of Roman rule in Britain. But the strangest of all these numismatic finds was a Græco-Bactrian coin of the second century B.C., which was dug up at the Esplanade in 1880, close to the place where a coin of Vespasian had been dug up two years before. Perhaps it was a "keepsake" of some Roman soldier, dropped as he was strolling along the cliffs, enjoying the magnificent sea-view, or looking across to the green slopes of Caldey. Thus Tenby is associated with the beginnings of the history of Demetia, for it is with the arrival of the Romans that the first glimmerings of the light of history become faintly visible.

## PART II

The population of Pembrokeshire includes a comparatively large element derived from pre-Celtic or even pre-Aryan races. The Euskarians* are largely represented in North Pembrokeshire. Many a sturdy yeoman and honest peasant is the lineal descendant of the tribes whose chieftains have for millenniums been lying beneath the huge mounds raised by their kinsmen's reverent hands. Coming nearer to historic times, the successive waves of Celtic immigration are distinctly traceable. The Goidels have left slight, but sufficient, indications of their presence. It is more than probable that they, with the Iberians whom they found here and subdued, and with whom they became amalgamated, were the occupants of South-West Wales under the Roman rule.

It was, in truth, a strangely mixed population that occupied this corner of Wales in the first century of our era, and it would be difficult to determine which of the various elements—Euskarian, Iberian, Goidelic—was really predominant. The Romans certainly conquered Dyfed at an early date, but the only undoubted memorials of their presence are a few coins in the Tenby Museum and the course, traceable here and there, of their road from Maridunum (Carmarthen) to Menevia. It is at last definitely settled that at Ambleston, eight miles from Haverfordwest, there was a small Roman station, probably the Ad Vicesimum, which reckless sceptics had consigned to the region of exploded myths. A great part of the Celtic remains and traditions belongs to the late Roman period, or to the centuries that intervened before the Teutonic conquest. In the fifth century the advent of

* In despair of finding a more suitable name, I have adopted Euskarian as = aborigines.

a Brythonic family or clan, probably from Cumbria or Strathclyde, brought something like order into the Celtic chaos. The new dynasty, the House of Cunedda, is associated in legend with the Christianization of Dyfed. St. David himself was a cadet of a branch of the royal family. The work in which he was engaged was completed by the Irish and Armorican missionaries, to whom, and not to any English or Roman clergy, tradition consistently points as the evangelizers of the villages and hamlets of West Wales. Their names, often grotesquely disguised, are preserved in the dedications of many of the Anglo-Norman churches. Whether the suzerainty of the successors of Alfred extended so far in any effective sense may be doubted; but before the fall of the Saxon Monarchy, Scandinavian settlements around the coasts and up the great fiord had begun the Teutonization of the county. This fact is sufficiently attested by the nomenclature of the islands, parishes, and villages.

The Norman Conquest was effected in 1093 and 1094. The main stream of conquest came from the north, through Radnor, Brecon, and South Cardigan, but it was the already half-Teutonized districts of the south that became thoroughly Anglicized. The Flemish settlements in the twelfth century completed the process. Henceforth Dyfed was divided, racially and linguistically, into two sections, of which the boundary has been practically unchanged for seven hundred years. The four centuries that intervened between the settlement of the Flemings and the age of the Reformation may be roughly divided into five periods.

*First Period* (1160-1216).—The conquest of Ireland, which was largely achieved by Pembrokeshire men, united Norman and Englishman, Fleming and Celt, in a common enterprise, and thus helped to soften down racial distinctions and animosities. In this period rose the present cathedral, as well as some of the castles

which, magnificent in ruins, still fascinate the archæologist and traveller. Giraldus Cambrensis, descendant alike of Welsh Princes and Norman barons, is at once the chronicler of the age and its most interesting figure.

The *Second Period* (1216-1286) witnessed the last struggles of the Welsh Princes against their English overlords, and in some of their fierce campaigns English Pembrokeshire suffered severely. These struggles ended with the deaths of Llewelyn and his brother David. The great house of the Marshalls was supreme in South-West Wales until their fall in the fifth decade of the century.

In the *Third Period* (1287-1399), under the Edwards and Richard II., peace brought prosperity. Church-building and castle-building went on apace.

*Fourth Period* (1400-1485).—With the fifteen years' revolt (1402-1417) the men of Pembrokeshire had, of course, no sympathy. The French expedition in aid of Owen Glendower was for them a calamitous business, Haverfordwest being burned and Tenby captured by the invaders. The suppression of the revolt was followed by severe repressive legislation, and by a period of great depression for Welsh and Pembrokeshire interests.

*Fifth Period* (1485-1536).—A revival of these interests followed under the Tudor dynasty. When Richmond landed at Dale with two thousand ragged and starving Frenchmen, the fate of his enterprise depended on the decision of Sir Rhys ap Thomas of Carew, who had, with solemn oaths, assured Richard III. of his unwavering loyalty. The patriotic perjury of the Pembrokeshire magnate enabled the Lancastrian claimant to rally the men of South Wales to his standard. From the day when Henry Tudor entered Haverfordwest, amid enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome to his native county, Pembrokeshire was in closer touch than ever with the Court and the Administration. Fifty-one years after Bosworth Field the grandson of Sir Rhys ap Thomas suffered a traitor's

death on Tower Hill. The charge, probably not groundless, was that of treasonable correspondence with the King of Scots, who was already plotting to secure the succession to his uncle's throne. The Pembrokeshire estates of the family passed to Lord Ferrers, ancestor of the famous and unfortunate Earls of Essex.

Under Henry VIII. was effected the division of Wales into twelve shires, and Pembrokeshire received its present contracted boundaries. The abolition of the Palatinate, and the transformation of the old county into shire ground, fitly closed the Middle Ages. The earldom of Pembroke had been held by famous houses. Richard Strongbow, the conqueror of Ireland; William Marshall, of Magna Charta fame; his son Richard, the true hero of that struggle; William de Valence, half-brother of Henry III.; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; and Jasper Tudor, uncle of Henry VII., had worn the title and ruled as feudatory Princes over the Palatinate. Now "the old order was changing, yielding place to new." The Reformation may have been coldly received at first; but the second Protestant Bishop of St. David's, Robert Ferrar, the martyr of Carmarthen, was canonized in the hearts of his people. Haverfordwest, too, cherished the memory of its one martyr, William Nichol. Under Elizabeth the county was enthusiasically loyal and Protestant.

The Queen's reputed half-brother, Sir John Perrot, one of her most successful Irish Viceroys, was the leading figure in the county until his disgrace and death. After him the still more unfortunate Essex, whose home had for many years been at Lamphey, and who was beloved for his brave father's sake as well as for his own, became the idol of the men of Pembrokeshire, some of whom were involved in his mysterious conspiracy and shared his ruin.

The influence of his son, known to history as the

Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary Army, may have had much to do with the resistance that the absolutism of Charles I. encountered here; but in the Parliaments of the first Stuart reign the Members for Pembrokeshire had already been conspicuous in their opposition to the Court. Puritanism had one of its strongholds in English Pembrokeshire. Alone among the shires of Wales this county declared in favour of the Parliament. The second year of the war was, however, well advanced before the authorities could send help to their adherents on the shores of Milford Haven.

There were many changes of fortune and many gallant exploits in the attack and defence of the fortified posts with which the county abounded, until, seven weeks after Naseby, the rout of the Cavaliers on Colby Moor ended the struggle.

In the second Civil War, Pembroke was the centre of a Presbyterian-Royalist revolt, suppressed only by Cromwell in person. The victors, as a matter of military precaution, dismantled several of the more formidable castles, among them that of Haverfordwest, which neither the fidelity of the townsmen to the Parliament nor the hearty welcome given to Cromwell and his officers could save from the doom of its neighbours. Lead from the roofs of St. David's Cathedral was carried to Carmarthen, to be cast into bullets, and even the Church of St. Mary at Haverfordwest narrowly escaped the same fate.

Yet the county submitted loyally to the Commonwealth and to the Protectorate. When the Royalists of Cardiganshire rose in 1651, they met with little sympathy south of the Teifi. Pembrokeshire furnished the Commonwealth with brave soldiers and capable administrators; the names most honoured in the county appear among the active supporters and officials of the Republican Government.

There were loud grumblings at the heavy military taxation, but eventually the burden was more equitably adjusted. Cromwell, who had visited Pembrokeshire a second time, on his way to Ireland in 1649, appears, both in local tradition and in contemporary documents, as very favourably disposed towards the county, where his winning manners and unaffected kindliness had made him generally popular.

The Restoration was accepted rather than welcomed, the election of a moderate Royalist for Haverfordwest being secured only by flagrant dishonesty on the part of the returning officer, which led to a petition and a new election. In the evil days that followed, and throughout the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary struggles, Pembrokeshire was true to the cause of constitutional liberty. Four of the chief houses, Owen of Orielton, Philipps of Picton, Laugharne of St. Bride's, and Wogan of Boulston, were faithful to the political traditions of Puritanism. The story has often been told how, in the critical division of 1706, a Pembrokeshire Member gave the casting vote in favour of the Hanoverian succession. As a matter of fact, Sir Arthur Owen, Member for Pembroke, made the numbers even, and Mr. Griffith Rice, Member for Carmarthen, gave the decisive vote.

In the eighteenth century, Haverfordwest, always the chief town of the county, reached its highest prosperity. As the centre of the commercial and social life of Pembrokeshire, it presented at some seasons of the year the aspect of a miniature capital. Of the county families which had played a leading part in the previous century, the Laugharnes and the Wogans gradually disappeared from the scene, as did the Cavalier Houses of Stepney and Barlow.

Politics degenerated into rivalry between the Houses of Picton and Orielton. On the side of the former were ranged the Edwardses, especially the branch that had been

aggrandized by intermarriage with the family of the Earl of Warwick. In their favour was revived the title of Baron Kensington, worn first by their maternal ancestor, the hapless Earl of Holland, whose vacillations in the Civil War brought him to the block a few weeks after his royal master. Far more important was the great Revival, whose successive waves of religious excitement passed over the county for half a century, and to which the Pembrokeshire of to-day owes its vigorous and multiform religious life. The Welsh districts were stirred by the eloquence of the great Welsh preachers. The English districts were visited again and again by Whitefield and Wesley and their most distinguished coadjutors, while the fervent pietism of the Moravians found in Haverfordwest a centre from which its influence was widely diffused.

The fifth member to join the "Godly Club" at Oxford was a Pembrokeshire man, John Gambold of Puncheston; while one of Whitefield's earliest patrons was Sir John Philipps of Picton—the "good Sir John."

His son of the same name inherited his father's piety, but not his politics; for in 1745 he was suspected, and with good reason, of secret sympathy with the Pretender. In 1797 the county was thrown into a paroxysm of terror and patriotic rage by the "landing of the French" near Fishguard, but the small force of 1,300 men, deserted by their ships, surrendered within forty-eight hours.

# CHAPTER I

## DEMETIA : ROMAN AND PRE-ROMAN

THE Roman conquest of Britain was accomplished in forty years. In the year 43 the lieutenant of Claudius resumed the task which had been attempted rather than begun a hundred years before by the founder of the Empire. Agricola's Caledonian campaign of 85 marked the high-water level of the Roman dominion. The recall of the victorious general prevented the subjugation of the North, and perhaps averted an invasion of Ireland. No people had withstood the invaders more bravely than the Silures of South Wales. The nine years' war under the leadership of the Brython refugee Prince Caractacus had not exhausted their power of resistance. Twenty years more elapsed before the pacification of their country was completed by Julius Ostorius, the predecessor of Agricola. When the father-in-law of Tacitus arrived in 78, his first undertaking was a campaign against the Ordovices, the Brythonic tribe who occupied Mid-Wales. The overthrow of the Ordovices and their allies, the Goidels of North Wales, was followed up by the occupation of Anglesey, where the Druids had been massacred by the soldiers of Suetonius, but where there had been no permanent occupation. The stubborn resistance of the Silures fully accounts for the slowness of the Roman advance into West Wales ; for it is not till the reign of Domitian that we find any trace of their presence in Demetia. For three hundred

years Demetia was included in the Empire, but in no other part of the province are the memorials of their occupation so few and so uncertain. Not even as road-makers have they left their mark in the county. The one road which has any claim to be considered Roman, and which seems to have been treated as a continuation of the Via Julia, is obviously a utilized British trackway.

It is strange that any doubts should have been entertained of the Roman character of the quadrangular fortification in Ambleston known as Castle Fleming. But for this unaccountable scepticism, in all probability the neighbourhood of the station and of the roadway that passed, and still passes, through it would have been successfully explored for Roman remains, that have since been sacrificed to the characteristic vandalism of the Pembrokeshire farmer.

The identification of Castle Fleming with Ad Vicesimum carries with it the recognition of Old Menevia (the Menapia of the Itinerary) as the terminus of the road. The site must be sought nearer to the sea than the city of St. David's. The trackway, traceable on Dowrog Common, and again on the cliffs near the north end of Whitesand Bay, led apparently to the fortress on the Head. This justifies a hope that some day Roman Menevia will be discovered not far from the remains which indicate the site of the first Christian settlement, the home of the predecessors of St. David, if not of the saint himself.

There is at Parc y Castell, in the Valley of the Alun, half a mile below the cathedral, a quadrangular earthwork, intersected by a circular work of later date. It has been often suggested that the older work is really Roman, but the identification is too precarious. Fortifications approximating more or less closely to the Roman type were sometimes constructed by the natives. There is one such within a mile of the village (Little Haven)

where these lines are being written ; though practically square, it is undoubtedly British—probably late British.

The only place in Pembrokeshire where there is fairly complete evidence of continued Roman occupation for the three centuries is Tenby, and this is the evidence, not of buildings, civil or military—for no fragment of Roman masonry has been discovered there—but of the coins which have been dug up from time to time in the town or in the immediate neighbourhood. These represent, with few exceptions, the whole series of Emperors down to the time when Rome, hard pressed by her Teuton foes, finally withdrew her legions from the great island where she had so long held sway.

But the same locality is rich in memorials of ages compared with whose antiquity Rome is but a modern town, and the Pyramids themselves are but of yesterday. When, in the closing years of the Flavian dynasty, the Roman officers stood for the first time on the Castle Hill of Tenby, they little dreamed that they were surrounded by the débris of a long-vanished world—that in the cliffs around and among the rocks of Caldey there were caverns which had been the dens, and were now the cemeteries, of generations of beasts that roamed and hunted in the tall grass, where they saw only the green waves of the Severn Sea. Equally inconceivable to them would have been the physical contrasts of that far-off age when the Presselly Hills were draped in the lower fringe of the vast ice-sheet that covered the hinterland of Wales, while in the lowlands the heat of the brief summer was like that of the tropics. Thus, in the jungles of the great plain hordes whose native habitat was among the frosts and snows of the north mingled with animals whose kindred gathered at night round the pools of African forests. The mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, the reindeer and the elk, have left their bones beside those of the lion, the hyæna, and the hippopotamus. Those

were the days when Britain was as yet unsevered from the Continent, and the Mediterranean basin was occupied by great lakes, and broad isthmuses linked Africa to Italy and Spain.*

Few traces remain of the human dwellers—if there were any—in the Britain of that elder day. Whether or not the caves were also the lairs of men, scarcely less savage than the carnivora of whom they were in turn the hunters and the prey, is a matter of no historical importance.

It is admitted that palæolithic man, if it was to his race that the human bones discovered in these caves belonged, was separated by millenniums from the men of the later Stone Age, whose work may still be seen in some of the oldest of the cliff-castles—perhaps also in some of the inland raths, which cannot possibly be coeval with the more skilfully planned and more solidly constructed fortifications often found in their immediate neighbourhood.

If the traces of palæolithic man are scanty and dubious, his neolithic successors have left abundant memorials of their lives and occupations. For many years, but especially in the last decade, careful explorations have been made of several of those localities where there are visible remains of the settlements of those tribes whom, in default of any more definite title, we may describe as the aborigines of Pembrokeshire. The results of these investigations belong to the province of the archæologist rather than to that of the historian. There is a complete absence of data from which we might draw any trustworthy references as to the duration of this Stone Age in Britain—that is, of the interval between the arrival of the first settlers and the introduction of bronze implements, whether of war or of industry. The view

* For much of the material for this chapter I am, of course, indebted to the admirable work of Mr. Laws.

which seems to find general acceptance is that, at least in South Wales, the beginning of the Bronze Age synchronized with the advent of the earlier Celts—that is, of the Goidels. The wielders of the bronze axes are supposed to have been the conquerors of the Silures or Iberians, whom this theory identifies with the people of the Neolithic Age. But the increasing complexity of the evidence from explorations, to which must be added the unquestionably valuable evidence of Celtic folklore, forbids such a classification of the aborigines. It is no longer possible to disregard the indications that the Iberians were not the earliest occupants of the land in which the Goidels found them—that before their arrival there had been dwelling here a race, perhaps two races, whom they may have exterminated, but who are far more likely to have been amalgamated with their conquerors, as these in turn became amalgamated with the Goidels. It must be borne in mind that the so-called "Later Stone Age" was probably in its duration more akin to a geological period than to any of the "ages" into which the ascertained history of our ancestors is divisible. This gives to the view we have advocated a probability which future discoveries may convert into approximate certainty.

Whether one of the races which, on this theory, preceded the Silures furnished the originals of the fairies who figure so melodramatically and so persistently in the legends of Wales must be left an open question. The most obvious characteristics of these fairy-tales are the general uniformity of type and the numberless local variants of the principal stories. There are, however, often startling contrasts, especially in the qualities, physical as well as moral, attributed to the fairies. It may be that the Celts brought with them to Britain a stock of folklore, with which they blended traditions learned from the Iberians—traditions which were really

vague reminiscences of their long warfare with the aborigines. It would, perhaps, be what Principal Rhys calls " a waste of conjecture " if we were to suggest that these same Iberian traditions were of a complex character —a mingling of memories of conflict and intercourse with two races which differed widely from each other in their physique, and possibly differed also considerably in their social development.

The racial dislocations which Pembrokeshire, more than any other part of Wales, has undergone have rendered impossible a continuity of folklore, such as is to be found elsewhere. Yet even the great harbour, nearly every hamlet on whose shores has taken its name from the Scandinavian invaders, has not wholly lost its traditions of the ever-vanishing islands of the fairies. In Haverfordwest, the Flemings' town *par excellence*, there were living a generation or two back old people who had often heard from their forbears tales of the days when the fairies came to make purchases in its market. But having the fear of Principal Rhys before our eyes, we must refrain from any further " waste of conjecture."

Without attempting to discuss in detail the many intricate problems presented by the ethnology of South Wales, we may venture to sum up the results of the investigations to which, particularly of recent years, so much learning and enthusiasm have been devoted:

1. The Romans found here in Demetia a people distinct from the Silures, yet closely related to them, and like them separated by broad lines of demarcation from the Brythons of the eastern part of the island, and therefore also from their northern neighbours, the Ordovices of Mid-Wales, who were Brythonic in descent and language.

2. The Demetæ spoke a language which belonged to the western or Goidelic branch of the Celtic family of languages.

3. Though Goidelic in speech, they were only to a small

extent of Celtic blood, the bulk of the population being of the Iberian stock, with a strain derived from the aborigines whom the Iberians had absorbed.

4. The Goidelic speech, which, as the language of the victorious invaders, had become the language of the nation, had been modified in its vocabulary and in its syntax by the influence of the non-Aryan tongue which it had superseded.

Of the condition of Pembrokeshire under Roman rule nothing is really known. That the Roman authority was established in Demetia there can be no doubt. On the other hand, occupation in the proper sense of the word there could not have been. Colonization there was none. The bath of which Fenton saw the remains near the north end of the Trefgarn Pass must have been the adjunct of a villa of some kind, but that is the only evidence that any Roman or any Romanized Briton ever made his home in Pembrokeshire.

Similar negative conclusions must be drawn from the scantiness of the numismatic finds, as well as from the limited areas in which they occur. The coins found at Tenby have been referred to already. Besides these, six collections have been discovered, three in the neighbourhood of Fishguard, and one at Newton, about two miles west of Narberth. The remaining two were found just outside the present county boundary — one at Bronscawen, in Llanboidy parish, the other in the adjoining parish of Kilmaenllwyd. A few coins have also been dug up in the neighbourhood of Haverfordwest, and four were found on St. Margaret's, the small island near Caldey.

The latest coin in each collection affords some clue to the time at which the hoard was buried or lost ; at any rate, it gives a *terminus a quo*. The Llanboidy collection, found in 1692, was in every way the most valuable. The only source of information seems to be Edward Llwyd's note to Camden's " Britannia " (ed. 1695). The coins,

which were all of silver, were found in two small leaden boxes, evidently buried for safety in some time of danger. The oldest belonged to the last century of the Republic. The latest was a Domitian, struck in the year of his fifteenth consulate, A.D. 91. This date agrees with the supposed time of the arrival of the Romans in Demetia.

A century and a half separates these coins from those which were found still earlier in an earthen vessel at Kilmaenllwyd, and which were in the debased silver of the Middle Empire. The earliest pieces of this collection were of the reign of Commodus. The latest was one of the last year of the third Gordian, who was deposed and murdered in February, 244. With the exception of a silver Decius, dug up at Lamphey, all the other coins found in Pembrokeshire were in bronze.

Next in chronological sequence are the coins found near Haverfordwest. Unfortunately, the museum in which these were deposited has been scattered to the winds, and no one knows what has become of them. The oldest coin was a Valerian, and the latest a Claudius Gothicus.

Valerian's son Gallienus was the earliest Cæsar represented in the three Fishguard collections, as well as in that from Newton. These four hoards were apparently contemporary. In all of them the pretenders of the West figure largely—Postumius, Victorinus, and especially the worthless Tetricus and his son. The list closes with the most interesting of them all—Carausius, the Menapian sailor who won for himself the throne of Britain, and, by his judicious development of the naval power of his island kingdom, defended it against all comers, till he fell by the dagger of a traitor. Fenton tried, without success, to claim him as a Menevian. It is not impossible that he sprang from the Irish Goidels, the kinsmen of the Demetians. The coins of Carausius carry us into the last decade of the third century, when the fierce tribes beyond the western sea were beginning or resuming

their attacks on the coasts of the Roman Province. It has been suggested with considerable plausibility that the Fishguard hoards were buried in the terror caused by one of these formidable irruptions.

It may be that security was never really established in Demetia. The able government of Constantius Chlorus and his more famous son restored the vigour of the administration in Britain, but the coins of Constantine the Great and of two of his sons, found in the islet off the southern coast, are the only evidence of Roman rule here under the first Christian dynasty.

Before the curtain is finally rung down on the shadowy scene, we catch a momentary glimpse of something that looks like an effort to strengthen the outposts of civilization in Demetia. Maximus, the murderer and successor of Gratian, plays an important and not altogether intelligible part in the Cymric traditions of the Empire. Although probably not of Celtic race, he in some way fascinated the Celtic imagination, and the failure of his attempt to secure the Imperial throne is regarded as the beginning of the woes of Britain. Among the towns which he is said to have built is Caer Alun. If the identification of this Romano-British foundation with Haverfordwest is correct—and it appears to be unquestioned—then the county town of Pembrokeshire may claim as its founder the man who for a while divided with Theodosius the sovereignty of the Roman world, and only succumbed, after a doubtful struggle, to the genius of the greatest and noblest of the successors of Constantine.

When the curtain rises slowly at the end of the fifth century, we find that the making of Wales has begun.

## CHAPTER II

### DEMETIA : POST-ROMAN

WALES under the rule of the Romans was not even a geographical expression. To them it was merely a part of that Britannia which the Gauls had so named from the Brythons or Britons who occupied the southern and eastern shores. Yet it was not British territory. The Goidels and Iberians were then in the land. The Goidels had been there for many centuries, the Iberians probably for millenniums. South Wales was wholly theirs. Between them and their kinsmen of the north a Brythonic tribe had thrust themselves, the Ordovices, whose territory stretched diagonally from the lower Dee to the Dovey, and whom Agricola had crushed, and, according to Tacitus, all but exterminated. Beyond the Ordovices, in the north-west, the Goidels or Goidelized Iberians held Anglesey and Snowdonia, the region which, as the principality of Gwynedd, was the last refuge of Welsh independence.

Among the various tribes there was little sense of racial unity. They had been influenced in widely varying degrees by their contact with Roman law and civilization. In some cases—*e.g.*, the Demetæ—that contact had been of the slightest. In other localities the influence of administrative pressure and commercial intercourse had been continuous for three hundred years. Yet it may be doubted if it had at any time been strong enough to destroy the old tribal organization. Thus,

there could be no tendency to political unity in a land whose geographical formation was ever a potent force for decentralization. So it came to pass that, when Rome withdrew her legions from the provinces she was no longer able to protect, the country west of the Severn and the Dee was still without a name.

From the next conquerors of Britain it was to receive the name of Wales—the land of the foreigners; but the vanguard of the Saxons had not yet landed in Kent.

In the Middle Ages it was Cambria (=Cymru, the land of the Cymry); but that word belonged to another tongue, which was not as yet the speech of its children. Probably, indeed, the name Cambria did not come into use till well on in the sixth century, if not later still, and then it was first used as the name of another land; for Cambria is but another form, and probably a corrupted form, of Cumbria. In our day Cumbria survives only as the title of an English county, but Cumberland is the shrunken representative of a country that once stretched from the Dee to the Clyde. Cumbria, or Strathclyde, as every student of Early English chronicles knows, played an important part in the history of England and Scotland. In the fifth century there was neither England nor Scotland, and the future Cumbria was simply the north-western part of that Roman Britain which was now, by the withdrawal of the Imperial forces, left to provide for its own defence and government. It was from this land that there came the influence that was to be a most potent factor in the making and shaping of Wales. This influence was represented by the coming of the Cunedda dynasty—of the dynasty, but possibly not of Cunedda himself, for there is no evidence that he ever visited Wales. The seat of his power was Lugenbalia, or Carlisle, the northern City of the Legions. Two hundred and fifty years later, when St. Cuthbert visited it, the city was in ruins. Here, amid the remains of Roman civiliza-

tion, he announced to the trembling monks the overthrow which that very day had overtaken the Northumbrian King and army far away on a Caledonian moorland. In Cunedda's time Lugenbalia was a flourishing city, the natural centre of Romano-British authority and civilization in the north-west. Yet it was apparently the attacks of the same Pictish tribes, who long afterwards triumphantly repelled the invasion of Eagfrith, that led to the consolidation of the power of the British Prince, and to the pressure of the clans he ruled upon the Goidels of Wales.

It was a process similar to that which had been long going on upon the Continent. The Gothic conquerors of Rome were themselves fugitives before the terrible Huns, who had broken up the ancient Gothic monarchy or confederacy, and who had thus driven the disjointed fragments, each still a formidable army, upon the frontiers of the Empire.

Too little is known of the century following the withdrawal of the legions to warrant any dogmatic assertions as to the course of events, but the data, scanty though they are, seem to justify the following inferences :

1. Before the final departure of the Imperial troops the province had been gradually thrown upon its own resources. Thus the way was prepared for that which now became a necessity—the establishment of a Romano-British State.

2. The new State was based upon the local institutions, which here, as elsewhere, had grown up under the Imperial rule. It would also be inevitably modelled upon the lines of the existing administration. For a time at least the provincials were unwilling to believe that the eagles—symbols to them, not of foreign domination, but of security and order—had vanished, never to return.

3. The headquarters of the new government were in the south or south-east, but one of the most urgent needs

of the country was protection from the Picts of the north and from the Scots of Ireland. Under the Empire this duty had been entrusted to a military officer, known as the Dux Britanniarum, who discharged in the north and west the functions which in the east and south devolved upon the Count of the Saxon Shore.*

4. Cunedda was of Romano-British if not of Roman descent, and numbered a Roman official among his ancestors; while the title under which he first appears on the scene is the equivalent of the Dux, which, whether as Dux Britanniarum or Dux Britanniæ, was the title of the Roman officer whose work he had undertaken.

5. Gildas and Bede, though of hostile races, and living in different centuries, and writing from widely differing standpoints, agree in representing the most pressing dangers of the new State and the most formidable attacks upon its frontiers as coming at first from the north and west. It is also clear that, on the whole, the Britons successfully defended their northern frontiers against the Picts, and that they defeated their Irish or Goidelic enemies in the west. On the side of Wales, this meant more than the repulse of piratical forays along the coast, or even the expulsion of Irish would-be settlers. The bulk of the inhabitants, particularly in the south, were nearer in blood and in speech to the Irish Goidels than to the Britons north and east of them. It is impossible to disentangle the confused notices, which are indeed of the briefest, and to distinguish between the repulse of Irish invaders and victories over native tribes; but one thing is clear: a series of fierce and bloody conflicts ended in the practical incorporation of ales Wwith the dominions of the House of Cunedda.

From this political revolution there followed three consequences, slow in their complete realization, but inevitable:

* Though Britain was under the later Empire divided into four provinces, for all practical purposes it was one province still.

Wales became for the first time a nation, and its centre of political gravity was for a while to be in the north.

The language of the Goidel, where it was still spoken, was superseded by the language of the Briton; *i.e.*, to anticipate a later terminology, the tongue of the Gael was superseded by the tongue of the Cymry.

Christianity became the dominant religion, banishing for ever the Pantheism of Celt and Iberian.

Thus, the nationality, the language, and the religion of Wales must all three be dated from the conquest by the House of Cunedda. That conquest, in its earlier and decisive stages, was prior to the Saxon conquest of South-East Britain. The tradition of a British monarchy, of a Crown of Britain which was not finally lost until the death of Cadwaladr, is too early and too definite to be without some foundation in fact. Britain had produced more than one Emperor, and not a few claimants of the Imperial throne in the past, and the monarch of the new State would be, in his own eyes as well as in his people's eyes, the inheritor of the Imperial dynasty; but the fates were adverse. The inglorious tragedy of the reign of Vortigern dimmed the splendour of the new monarchy. Weak rulers could not counteract the centrifugal tendencies inherent in the Celtic character, and fostered by the survival, over large areas, of the tribal organization. In the absence of contemporary chronicles, all that can be said is that now and again a Prince appeared as leader of the Britons (probably styling himself Dux Brittonum), who rolled back for a time the tide of invasion. Perhaps Arthur was one of these national leaders. The prolonged resistance of the Britons refutes the calumnies which even Bede did not disdain to repeat, and vindicates the bravery of the race who contested the advance of the Teutons for more than a century and a half.

Before the first century of the doomed nation's long-

drawn agony had been completed, the head of the Cunedda dynasty, the Overlord of Wales, had become the only possible representative of the national unity. When the advance of Wessex had cut off the Celts of Devon and Cornwall from Cumbria, when the line of the Severn had passed into English hands, and when at last the fall of Chester interposed English territory between the Cymry of the south and their old northern home, then it was recognized that the sovereignty of the island had departed from the Celtic race. There was a brief revival of the national hopes, and then the Crown of Britain became only a cherished memory, while Northumbrian, Mercian, and West Saxon in turned claimed the overlordship of the land. Under the descendants of Alfred there was at least an approach to the realization of the dream of an island empire whose Sovereign claimed equality with the Cæsar of the West.

The southern Cumbria was now become the Cambria of legend and song. The Cymry were reinforced by the influx of fugitives from the conquered eastern lands, and their traditions have become the inheritance of the composite nation, among whom their descendants have never been more than an influential but—save in some exceptional localities — a numerically insignificant minority. This chapter has been a long digression from our primary subject ; but if we would understand the history of Pembrokeshire, we must first understand the history of Wales. The next two chapters will deal with the story of Dyfed.

## CHAPTER III

### THE MAKING OF DYFED

PEMBROKESHIRE has always been something more than a part of Wales. This was as true of Demetia—or Dyfed, as we must now call it—as of the "county" which was carved out of it. The overlordship of Gwynedd never obtained more than a fitful recognition here. The causes of this aloofness from the rest of the country lie hidden in the prehistoric past.

The Demetæ, though closely allied to the Silures, were unquestionably a separate people. Whether there was any material difference in the relative strength of the Celtic and Iberian elements, or whether the explanation is to be sought in the larger proportion of the aboriginal element among the Demetæ, or whether it would be found if we knew the circumstances of the Goidelic conquest, and the subsequent fusion of the races—these are questions to which no satisfactory answer is possible. Yet one thing may be safely predicated of the Demetæ. They were far more amenable to Irish influences, and much less affected by Brythonic pressure and Brythonic intrusion, than their eastern neighbours. The proximity of Ireland has always been a potent factor in Pembrokeshire history.

The author of the most recent and most popular history of Wales regards the cliff-castles, so numerous along its coasts, as memorials of the fierce strife between the Goidel and the Brython. "Rude earth-fortresses—thrown up for defence by a race on the point of being driven into the sea, or by a race seeking a foothold again in a land

that was once their own—show how long and how bitter the struggle must have been."* Whatever may have been the case in the central and northern districts, where the Brythons, as represented by the Ordovices, won for themselves a permanent footing, the theory is certainly inapplicable to Pembrokeshire. Here the Brythons were late comers. Such ascendancy as the Cymry did obtain was subsequent to the withdrawal of the Romans. Besides, the theory appears to rest upon a serious misconception. In Pembrokeshire, the land of cliff-castles, the great majority of these fortresses are found in situations incompatible with the idea that they were constructed either by races fighting in their last ditch, or by one using the coastline as a base of operations for an attempted conquest or reconquest. In very few of them is there any landing-place within the line of fortifications, or even within easy distance. The writer cannot recall a single instance of the former, and only one of the latter, and that exception is very doubtful. The builders of the cliff-castles appear to have selected the coast sites simply because of their greater defensibility. The women and children could easily guard the cliff-paths where there were any, while the warriors would have only the narrow land front to defend. A decided preference was shown for sites remote from any practicable beach.

If the innumerable earthworks of Pembrokeshire tell of any racial struggle in pre-Roman days, it must have been that between the Goidel and the Iberian. The advent of the Goidels may have synchronized with the beginnings of the Bronze Age. Such, at least, was the view generally accepted a few years ago; but such evidence as is at present available seems to prove that the Iberians were at least beginning to use metals. The results of the explorations at St. David's Head and at Moel Trigarn,

* "Wales," by Owen M. Edwards, "Story of Nations" Series, p. 15.

on the eastern slope of Presselly, would bring those stone fortresses, whose type might suggest an Iberian origin, well within the beginnings of the Iron Age. What is needed is a classification of Pembrokeshire earthworks according to types of construction. When this has been effected, and has been supplemented by excavations on a more extensive style than has yet been found practicable, it may then be possible to form some theory as to the part which was played by the various races known to have fought and amalgamated here. Immediately to the north of Haverfordwest there is a group of raths, chiefly in Camrose parish, all of which closely resemble each other, and are of the most primitive type. The fortification, nearly circular in form, is in each case constructed on the side of a hill, one end being on the crest of the slope. In the proximity of these are two others, which, though also round and single-ramparted, are obviously constructed with greater skill, and on sites more judiciously selected. Right in the centre of the group there is a third, that near Camrose House, which combines in a most striking manner the circular fortification with a mound-citadel—this mound is certainly not a sepulchral tumulus—and suggests skilful adaptation of the configuration of the ground for the purposes of the fortification. To the south-west of this area is another district which contains cliff-castles, circular camps, and raths, marked by a variety of form and by very different degrees of solidity of construction. On the northern edge of this latter district is a very fine cliff-castle. The type is somewhat primitive, and excavation has yielded no trace of metals, but the rampart is a very fine piece of work. The site is well chosen, and the fosse surrounding the rampart must have been a formidable addition to the defences. In the neighbourhood there is a large stone circle. Another circle about a mile and a half to the north-west, though almost demolished, still bears the name of Druidston ;

while in the fields between the first-named circle and the cliff-castle there are several stones whose situation bears a most suspicious resemblance to segments of a vanished circle or circles. One large upright stone, which attracted the attention of Fenton, still stands a witness against the utilitarian vandalism that has swept away the sanctuaries where worshippers gathered long before the first Roman soldiers set foot in Demetia.

In this south-western part of Roose the earthwork of the primitive Camrose type appears to be unknown, but there are localities where there may be found three, or even four, styles of fortification, varying in the plan of the fortress and the structure of the ramparts, the better-planned fortifications being also better built. It is impossible to suppose that these were even approximately contemporaneous, and it is worth noting that the later works show, as a rule, greater judgment in the selection of the sites. In assigning the relative ages of the earthworks, three things must be taken into account—the plan, the solidity of the construction, and the choice of the site; and these data will usually be found to be in correspondence with each other. From such an investigation as is here desiderated, one result may be anticipated. It may become possible to distinguish the post-Roman earthworks from those of an older day. For Demetia, as for the rest of Wales, the exit of the legions must be the practical starting-point of history.

That Wales was less affected by the Roman occupation than any other part of the British province is well known; but, contrary to what might have been anticipated, the memorials of their presence are far more numerous in the north than in the south. In South Wales the relative distribution of these memorials must be taken as evidence of the greater or less extent to which the various districts benefited by the Roman administration. Judged by this test, Demetia was differentiated from the Silurian land

by its comparative exemption from Roman influence. Thus the separateness of Dyfed from the districts to the east of it would be still further accentuated. Less Romanized, and therefore, to use a vague but convenient term, less civilized, such progress as the Demetæ had made in social and political organization would be on Goidelic or Celto-Iberian lines. This would not be wholly a disadvantage in the days of strife and turmoil that had now reopened. Civilization in its earlier stages, especially when it is imposed by an alien rule, does not tend to develop the fighting qualities upon which, in the last resort, the nation must rely. Certain it is that in folklore, in legend, and in such scanty fragments of chronicles as have come down to us, Demetia stands out clearly as a separate land.

The beginnings of Pembrokeshire Christianity will be reserved for a separate chapter, but the absence of Roman influence must be held to mean that the influence of Christianity, too, was at its minimum. The heroes of the Mabinogion are, to use Principal Rhys's expressive phrase, "the wreck of the Celtic Pantheon," and their home is Dyfed. Celtic or Celto-Iberian polytheism held undisturbed possession of the land in the first half of the fifth century. Hence Dyfed became the Land of Phantasy, the last home of the gods who had once ruled the mountains of Wales. As their grim forms faded in the growing light of the new faith, the beliefs of their old worshippers crystallized into fairy-tales. In the grotesque adventures of the Mabinogion the religious myths of the Goidels are mingled in inextricable confusion with memories of the wars that raged in the first century of British independence. In no part of the land has historical tradition more utterly perished, but the names of some of the old gods still cling to a few places on the coast-line in the most thoroughly anglicized part of Dyfed.

These fifth-century wars were not merely intertribal. There is a solid substratum of fact underlying the stories

of Irish invasions. Whenever the Roman power grew weak, the sleepless hostility of the Irish tribes availed itself of the opportunity offered for an attack on Britain. The fourth century had witnessed one formidable invasion, which was repulsed by the elder Theodosius, father of the great Emperor. A second, conducted by the famous King, Neale of the Nine Hostages, took place at the beginning of the fifth century. Its defeat was one of the chief glories of the administration of Stilicho. It is hopeless to attempt to discover whether the later Irish invaders came as allies or as enemies of their Goidelic kinsmen in Dyfed. Probably they were both in turns. In the very dim light of the fifth century the Cunedda conquest stands out distinctly as an anti-Irish movement. Its success was complete, but the sanguinary victories recorded to have been gained over the Irishmen were not improbably won over both Irish and Welsh Goidels. The result certainly was the establishment of the overlordship of the new dynasty over the tribes of the north and centre, and more gradually over those of the south-east. The ties of kinship between the Demetæ and the Irish Goidels, and their common antipathy to the religion of the conquering clans, might delay the submission of Dyfed, but did not avert it. That strange book, the "Historia Britonum," usually attributed to Nennius, contains the following: "The sons of Liethali obtained the country of the Demetæ, where is a city called Menavia, and the Province Guchir and Cetgueli (Gower and Kidwelly), which they held till they were expelled from every part of Britain, by Cunedda and his sons." If this statement is historical, which is probable, it records the completion of the conquest of Wales by the expulsion (or submission) of the Goidelic Princes of Dyfed. In the absence of reliable dates, it can only be conjectured that the subjugation of Dyfed took place in the latter half of the fifth century. At the end of the century Dyfed had been for some time

under the rule of a branch of the Cunedda House. So much is assumed in the oldest forms of the legend of St. David. In the first half of the sixth century we find Dyfed recognized as a Christian State under a Prince who drew down upon himself the maledictions of Gildas. The rhapsodies or ravings of this Celtic monk need not be taken too literally, but his invectives against the British Kings are definite enough. Maelgwn, the great-great-grandson of Cunedda, is " the dragon of the island," the representative of the ancient monarchy of Britain. He is every inch a King—of majestic stature, generous and licentious, a great warrior, and as self-willed as he is brave. Vortepore, " the foolish tyrant of the Demetians," is also a sovereign Prince, whom Gildas reproaches for his personal vices, not for any faults in his administration nor for any neglect of the common interest—the resistance to the Saxons. This grey-headed widower, with grown-up childrcn, is no upstart adventurer, but, " like Manasseh, son of Hezekiah, the naughty son of a good father." Clearly, Dyfed had been governed by a Christian dynasty for at least two generations. Maelgwn's death, in 547 according to the " Annales Cambriæ," in 580 according to another authority, is obviously the latest possible date for the Epistle of Gildas.

In 1895, on the eastern border of Pembrokeshire, about three miles from Clynderwen Station, there was found a pillar about 5 feet high, of unhewn greenstone. On one face was an incised cross within a circle, and an inscription in debased Latin capitals :

MEMORIA
VOTEPORIGIS
PROTECTORIS ;

and on one of the angles, in ogham characters :

VOTECORIGAS.

This there can be little doubt was the tombstone of the Prince of Demetia whom Gildas pilloried so ruthlessly.

That Dyfed then included a great part of Carmarthenshire, perhaps Gower, is a fair inference from the notice in the "Historia Britonum." Southern Cardiganshire also belonged to Dyfed.

The principality of Ceredigion appears to have been formed at an earlier stage of the Cunedda conquest, but it included only North Cardiganshire and a part of Breconshire, the district which is sometimes spoken of as the Diocese of Llanbadarn.

## CHAPTER IV

### ST. DAVID AND THE BEGINNING OF CHRISTIANITY IN DYFED

VORTIPORE (or Votepore), tyrant of the Demetians, is the first Pembrokeshire man of whom we know anything. St. David—Dewi Sant—is the second. The Prince was a contemporary of the saint. So much is certain. Probably he was his patron or ally. Were they also kinsmen? The answer must depend upon the answer to another question: Was Vortipore, like St. David, a descendant of Cunedda? This, though not certain, is highly probable. However shadowy the overlordship of the Princes of Gwynedd may have usually been, they are not likely on that account to have been the less tenacious of their suzerainty, and a close family alliance beween the underkings and the wearers of the "Crown of Britain" is the form which their reciprocal relations would most naturally assume. This, too, is what the analogy of the other Welsh principalities and the subsequent history of Dyfed itself would lead us to expect.

Each of these typical sixth-century Pembrokeshire men had Goidelic—Irish Goidelic—blood in his veins. According to fragments of Irish tradition, apparently reliable, the ruling house of Dyfed in this century was Irish, connected with a Munster clan.

St. David's Irish descent is traced through his grandmother or great-grandmother, who was of the family

of Brychan, the saintly eponym of Brycheiniog, or Brecon. Brychan's Irish nationality was, of course, undoubted.

Of Vortipore we know nothing more than what has been quoted from Gildas. Of St. David we know almost as little as we know of St. George of England, whom Hepworth Dixon believed to be a solar myth, while Gibbon held that he was a fraudulent army contractor.

That the St. David stories contain a few grains of fact is certain, but the legend itself in any of its extant forms must be ruthlessly rejected. Historically, his claim to be the patron saint of Wales is only a degree less absurd than the claim of archiepiscopal rank advanced for the see which he is alleged to have transplanted from Caerleon-on-Usk to his native Menevia. The Caerleon story, which half imposed even on the erudite historians of the cathedral—Bishop Jones and Dr. Freeman—is an impudent fiction of the tenth or eleventh century. Without accepting in their entirety the conclusions at which the daring scepticism of Mr. Willis Bund has arrived, we may point out that there is no satisfactory evidence that he was a Bishop at all. He was the founder of Menevia. With him its history as a great religious centre begins. There is no valid reason to question the tradition that he removed the monastic establishment of which he was the head from a site near the sea to the part of the valley of the Alan where the cathedral now stands. He was the head of the monastery ; he was, if not its first Abbot, yet its first great Abbot. Whether he at the same time held the rank of Bishop may be doubted. There is at least no decisive evidence of it. If the analogy of the Irish Church organization is to have any weight with us, we must conclude that the possession of episcopal orders would have added little or nothing to the dignity of the office he already held as a chieftain of royal descent, and ruler of the most important Christian settlement in Demetia. The repulsive story of his birth is nothing more than

one of the conventional embellishments of Celtic hagiology.

The impression made upon his contemporaries by his sanctity and zeal is reflected in the wild legends that gathered round his name. It is further attested by the attempts to claim for him a place in the ecclesiastical annals of other Celtic lands; yet of the life which produced an impression so widespread, and which so profoundly influenced his own nation, no record remains. Even the century of his birth is misstated in the Welsh chronicles, which give 458 as the year of his birth, whereas it is certain that his work was wrought in the latter half of the sixth century.

The one undoubted fact of his career as a great ecclesiastic is the part he took in the Synod of Llanddewi Brefi. Even this was hopelessly distorted by tradition, which represented it as convened for the suppression of Pelagianism, then reviving in the land from which Pelagius had gone forth nearly two centuries before. The victory of orthodoxy was attributed to the inspired eloquence of St. David, which was accompanied by a marvellous prodigy; for the ground on which he stood swelled, as he spoke, into a hill, from the summit of which his voice rang out over the assembled multitudes as he expounded the Law and the Gospel. It was his successful championship of the faith on this occasion that marked him out as the successor of the aged Dubricius, Archbishop of Caerleon, who forthwith resigned in his favour. David's elevation to the archbishopric was signalized by the removal of the see to Menevia. The suppression of the Pelagian heresy was completed by a second synod assembled soon after, and known as the Synod of Victory.

The story of the overthrow of Pelagianism by these synods has been accepted by writers not usually too credulous of monkish tales. Many pages have been expended on the supposed affinity of the Celtic mind for

Pelagian theology, a tendency which has certainly been in abeyance in Calvinistic Wales for the last two centuries. This kind of fine writing has been freely indulged in by historians who have had the vaguest notions of the doctrines taught by the respectable old monk whom an unkind fate raised to the unenviable dignity of a heresiarch. It happens that a manuscript now at Paris, which presumably came from Brittany, contains the Acts of two synods, of which the first is called Sinodus Aquilinalis Britanniæ, the Synod of Northern Britain—that is, of Wales as distinguished from Cornwall, or West Britain. The other is called Sinodus Lucus Victoriæ. "Lucus Victoriæ," the Grove of Victory, is obviously a place-name, either a survival from Roman days or the Latinized form of a Celtic place-name. But the title of the synod, abbreviated by the omission of "Lucus," was interpreted as meaning the "Synod of Victory"—*i.e.*, the victory of orthodoxy over heresy. Hence grew the legend of St. David's victory over the Pelagian heretics. The Acts of neither synod contain the slightest reference to Pelagianism or any other "ism." Both documents are of a wholly disciplinary character. Like a recent well-known Act of Parliament, they deal chiefly with "criminous clerks." As contemporary documents of sixth-century Christianity they are not without value. To the biographer of St. David they are important as showing the untrustworthy character of the so-called "Lives" of the national saint.

One episode of his earlier life is probably of greater significance than might appear at first sight. His contest with the heathen chief Boia figures largely in all the "Lives." Boia's name is perpetuated in the "Clegyr Foia," or Rock of Boia, between the cathedral and Whitesand Bay. He is called a "Gwyddel Ffichti," or Irish Pict. His opposition was persistent, and was only terminated by his death. The destruction of his fortress

and the death of his wife are attributed to Divine vengeance, but in his own case that vengeance found a human instrument in the sword of a neighbouring chief, "Lliski," whose name is also perpetuated in Porthllisky, a creek on the neighbouring coast of St. Bride's Bay. Here in this remote corner of the land was enacted on a small scale the drama which in the next century was played on a far larger stage by the rival faiths and the rival dynasties enlisted under their banners. Boia was the Demetian Penda, doomed like him to fall in the unequal strife. Perhaps, were the whole story of the struggle known, we should find him not altogether unworthy of the respect which one cannot refuse to the grim old King of Mercia, who spoke with manly scorn of "the contemptible and wretched creatures who did not obey the God in whom they believed." The Northumbrian dynasties with whom he waged perpetual war certainly gave only too much ground for his scornful sarcasm. If Gildas is to be believed, the Christian Princes of Gwynedd, Demetia, and Powis, were not less deserving of the contempt of an honest pagan.

The suggestion of Mr. Willis Bund, that the story of Boia's maidens who tried to seduce the young monks of Menevia is a vague reminiscence of St. David's antagonism to the Irish form of monasticism, in which the sexes were not separated from each other, might be admissible if there were any other evidence that Irish Christianity and Irish monasticism had obtained a footing in Demetia. The evidence that has come down to us represents Dyfed as the last stronghold of Celtic paganism, and the great Abbot's warfare as waged, not against another type of Christian organization, but against the polytheism which was the common inheritance of the Iberian and the Celt. The absence of the Druidical element from the ancient traditions and the folklore of Pembrokeshire relieves us from the necessity of discussing the questions suggested

by the name of that mysterious priesthood, who by a strange freak of fortune have become the representatives of the ancient religion of the Celts, and especially of the Brythonic Celts, with whom they could not have had the remotest connection. That sun-worship of some kind or other was an important part of the religion of the early Demetians is clearly shown by the stone circles still traceable here and there. In what fashion the gods of the Celtic Pantheon shared or superseded the worship paid to sun, moon, and stars, it would be idle to conjecture. Still more futile would it be to speculate on the possibility that some esoteric doctrine was cherished by the more thoughtful minds in the earlier history of these religions, the memories of which may have been galvanized into a semblance of life by the contact with the monotheistic religion which, in the later Roman period, had been advancing through the land, half imperceptibly yet steadily, like a slowly rising tide.

Whatever symmetry or coherence the faith of either race or of the composite race may have had in earlier days must now have been lost. A crowd of incongruous deities, a jumble of incoherent superstitions, degenerating into magic of the lowest type—such was the form that Polytheism invariably assumed in its death-struggle with Christianity; while its adherents often showed a ferocity and bitterness corresponding to the conscious hopelessness of their resistance.

To vanquish the moribund but embittered paganism in its last stronghold—Demetia—and to organize the new Christian communities in the freshly conquered territory, was the life-work of St. David. The value of his work must be judged by the subsequent history of Welsh Christianity. Of its details we know practically nothing.

That he was of the royal House of Cunedda, through his father, the son or grandson of Ceredig; that he was on his mother's side descended from one of the ruling houses

of Dyfed; that he was probably through both parents descended from the Irish Christian house of Brychan; that he was at first a member of the monastery or Christian settlement, near Whitesand Bay, presided over by one of his uncles; that, when he became Abbot, he removed the monastery to the new Menevia in the Alan Valley; that he made Menevia the religious capital of Dyfed; that he was the virtual ruler of the Church throughout that principality, and the leading spirit in its ecclesiastical assemblies; that he found Christianity weak and struggling; that he was buried on the site of the present cathedral; and that his memory was cherished by his countrymen as affectionately as that of St. Patrick by the kindred Church of Ireland—that is all that we really know of the life of Dewi Sant, for such was the real name of the great missionary Abbot. Latin writers transformed his name to St. David. In the twelfth century the Court of Rome, for motives of ecclesiastical policy, canonized him alone among the saints of the Cambro-British Church. The ignorance or fraud of the medieval clergy represented him as the founder of the episcopal See of Menevia, and the Metropolitan of Wales.

## CHAPTER V

### EARLY CHRISTIANITY; THE APOSTLES OF WALES

APART from the legendary and fictitious interest attaching to St. David as the reputed patron saint of Wales, the fragments of genuine tradition which have come down to us have a distinctive colouring that makes us regret all the more the scantiness of our knowledge of him. The three names which are linked together in the memories of the Welsh people— St. David, St. Teilo, and St. Padarn—are alike in one respect. The perverted ingenuity of monkish biographers has not been able to obliterate wholly the apostolic grace and the human attractiveness of their characters. There is no trace of the vindictiveness which undoubtedly stained the piety of St. Columba, and which is sometimes painfully obtrusive in the traditions of St. Patrick. In the case of Patrick, the Irish hagiographers are probably responsible for the imputation to the Caledonian missionary of the characteristic faults of their national temperament. The figure of St. David does not stand out from the background of legend with the same distinctness of outline or the same majesty of proportion as that of his great predecessor. His stage of action was narrower. The population was more scanty, and the social development was lower in Wales than in the land to whose tribes the son of the town-councillor of Dumbarton was sent as the ambassador of the Cross. Yet, if their work was on a smaller scale than his, and did not call into play those higher qualities of Christian states-

manship which he displayed, St. David and his brethren well deserved the title of Apostles of Wales. The halo of saintliness that crowns their heads could derive no additional lustre from the artificial nimbus of a Roman canonization.

Padarn, the most shadowy personality of the three, was but slightly associated with Dyfed, and still more slightly with Pembrokeshire. His special sphere of labour was the principality of Ceredigion, which occupied only the northern part of the present county of Cardigan. His influence extended eastward rather than southward. Teilo, on the other hand, is claimed by tradition as a native of Gumfreston, near Tenby. The neighbouring churchyard of Penally, with its ancient Celtic crosses, was possibly his burial-place.

Chronologically, both Teilo and Padarn are to be assigned to the generation following St. David. If these were his contemporaries, it could only have been in the latter part of his life, for his period of active labour must have been practically over long before the end of the sixth century—even if he lived, as some authorities maintain, to see the opening of the seventh. The Demetian traditions attached to the name of Teilo suggest many questions to which only conjectural answers can be given. What was the relationship of his work to Menevia and its famous Abbot ? Was Menevia in the seventh century in any sense the Christian metropolis of South or South-West Wales ? When was Christianity introduced into Menevia, and from what quarter did the first missionaries come ?

In the Welsh hagiologies, Teilo is said to be one of the Cunedda house, but the evidence of his descent from the royal clan is less conclusive than in the case of St. David ; while the same genealogies represent him as closely allied to the earliest Armorican missionaries. The contrast in this respect between him and the founder of Menevia

is most significant. Dewi Sant was the representative of the victory of the Brython over the Goidel. When the British ideal of ecclesiastical organization differed from that of the Irish Goidelic churches, the leadership of the Menevian Abbot secured the ascendancy of the British variety of the Celtic type. Yet Dewi Sant's half-Irish descent is a prominent feature in all the early legends. His aloofness from the Armorican missionary influences, or at least his complete independence of them, is a natural inference from the legends which so pointedly identify Teilo with the work of the men from the continental Britain. It is at least probable that there was in the south-east of Dyfed a centre of religious activity, largely independent of Menevia. The recent discovery of Vortipore's burial-place points to a seat of government near to the centre, not of Pembrokeshire, but of the far more extensive principality of which it formed only a part, though the most important part. To this political centre, upon the borders of Carmarthenshire, Penally was much nearer than Menevia, whose isolation, however convenient for a monastic settlement, must have militated against its suitability as a missionary centre. The vaguely defined district afterwards known as Ystrad Towy was, no doubt, at this time more closely associated with Dyfed than it was some centuries later. Through Ystrad Towy the Teilo influence would naturally extend to that eastern part of South Wales which has come to regard itself as the true land of Teilo.

The ogham inscription on the Vortipore stone is itself an invaluable piece of evidence. The Christian origin of the ogham alphabet will hardly be disputed. That it was invented in Demetia may be assumed with almost equal certainty. The date of the tombstone cannot well have been later than 570; possibly 550 would be nearer the mark. A community that had developed a novel alphabet of its own, and had brought it into extensive

use, could not have been of recent growth. It could not have been weak in numbers or influence. The presence of these distinctively Christian characters on a royal tombstone is inexplicable unless the princely family of Demetia were avowed Christians, and this is also the only possible inference from the language of Gildas. We have thus conclusive evidence of the existence of a Christian Church of some kind in Dyfed in the early part of the sixth century.

This fact must have considerable weight in any judgment we may form as to the probable origin of Demetian Christianity. The Cunedda conquest, which in South-West Wales cannot be dated earlier than the close of the fifth century, was the victory of a Christian clan, and it is natural to associate the introduction of Christianity with the political revolution which secured its political ascendancy. The early annals of Anglo-Saxon Christianity abound in instances of the religious revolutions and counter-revolutions caused by the conversions or the apostasies of the reigning families. But the beginnings of Demetian Christianity must be sought in a much earlier age, probably in the last century of Roman rule. Celtic legend has always fastened eagerly on the names of royal converts and princely evangelists. There were other channels of a humbler kind through which the new faith could hardly have failed to reach the Demetians.

The strength for aggression which the primitive Church derived from its internal organization, and the achievements of its more eminent missionaries, have received full justice, and something more, from historians, both ecclesiastical and secular. The most important factor of all has been persistently ignored or relegated to a secondary place. We have forgotten the lesson taught by the Founder of the Faith in some of His simplest yet most significant parables. It is the nature of seed to multiply itself. It is the function of leaven

to permeate and transform the mass in the midst of which it is placed. What needs to be accounted for is, not the growth of the Church, but the slowness of its growth—the frequent arrests of development which retarded the conquest of the Roman world, and which were responsible for the lateness and incompleteness of the conversion of the Teutonic races.

There has of late been a more correct appreciation of the numerical strength of the Church throughout the Empire in the second and third centuries. It is now admitted that the automatic expansion of Christianity in the half-century following the close of the Apostolic Age was seriously underestimated by Gibbon and by other writers who were unduly influenced by his great authority. It seems to be a law of great religious movements that the period of most rapid expansion, or at least of most rapid numerical growth, shall be the age, not of the pioneers, but of their immediate successors. Probably the rate of growth in the Subapostolic Age was not again equalled until the latter half of the third century. In the West the Decian persecution (251-252) was followed by an outburst of missionary zeal. The Churches of Gaul, hitherto few and scattered, became centres of a vigorous and aggressive religious life. In this revival the island province to the north would certainly participate. Whatever Churches had been gathered in Britain by the agency of Christian workers now utterly forgotten would be quickened into fresh activity. The vague traditions of martyrdoms under Diocletian are possibly reminiscences of local persecutions of a somewhat earlier date—the inevitable consequence of the alarm excited among the adherents of the local cults by the exclusive monotheism of the sect which had defied the power of the Emperors. There is no tradition of any serious conflict between heathenism and Christianity in the civilized or Romanized portions

of the province later than the Diocletian persecution. As the fourth century wore on, the faith which had become the official religion of the Empire would spread inevitably wherever the civilization of Rome had spread or was spreading. If Demetia must be regarded as hitherto little more than a debatable ground between the Empire and barbarism, there is evidence that in the latter half of the century civilization, as represented by the Roman administration, was obtaining a firmer footing here. The tradition already referred to, of the founding of Caer Alun by Maximus on the site of Haverfordwest, has strong probabilities in its favour. The Cæsar whose defeat by Theodosius conferred on him the title of Usurper possibly leaned for support on the party of religious conservatism or reaction, but by that time, whatever the personal predilections of the Emperor, the Cross accompanied or followed the Eagles. If Caer Alun was a Roman camp or settlement, there would inevitably be some worshippers of the Crucified among its occupants.

This introduction or reintroduction of Roman administration into Demetia took place barely a quarter of a century before the departure of the legions from Britain ; while the final catastrophe could not have failed to be antedated by a much earlier withdrawal from this distant and but recently established outpost. It may be thought that an occupation so brief would afford but a precarious foothold for Christianity ; but apart from the possibility of still earlier missionary efforts having prepared the soil, there is no reason to suppose that the Christian priest or monk who came under the protection of the eagles would withdraw when they withdrew, and thus relinquish the territory he had begun to conquer for his Divine King, and desert the few sheep who had been gathered from among the heathen.

The historical evidences, however scanty, point to the conclusion that Christianity had found its way here before

the collapse of the Roman rule, and that there were some Christian communities which survived to form a nucleus for the Churches which were founded and organized by the Brythonic missionaries from the north and by the Goidelic missionaries from the great island to the west.

To attempt the recovery of the history of these forgotten beginnings of the Christianity of South Wales may seem a hopeless task, but I venture to offer the following conjectural reconstruction of the outlines of the story :

1. There may have been some knowledge of Christianity in Demetia even before the fourth century. It could not have been wholly unknown there after it had become the faith of the Cæsars.

2. When the Romans finally quitted Demetia about A.D. 400, they left behind them Christian communities which maintained their existence, though possibly little more, through the fifth century.

3. Towards the close of that century there came into Demetia Irish missionaries from the Church founded by St. Patrick, and, somewhat later, missionaries from the Cunedda States to the north.

4. In the course of the sixth century there was an outburst of missionary zeal in Armorica. This was associated with the revival of Celtic nationality which followed on the territorial changes brought about by the Franken conquests. The loss of territory to the east and south had so curtailed the Armorican frontiers that they included little more than the areas in which the Celtic population was in the ascendant, and the reinvigorated sentiment of nationality displayed itself in active sympathy with the Church of Britain, now menaced with extinction by the hordes of heathen Teutons. Several of these Armorican missionaries came to South Wales. Thus the evangelization of Demetia was participated in by missionaries from three different lands and from three different nationalities.

5. Of these the Goidelic missionaries from Hibernia were, both in blood and in language, the most closely related to the people of Dyfed, and it is to them and to the period of their ascendancy that the introduction of the ogham alphabet must be assigned.

6. Yet it was inevitable that the ultimately dominant element should be that represented by Dewi Sant and his monastery of New Menevia. With this tendency, the Armorican missionaries would be in substantial agreement. Whatever degree of credibility may attach to the details of the Celtic legends, they are historically truthful when they describe St. Teilo, the associate of the Armorican missionaries, as the kinsman and younger fellow-labourer of St. David.

7. The two synods which were held about A.D. 570 mark an important stage in the history of the Church of South Wales, of which Dewi Sant was now the recognized leader. Llanbadarn lay outside the farthest extension of the frontiers of Dyfed, but the Christian communities of Ceredigion were represented at these " Synods of North Britain," whose proceedings were so grotesquely misrepresented in the legends of the Welsh monks. For our authentic knowledge of them we are indebted to an Armorican manuscript. Padarn, the contemporary of St. David, was an Armorican by birth, and is said to have returned in his old age to his native land.

8. The transformation of the tribal and monastic organization of the Welsh Church into one based on the principle of territorial episcopacy was the work of a later age. With that transformation the principality of Ceredigion, of which Llanbadarn was the religious headquarters, was absorbed in the Diocese of Menevia.

9. The place which St. David holds in the hagiology of Cornwall attests the harmony and friendly intercourse of three branches of the Celtic Church—the Churches of Armorica, of Cornwall, and of North Britain. By North

Britain, in the sixth and seventh centuries, must be understood the land which was soon to be known as Cambria, and which in the seventh century the advance of the English conquests severed completely and finally from the Cumbria of which it had formed a part, and from which its name was derived.

10. The Brynach and Byrnach legends are reminiscences of that earlier age when the Irish missions were the dominant factor in the Churches of South Wales. The developments of later years had not obliterated the memory of those missionaries from the island to the west, whose names are perpetuated in the dedication of many of the Pembrokeshire churches. They laboured, and other men entered into their labours. A striking memorial of those early days was found a few years ago on the southern coast, not far from Warren, where Mr. Laws discovered a Christian cemetery the centre of which was a kistvaen covered with a slab inscribed with a rude cross of Irish type. Menevia in the north-west and Penally in the south-east of the county are the oldest historical centres of Pembrokeshire Christianity. A still more pathetic interest attaches to this sand-hill near the waves of the Bristol Channel, where the Irish missionary was laid to rest in semi-heathen fashion, but beneath the symbol of the faith he taught and surrounded by the graves of those who had learned from his lips the story of the Crucified.

## CHAPTER VI

### FOUR CENTURIES: A.D. 600 to A.D. 1000

OF Demetian history in the seventh and eighth centuries not even a conjectural restoration is possible. Vortipore was the "tyrant of the Demetians" at the beginning of the second half of the sixth century. In 796, according to the "Brut y Tywysogion" (The Chronicle of the Princes), confirmed by the "Annales Cambriæ," died Maredudd, King of Dyfed. For the intervening two hundred and forty years the annals of this principality or under-kingdom are a blank. The political fortunes of the Cymry had steadily declined. Before the generation to whom Gildas prophesied had passed away, Aquæ Solis, Corinium, and Glevum (Bath and Cirencester and Gloucester) had fallen, and the men of Wessex had conquered the Valley of the Severn. The fall of Uriconium, near Shrewsbury, was the high-water mark of the Saxon victories. A great battle in the Valley of the Dee, of which, characteristically enough, there is no mention in the "Annales," rolled back the tide for a while; but in the next generation the Angles from the north-east completed what the Saxons had begun, and with the fall of Chester the isolation of Cambria was accomplished. There was a brief revival of Cymric hopes when, in 634, Cadwallon and his ally, Penda of Mercia, inflicted a crushing defeat on the Northumbrians; but next year, while he was prosecuting his campaign of vengeance in Northumbria far from his own frontiers, he

was defeated and slain. With the death of his son Cadwaladr (about 664) the last shadow of a claim to the "Crown of Britain" passed away for ever from the House of Cunedda and Maelgwn. The heir of Maelgwn still reigned in Gwynedd, and was recognized as at least the titular Overlord of Cambria. When worn by a vigorous Prince the dignity was no doubt something more than an empty title. But as to what family ruled in Dyfed, and what were the relations between the Demetian Princes and the Lords of Snowdonia, we know nothing. All that we are told of Dyfed between Vortipore and Maredudd is that there was a great earthquake here—"percussio Demeticæ regionis"—when the monastery of David was burned. There is also, under the date 606, a notice of the death of a "Bishop Cynnam." This may be the Cynog, who in the lists of the Menevian Bishops, appears as the immediate successor of St. David, but no importance can be attached to a coincidence with a list so obviously apocryphal, while the entry in the "Annales" is itself not free from suspicion. We get, however, one glimpse of the Demetian clergy, and for that we are indebted to a Saxon pen. At a synod of the English Church held in 705, when it was decided to divide into two the great diocese of Wessex, Aldhelm, the learned Abbot of Malmesbury, was instructed to write to Geraint, King of the Damnonian Britons, on the subject of the Paschal Cycle—that is, the mode for computing the time for the observance of Easter. The appeal proved successful, and so on that vexed question the Church of Damnonia—that is, of Devon and Cornwall—was brought into line with the Churches of the Latin obedience.

In this letter the English Abbot bitterly denounces the sectarian bitterness of "the priests of the Demetians beyond the bay of the Severn river, who glorying in their personal purity carry their detestation of our communion so far that they will not condescend either to celebrate

in Church with us the service of prayer or at the table partake with us of food, but they actually throw the fragments of the dishes and the remains of their gluttonous feasts to the jaws of dogs and to filthy swine. Also they order their drinking cups and vessels to be cleansed out with sand and gravel and yellow ashes from the embers. The salutation of peace is not given nor the kiss of brotherly love offered, though the Apostle said, 'Salute one another with a holy kiss.' They give us neither soap* nor water and towel for our hands, nor is a basin put for us to wash our feet, while the Saviour, girt with a linen cloth and washing his disciples' feet, gave to us a pattern for our imitation, saying, 'As I have done to you, so do ye to others.' But, indeed, if any from ours—that is, from the Catholics—have gone to dwell among them, they are not deemed worthy to be admitted to their fellowship until they have been compelled to do penance for forty days. And in this they unhappily imitate the heretics who wished to be deemed the 'Cathari'—that is, the pure. Alas, alas for such errors! I think one should lament mournfully with tearful words and melancholy sighs."

Aldhelm was "the first Englishman who cultivated classical learning with any success, and the first of whom any literary remains were preserved."† There is something genuinely English in his letter. His profound reverence for the teachings of Christ, and his honest enthusiasm for what he regards as the practice of the Catholic Church, are blended with indignant contempt for those who are faithful to the traditions of their own Church and their own nation. No Englishman of the

* *Lomentum*—properly, a mixture of beans and rice used by Roman ladies in their toilet, but more loosely, any detergent for the skin.

† Canon Venables, "Dictionary of Christian Biography," article "Aldhelm."

nineteenth century could be more convinced of the justice of his cause and of the absolute correctness of his own ideals, or more disdainful of the Celtic patriotism that refused to accept the supremacy of the English race and to conform to the Englishman's ideals. The Demetian Church maintained its stubborn independence long after the Church of Gwynedd had accepted the Roman Easter.

Perhaps to these scanty notices of Demetia in the seventh and eighth centuries should be added the statement in one copy of the "Brut," that in 720 the unbelievers broke many of the churches of Llandaff, Menevia, and Llanbadarn, and killed Aidan, Bishop of Llandaff, and many of the learned men of his see.

The conjecture of Mr. Laws that this refers to a Mercian invasion or raid is probably correct, but it is not probable that such an expedition would penetrate as far as Pembrokeshire.

Whether Offa's arms ever reached the Demetian territories we have no evidence. The fierce Mercian, whose steady and ruthless aggression had struck terror into the Welsh, died in the summer of 796, the year which witnessed the death of Maredudd. About the end of the year his son Egbert followed him to the grave, and the throne was obtained by Cenulf, whose reign did not diminish the prestige of Mercia. In 819 he "devastated the regions of the Demeti." Eleven years before, Owain, the son of Maredudd, had died, and in 810 Menevia was burnt, by whom the chronicler does not say. For the rest of the century we have only a few hopelessly confused notices of some of the Bishops of Menevia. The different versions of the chronicles are utterly irreconcilable with each other.

In North Wales the introduction of the Roman Easter is attributed to Bishop Elbod of Bangor, whose episcopate of over half a century ended in 809, exactly a hundred years after the death of Aldhelm. The clergy of Dyfed

maintained their stubborn isolation long after the surrender of their brethren in Gwynedd, but in the ninth century the controversy died down, and the Roman practice gradually became universal. The part which the Paschal controversies played in the early Church is well known. In the case of the British Church the divergence between the computations was really due to the interruption of intercourse between the Celtic Churches and the Churches of Southern Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries, at the time when the cycle of Victorinus, modified by Dionysius Exiguus, was adopted at Rome as the basis of calculation. In all parts of the Celtic world the innovation, though it was simply the result of more accurate astronomical observations, was regarded with suspicion as the visible symbol of Italian supremacy, much as the Churches of Protestant Europe resented the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar.

In Britain the arrogance and tactlessness of Augustine enlisted against his proposals all the bitterness of Celtic patriotism, inflamed by a century and a half of oppression and outrage.

To the Welshman the Roman Easter became the symbol of Saxon aggression, which threatened not only his political independence, but his Church, whose institutions were based on the tribal organization which continued to be the fundamental principle of the Cymric State until the eve of its final overthrow. But the position then taken up was untenable. The Roman Easter was as inevitable in the ninth century as the Gregorian Calendar had become in the eighteenth. It is significant that the resistance was stoutest in Dyfed. The south-west, not the north-west—Dyfed, not Snowdonia—was the stronghold of nationalist feeling. When the Continental computation of the great Christian festival was at last adopted, the Welsh clergy, in Dyfed at least, still guarded the independence of their Church. They were prepared for

union with Rome, but not for submission to Canterbury. Yet it was a true instinct that had led them to regard the one as the foreshadowing of the other. The relations of the Welsh Church to the See of Canterbury would henceforth be dependent on the relation between the Welsh Princes and the Sovereign of Wessex. It was the Danish invasions that delayed alike the subjugation of the Welsh principalities by the Kings of the English and the submission of the Welsh Churches to the Primate of England.

The annals of Dyfed for the seventh and eighth centuries are a blank; its annals for the ninth century are little better. There are barely a dozen references to it in the "Brut" and the "Annales," and in some of these the different manuscripts of the chronicles show irreconcilable differences of reading. In documents written by ecclesiastics and preserved in monasteries, if accuracy is to be expected anywhere, it is in the names and succession of the Bishops; but the discrepancies are so great that it is difficult to believe that the chroniclers had access to any sources that were even approximately contemporaneous. The events recorded are soon told. In 807 died Arthur, King of Ceredigion, and next year Rein (or Run), King of Dyfed. In 811 Menevia was burnt, but how or by whom we are not told. In 811 Owain, son of Maredudd, died, and in 815 Tryffyn, son of Rein, was slain. Neither of them is called a King, though the fact of the record of their deaths in a chronicle so meagre suggests that they were either Kings or claimants of the Crown. In 819 Cenulf, King of Mercia, ravaged the kingdom of Dyfed. Then come a few ecclesiastical notices. In 831 Saturbyn, Bishop of Menevia died. Under 840 we have in the "Annales," "Nobis Episcopus in regnavit," a singular form of entry to say the least, but corroborated by the announcement of the death of Bishop Nobis in 873. The entry is also corroborated by

the curious blunder in the "Brut" which transforms Bishop Nobis into "a noble Bishop," obviously misreading Nobis as Nobilis. Both documents agree in reporting the consecration in 874 of a new Bishop, the successor of Nobis, though one gives the name as Lwmbert, and the other gives it as Llanwerth.

It is possible that some of the battles or murders not definitely located may have to do with Dyfed. We are on surer ground when we find allusions to Ceredigion. In 849 Meurig was killed by the Saxons, and twenty-two years after his son Gwgawn was drowned. The latter is described as King of Ceredigion, and the presumption is that his father, who fell by the Saxon sword, was his predecessor. Ceredigion had pushed its frontier southward at the expense of Dyfed, while Ystrad Tywy, the valley or region of the Tywy, had also become independent of its western neighbour; so that Dyfed, if not quite reduced to the limits of the present county, was little more than half its original extent.

The ruler of this diminished realm was Hemeid, or Heinuth, the son of Bledri. Heinuth vab Bledri had an evil reputation. When Asser of Menevia was urged by Alfred the Great to settle at the Court of Wessex, or at least to spend half of each year there, his reluctance to leave his beloved home on the shores of the western sea was overcome only by the representations of his Menevian friends that his acceptance would be of great service to the monastery, and to the Churches of Demetia. "For my friends hoped they should sustain less tribulation and harm from King Hemeid, who often plundered that monastery and the parish of St. Dewi,* and sometimes

* The text reads St. Degui, obviously a corruption of Dewi. The *parochia* is apparently the whole district where churches were under the supervision of the Bishop of Menevia. "Diocese" would convey a meaning too definitely territorial, but possibly only Pebidiog or Dewisland is meant.

expelled the prelates (as they expelled Archbishop Neves, my relation, and myself), if in any manner I could secure the notice and friendship of the King."

This happened some time in the second decade of the great King's reign, probably about 887. For some time before this Alfred, King of the West Saxons, had been recognized Overlord of a great part of South Wales. The same century that witnessed the rapid growth of the power of the House of Wessex had witnessed a revival of the power of Gwynedd under Rhodri Mawr, or Rhodri the Great. Nothing is recorded of his reign that appears to justify the epithet bestowed on him; but the name itself is evidence of the impression which his success or his personal qualities, or both, made upon his people. According to the view current in later times, he reunited Wales into one State under the head of the House of Maelgwn, and the redivision of his territory at his death, between his three sons, is represented as a national calamity. There is a considerable nucleus of truth in these statements. Rhodri succeeded in bringing a great part of Wales under his rule. The epithet "oppressor" applied to his father, Merfyn Frych, suggests that the extension of the power of Gwynedd had been begun by that Prince, who was defeated and killed in 845 by Burchaed of Mercia. The tripartite division of the country into Gwynedd, Powys, and Deheubarth, which is visible for the next two centuries, was obviously connected with the hegemony which his family retained until the final extinction of Welsh independence.

But the unification of Wales was a geographical impossibility. The union of the three principal States in a family alliance, under the leadership of the King of Gwynedd, was the nearest approximation to unity that came within the range of practical politics.

The internal dissensions of the House of Egbert, followed by the Danish invasions, gave opportunity for the

consolidation of Rhodri's power. His reign, however, closed (like his father's) in disaster. In 876 he is said to have been driven into Irish exile by an English invasion, though it is not very intelligible how there could have been an English invasion in that year on a large scale, when Wessex was fighting desperately for its existence, and Halfdene the Dane was dividing the lands of Northumbria. He must soon have returned from his exile, for next year he fell in battle with the invaders. If Rhodri's power had rested only on the sword, it would have been destroyed by his defeat and death; but it had been based in great part on the surer foundation of hereditary claims. As his mother had brought the crown of Gwynedd to Mervyn the Freckled, who had at first been only Prince of Mona, so Rhodri's wife, the daughter of King Meurig, had brought him Ceredigion, while he clamed Powys in right of his grandmother. Hence it came to pass that his three sons succeeded to three kingdoms: Anarawd, the eldest, to Gwynedd; Mervyn to Powys; and Cadell, the second in age, to Deheubarth, which included Ceredigion and Ystrad Tywy, but not Dyfed. Dyfed thus lay outside the new political arrangements, and menaced by the aggressions of the six sons of Rhodri; for the three Kings had three other brothers, and the fierce brotherhood were a terror to those Princes, who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining a precarious independence. Under these circumstances Heinuth sought safety under the protection of Alfred, whose victories over the Danes had restored the power and prestige of Wessex. The same course was taken by the Kings of Gwent and Brecon. Kidwelly and Gower, if no longer united to Dyfed, were not yet absorbed in the dominions of Cadell, and therefore Dyfed was not completely hemmed in by the territories of the House of Rhodri.

It was the more natural that Heinuth should seek the protection of the conqueror of the Danes, since his own

territories had been ravaged by the " black Pagans." In 877 a Viking fleet, commanded by the terrible Hubba, had wintered in Milford Harbour, and there had been " much slaughter of the Christians." In the spring he had sailed across to North Devon with twenty-three ships, and had met at the hands of Alfred's soldiers the doom he so richly merited.

The parish of Hubberston (" Hubba's tun ") perpetuates the memory of that gloomy winter when the far-famed Raven, the magical banner woven by the daughters of King Lodbrok, spread its wings over the waters of the haven.

If any credence could be given to the statement that the Bishop Llanwerth, or Lwmbert, consecrated about 874, was really an Englishman named Hubert, and especially if we could accept the additional statement that the consecrator was the Archbishop of Canterbury, it would indicate a still earlier connection between Wessex and the future Anglia-Transwalliana, but the evidence of the chronicles is too confused to be reliable. Besides, the date given in the second or third year of Alfred's reign, when the young King was barely able to hold his own against the Danes, is difficult to reconcile with any aggressive policy on the part of either the King or the Primate.

That Heinuth for the remaining years of his evil reign left the monks of Menevia in peace may be taken for granted. In 891 he died. His successor was the Loumarc ab Heinuth whose daughter Eilen in the next generation brought the crown of Dyfed to her husband, Howel, the son of Cadell, known as Howel the Good. Two years after Heinuth's death Anarawd came with the men of Gwynedd, and possibly with Northumbrian allies—*cum Anglis*—to devastate Ceredigion and Ystrad Tywy, where there had been a revolt against Cadell. Neither in that year nor in the next, when the Danes ravaged Brycheiniog,

Morganwg, and Gwent, is there any mention of Dyfed. It was late in Alfred's reign that Anarawd and Cadell abandoned their attitude of hostility to Wessex, renounced their Northumbrian and Danish alliances, and accepted Alfred as their Overlord, an event which Asser of Menevia regarded as the crowning triumph of Alfred's statesmanship. Thus was the way being prepared for the absorption of the Welsh States into the island empire of the House of Egbert. Four centuries were to pass before the completion of this process by the conquest of Gwynedd; but barely two centuries had gone by before South Wales became Norman. The Teutonic conquest of the south might have been anticipated by two hundred years but for the degeneracy of Alfred's successors and the great Danish wars which temporarily overwhelmed the Saxon monarchy. Under the reigns of Alfred's son and grandsons the Welsh Kings frequently attended the great councils of the English realm. The Prince of whose attendance we have most evidence was Howel Dda, who with his cousin Idwal of Gwynedd, the son of Anarawd, paid homage to Edward in 922. Probably the wise rule and prudent policy of Howel did much to delay the disintegration and conquest of the States that lay along the borders of the Bristol Channel. His father Cadell had died in 909. Three years before he had won the Battle of Dinevwr, which secured the supremacy of the House of Rhodri over South-West Wales. The same year Menevia was once more destroyed by the Danes. The entry of the chronicler implies that there was some connection between the two events. Loumarc had died in 903, and in some way or other, by marriage or conquest, or by both combined, Howel, the son of Cadell and the son-in-law of Loumarc, became King of Dyfed, which on Cadell's death became part of the kingdom of Deheubarth. Howel's rule extended over Cydweli and Gower; but these districts, which had originally belonged to Dyfed, belonged

to him as King of Deheubarth, not as the heir of Heinuth and Loumarc. The old royal line of Dyfed, itself part of a younger branch of the House of Cunedda, had been merged in the House of Rhodri. Dyfed, while still retaining its separate organization, and afterwards being under the government of an under-king, was never again an independent kingdom, and its frontiers, though extending in the south-east to Laugharne and the line of the Taf, were elsewhere practically the same as those of the present county.

The first five or six years of Howel's reign were somewhat troubled. There was a frontier dispute with the King of Morganwg, which of course meant a border war, and in 915 the Danes reappeared on the south coast, for "there came a great naval force over hither from the south, from the Ludwiccas [Northern France] under Iarls Otto and Harold, and went about until they arrived at the mouth of the Severn; and they harried on the North Welsh everywhere by the sea when it pleased them." The North Welsh who were so harried were, of course, the dwellers on the sea-border of South Wales; for Cambria was North Wales, as opposed to the West Wales or South Wales of Cornwall. The marauders were ultimately beaten off, and a great part of them perished by the sword or by famine; but this recrudescence of the Danish trouble led Edward to send an expedition to the west coast. The fleet of Wessex entered the western harbour which the Saxons called Deepstowe, and high up, near the limits of the tidal flow, an English fort was built, which they named Gladmuth—that is, Cleddau-mouth. In the age of Scandinavian settlements which was now opening, the Saxon names were destined to disappear, and Deepstowe was to be known as Midfiord, or Milford, and Gladmuth was exchanged for Havrafiord, or Haverford. Thus, as the foundation of Haverfordwest is attributed to the daring soldier who all but won the throne of Augustus,

so the commencement of its medieval history is associated with the first and, save one, the greatest of the Edwards, the son of Alfred and the father of Athelstan. The building of Gladmuth was a foreshadowing of the fall of old Demetia, but the immediate future was to be one of peace. Howel possessed the one quality in which the Princes of Wales were nearly always lacking—the good sense which sees clearly the limits of one's possibilities, and averts disaster by accepting the inevitable. The liegeman and friend of Edward and of Athelstan, he ruled his own lands in peace, and when he succeeded Idwal on the northern throne, to which the priority of rank, and sometimes that of authority, was conceded, the tranquillity which he had secured for Deheubarth, but which had been imperilled in the north by the folly of Idwal, was restored to Gwynedd.

His great achievement was the codification of the laws and customs of Wales. It was an imitation on a small scale of the legislative work of Charlemagne, whose reign was long the embodied ideal of the monarchs of Western Christendom. Much remains to be done in the editing of the manuscripts, all of later date, some almost modern, which contain the results of the labour of Howel and his council. For the historian of Wales these Codes are of great value; for the historian of Pembrokeshire they have for the most part only an academic interest.

There are three Codes—the Venedotian (or Code of Gwynedd), the Demetian, and the Gwentian. These documents in their twelfth-century and thirteenth-century editions afford only indirect evidence of the relative social and political progress which at the beginning of the tenth century had been made by the several tribes that were being slowly, very slowly, fused into a nation. Yet the differences are worth noting.

On the whole the Demetian Code shows a higher, or at any rate a healthier, political development than the other

two, especially than the Venedotian. The Prince is surrounded with somewhat less of quasi-regal state, the nobles are less of an aristocratic caste, the rights of the freeman are better defined and guarded, in Demetia than in Gwynedd. There was apparently no wide, practically impassable, gulf between the owners of the soil and their serfs, between the free tribesmen and the bondsmen of the villages. No servile war was possible in Demetia, such as the revolt in Gwynedd in the next generation, a revolt which was stamped out by the massacre or banishment of the Goidelic peasantry. In Demetia the Cymric conquest had assumed the milder form of a fusion by which the lines of racial demarcation had been obliterated.

The preface describing the august assembly at the White House on the Taf is common to all three Codes, and, notwithstanding its absurd grandiloquence, embodies a genuine historical tradition. Many of the names it gives must be regarded as those of lawyers and officials who shared in the work of codification. The journey to Rome in 928 is also historical. Of itself it is striking evidence of the order and security which the rule of Howel had established in Deheubarth. The tendency of the tradition to fix the date of the legislation in the first part of his reign is also in accordance with the few facts we know. The Demetian Code prepared at Whitland, on the eastern frontiers of Dyfed, is the work of a King of Deheubarth, the greater part of whose dominions had in an earlier day been subject to the House of Dyfed. Though Dinevwr is the royal seat, Dyfed is felt to be the centre of the kingdom. In Dyfed are the "seven Bishops' houses," and there are the fountains of the ancient customs and traditions which the King, who is at once the grandson of Rhodri and the representative of Maredudd (perhaps of Vortipore), is endeavouring to reduce to the symmetry, and to invest with the dignity, of a constitution and a code. If the Venedotian and the

Gwentian forms of the Code are in any sense the work of Howel, their date must have been later than that of the Demetian, and they must be assigned to the closing years of his reign, when the King of Deheubarth had succeeded his brother on the throne of Gwynedd.

How much Dyfed and Wales had owed to Howel was realized amid the disruptions and wars of the next generation. After his death, in 948, Gwynedd was recovered by the sons of his cousin Idwal, the representatives of the family of Anarawd.

Following up their success, they ravaged Dyfed, killing Dunwallon, the regulus or under-king. The identification of Dunwallon with one of the sons of Howel is doubtful, but the existence of the under-kingship is significant of the separateness which Dyfed retained, even after its absorption in the kingdom of Deheubarth.

In the carnival of rapine and slaughter that raged throughout Wales, the family of Rhodri ran serious risk of extermination, but through all the vicissitudes of their sanguinary feuds the prestige of the ancient royal house remained with the children of Howel, thus balancing the titular supremacy of Gwynedd. Owain ap Howel, who must have been well on in middle life when his father died, survived him nearly forty years. In his old age the government of his kingdom of Deheubarth was in the hands of his son Maredudd. A strong arm was needed, for the Danish peril was once more a grim reality.

In 981 Dyfed and Menevia were devastated by Godfrey Haroldsson, who a few years before had overrun and almost conquered Anglesey. That the invaders failed to effect a permanent conquest was attributed to the courage and energy of Einion, the son of King Owain. Next year Einion was called upon to defend his own territory of Brycheiniog against a Saxon invasion. In the third year he "was killed through treachery by the nobles of Gwent." Treachery is a frequent accusation in the Welsh

chronicles, too frequent to command implicit credence. Twice before this grandson of Howel the Good figures in the "Brut" as the devastator of Gower. Perhaps the nobles (*uchelwyr*) of Gwent were only paying off an old score.

His death left the field free for Maredudd, who appears in 985 as the conqueror of "Mona, Merionydd, and all the districts of Gwynedd, which he subdued by extreme craft and cunning." The following year the pagan host, led by Godfrey, once more swept over Anglesey, and Maredudd brought back with him to Ceredigion and Dyfed a great number of fugitives from their cruelty.

In 987 the old King died. It was a year of disaster. Once more the pagans devastated Llanbadarn and Menevia, and eventually Maredudd was compelled to pay them "a tribute of a penny for each person." That was in 988. "Famine and great mortality through the famine" recurs with terrible frequency in these dark years. The "districts of Gwynedd" which Maredudd had never thoroughly subdued were slipping from his grasp, while in 991 Deheubarth was attacked by a mixed force of English and South-East Welsh under the leadership of his nephew Edwin, the son of his brother Einion. Dyfed, Ceredigion, Gower, and Cydweli, were ravaged by the allies, who, like the "black Pagans," carried off a great number of hostages, Menevia being devastated for the third time in a few years. Maredudd retaliated by raiding Glamorgan with a band of pagan mercenaries. In 993, in a battle near Corwen, he sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of the "sons of Meurig," who as representatives of the elder branch of the House of Rhodri, the family of Anarawd, thus successfully vindicated their claims to the throne of Gwynedd. Four years later Meredyth died. It was a year of trouble, for Menevia was once more attacked by pagans, who acted in concert with invaders from Glamorgan. It was in this raid that Bishop Morgeneu was slain. His violent death was,

according to Giraldus, a righteous punishment for the heinous sin of eating flesh, a crime of which none of his predecessors in the chair of St. David had been guilty. There could be no doubt either as to the sin or the punishment, for on the night of his murder he presented himself to a brother prelate in Ireland, showing his wounds, and saying: "Because I ate flesh I am become flesh."

It is probable that this invasion took place after the death of the warlike King, for, as far as it is possible to unravel the confused statements of the Welsh chroniclers, Meredyth's successor in Dyfed was Aiddan of Glamorgan. The King, whose son Cadwallon had died in 991, the year of the great invasion from the east, left only a daughter, Angharad, whose husband, Llewelyn ap Seissyllt, became one of the most famous of the Welsh Princes; but Llewelyn was King of Gwynedd rather than of Deheubarth, and though in the later years of his reign he united nearly all Wales under his leadership, the seat of his power was in the north-west rather than in the south-west. With Meredyth's death the old monarchy of Dyfed ended.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

BETWEEN the death of Meredyth ap Owain and the Norman conquest of Pembrokeshire less than a hundred years intervened. For the first twenty years of the eleventh century the light that we get from the records of Wales is little better than darkness visible. In 1000 Dyfed* was devastated by pagans, and eleven years later Menevia was once more ravaged, this time by Saxons. It might have been supposed that in 1011 any Saxons would have found sufficient scope for their energies in defending their own country against the Danes. The incapacity of Ethelred, worst and weakest of the successors of Alfred, had brought the English monarchy to the verge of ruin—a ruin which the valour of his son, Edmund Ironside, could only postpone for a very brief time. Once more, as in the ninth century, there was a breathing-space for Cambria. It seemed for a while as if the Welsh people would avail themselves of this opportunity—it proved to be the last—of establishing a strong national government. When Meredyth died, his only surviving child, Angharad, was the wife of a youth who had claims of some kind to the throne of Gwynedd; but a lad in his teens (he is said to have been only fourteen years old) had little chance of being accepted as their lord by the turbulent chiefs of Deheubarth. Still

* The entries in the "Brut" for the eleventh century are frequently too early by two years.

less chance would he have of being accepted by the men of Gwynedd, whose allegiance Meredyth had failed to secure. So Iago ap Idwal won Gwynedd, and Aiddan ap Blegywryd ruled over the southern lands. But Gywnedd saw many changes in its rulers, and it was natural that, amid the confusion of fratricidal strife. men's minds should turn to the man who, whatever may have been his own pretensions, was the husband of the Princess who was the undoubted heiress of Howel Dda. Thus the anarchy of the north was ended by the rule of Llewelyn ap Seissyllt.

The overthrow of Aiddan gave Llewelyn also the lordship of Deheubarth. In 1016—the memorable "year of battles," when the Saxon hero-King was confronting Canute with unshaken intrepidity, but with diminishing strength—the son-in-law of Meredyth gained a decisive victory over Aiddan, who was slain, with his four sons. This was not a restoration of the heir of Meredyth, but the conquest of Deheubarth by the Prince of Gwynedd.

Dyfed has disappeared from the political nomenclature of Wales, and remains only as a geographical expression. This principality, which in the dawn of its history had been ruled by Princes from the Valley of the Shannon, which for centuries after the Cunedda conquest of Wales had retained its own dynasty, and which since the days of Howel Dda had been the nucleus of the larger kingdom of Deheubarth—this, the oldest principality of the Cambrian land, had never again a Prince of its own.

Llewelyn ap Seissyllt was now virtually the King of Wales. No other Prince after Rhodri the Great had so good a claim to the title. His reign was long celebrated in Welsh tradition as a golden age of peace and plenty; but these halcyon years were few. In 1020 (possibly 1022) there appeared a claimant to the throne of Deheubarth. He bore the ancient kingly name of Run or Rein, and asserted that he was a son of Meredyth ap

Owain. According to the "Brut," he was an Irish adventurer. Whether he was really Rein ap Meredyth or only Rein the Scot may be doubtful; but the nobles of the south, who loved not Llewelyn, rallied round him as the male heir of the old royal line. Eventually the disciplined forces of Llewelyn triumphed over the southern insurgents. The decisive battle, which was stubbornly contested, was fought at Abergwili. The chronicler, who chuckles over the ignominious flight of the pretender from the field, grudgingly acknowledges the valour which he showed in the fight until it became hopeless. According to the "Annales," Rein lost his life. His partisans in Dyfed felt the full weight of the conqueror's vengeance. Next year the King himself went to his account. The tradition that he was killed by members of one of the princely houses of the south rests on no sufficient authority; but with his death his kingdom was dissolved.

Llewelyn was but a lad when he succeeded to the claims rather than the possessions of his renowned father-in-law, and long had he to wait before he could convert either his wife's pretensions or his own into realities. Now, after a career of remarkable success, he had left a boy as the heir of his own more extensive dominions. That boy was destined to play a brilliant part as the representative of Welsh nationality ere he met with the tragic fate which scarcely dimmed the lustre of his fame; but for a while he was fain to content himself with the obscurity and safety of a private station. Neither in the south nor in the north was he accepted as the successor of Llewelyn. It is, indeed, not improbable that his uncle, Conan ap Seissyllt, was regarded as the representative of the dynasty, and that he was for a while the ruler of Gwynedd; but whether Conan was the Prince of Snowdonia or merely a claimant of the throne, he survived his brother only four years; and after he had been killed, if not before, the northern principality was

ruled by Iago ap Idwal, whose father had stubbornly, and not unsuccessfully, contested the claims of Meredyth ap Owain thirty years before.

In Deheubarth there appears on the scene Rhydderch ap Iestyn, whose genealogy, royal or otherwise, is not recorded, but the seat of whose power was Ystrad Tywy. According to at least one ancient authority, the new Prince of the south land extended his sway over the North of Wales, and Iago ap Idwal's principality was reduced to the island of Anglesey.

Ten years after Llewelyn's death Rhydderch was killed by the Scots—a name which had come to include the pagan Norsemen of the settlements that studded the eastern coast of Ireland. From one of these settlements came Eilad (or Eilav), who makes his first appearance in connection with the devastation of Dyfed and the demolition of Menevia that followed upon the defeat of the men of Deheubarth at Abergwili. He disappears sixteen years later, in the year of King Canute's death, when he "fled into Germany." Have we not here a glimpse of that pre-Norman Teutonization of the Pembrokeshire coast and of central Pembrokeshire of which the Welsh writers tell us nothing, but which is indubitably attested by the local nomenclature? Not mere raiders, but settlers, were the men who gave their names not only to the rocky islets round the coast, or to the creeks and coves of the great fiord, but to hamlets and homesteads in the heart of Roose, in the inland valleys of the south-east, and far up on the slopes of the Presselly Hills. Lambi of Lambston, his neighbour Hogni, who settled at Honey Hook, the Ulfs of Wolfscastle and Wolfsdale, Grim of Creamston, Hammil of Ambleston, Gunarf of Gumfreston—these men were farmers, not sea-rovers. Rinderston and Bletherston and Temperness could never have been the lairs of pirates; neither could old Haverford, whose colloquial name of Honey Harfat suggests some early

bond of kinship with the Hognis of Honey Hook and Honeyborough. The little town, which stood in the eleventh century where the Norman castle and the walled borough of the Flemings arose in the twelfth century, was so far Scandinavian that its Norwegian name obliterated all trace of any earlier Celtic name, as well as of the Saxon Gladmuth that had been planted there in the days of Edward the Elder.

Some of these place-names tell us more than the nationality of the settlers. The children of the Vikings were still pagans when they found their new homes in the valleys of Demetia. Some may have been nominally Christians: baptized ruffians have been plentiful in every age. None could have been wholly ignorant of the faith which was professed by the Kings of their own northern lands, and which in that generation was commended by the sincere piety of the great Danish King, who had won the loyal love of all his subjects, Englishmen and Danes alike. But no servants of the White Christ were the folk who called their village Freya's Thorp.* Nor were those men Christians who gave the name Asgard to their settlement in the pleasant lands above Sandy Haven creek, whence they could see to the south the waters where Hubba of the Raven Flag had spent his last winter, and to the north the rocks at whose foot stood the venerable Christian sanctuary which their fathers had so often harried with fire and sword.

Thus the land which five centuries before had been the last refuge of the expiring polytheism of the Silurian and the Goidel witnessed a brief recrudescence of paganism, this time of the Scandinavian type. Yet it was but the evanescent afterglow of a lurid sunset. The giant forms of the denizens of the Northern Olympus soon faded away, as the gods of the Celt had vanished before them. Odin and Freya and Thor disappeared as

* Freystrop.

completely as Pwyll and Anarawd and Lud. They left even slighter traces of their worship in the folklore of a country where the very coming of the Scandinavian has been forgotten. Demetia, at least south of the Presselly Range, was already ceasing to be the land of the Welsh. The Valley of the Teifi to the north and the basin of the Towy to the east were the theatres of savage forays, which seem to have become more sanguinary with the tardy progress of civilization. The dwellers in the Valley of the Cleddau and on the shores of the Haven were only remotely interested in the murderous feuds by which the Cymry were doing their best to demonstrate their incapacity for self-government.

Whoever were the slayers of Rhydderch ap Iestyn, he was succeeded as ruler of Deheubarth by Howel and Meredyth, the sons of Edwin ap Einion. They were descendants of Howel Dda, their grandfather Einion having been either the brother or the cousin of Meredyth ap Owain. The sons of Rhydderch failed to oust this restored branch of the royal house, and Meredyth ap Edwin having been killed by the sons of Conan—presumably Conan ap Seissyllt—Howel reigned alone for some four or five years. Then he found himself confronted by Conan's nephew. Gruffydd ap Llewelyn ap Seissyllt was roused to assert his rights, so the story runs, by a cruel wrong inflicted on a near kinsman. The wrongdoer was a friend of Idwal ap Iago, who refused the justice demanded by the outraged clan, and so provoked the revolution which cost him both throne and life. The new reign opened auspiciously with a great victory gained over the Mercians at Rhyd-y-Gors (the Ford of the Cross) on the Upper Severn. Thus began the career of the hero-King, who, as the old chroniclers loved to tell, "from beginning to end pursued the Saxons and the other nations, and killed and destroyed them, and overcame them in a multitude of battles." Unfortunately

for Wales, it was not only against the Saxons and the other nations that Gruffydd fought. He was as ready to slaughter Welshmen as Englishmen, and ravaged Ceredigion and Ystrad Tywy as ruthlessly as Herefordshire. He lost no time in turning his arms against the Prince of Deheubarth. Between the two branches of the royal house there had long been a bitter rivalry, which was still further exasperated by the murders of Gruffydd's uncle and of Howel's brother. In the same year in which he defeated the Mercians at the Ford of the Cross, Gruffydd "depopulated Llanbadarn, and obtained the government of South Wales, and dispossessed Howel ap Edwin of his territory." So say both the "Brut" and the "Annales"; but however brilliant may have been the success of Gruffydd's first campaign against the Southern Britons, the subjugation of the south land, with its ancient traditions of independence and sovereignty, was not to be accomplished thus lightly. Two years later there was a battle at Pencader, on the borderland between Ceredigion and Ystrad Tywy, when Howel was again defeated. This time his wife, whom he had brought into the field to witness his confidently anticipated victory, fell into the hands of Gruffydd, who "took her to be his wife." Matrimonial ties were not too seriously regarded by the Welsh Princes, and possibly the captive Princess of Deheubarth was not unwilling to exchange her elderly husband for the daring young soldier whose star was now in the ascendant. According to Giraldus, Howel himself was captured; but had he been a prisoner in the hands of Gruffydd, he could scarcely have escaped the fate of Uriah the Hittite.

Still the internecine strife was not ended. Next year, by some strange turn of the wheel, the King of Gwynedd was a prisoner in the hands of the pagans of Dublin; while at Pwll Dyvach, wherever that may have been, Howel vanquished the pagans who were ravaging Dyfed.

The complications of Welsh politics in the year 1040 are certainly hard to understand.

Gruffydd soon recovered his liberty and his dominions, and when Howel next reappears on the scene it is as an invader coming with an Irish fleet—" coming to devastate Deheubarth," say the chroniclers, who are warm partisans of Gruffydd. It was on the sympathy of the men of Ystrad Tywy that Howel relied; and so, with his fleet of " twenty Pagan ships," he entered the mouth of the Towy, landing on the eastern land. If he had counted on taking his enemy by surprise, he was soon undeceived. They met near Abertowy, which stood (the site has long been covered by the encroaching sand) on the peninsula between the Towy and the Gwendraeth. Here, on the coast between Ferryside and Kidwelly, there was " a cruel battle and a vast slaughter " both of Howel's Welsh adherents and of his Irish allies. Howel himself fell, with a great part of his army, and Gruffydd was thus rid of his most formidable rival.

Yet his difficulties in the south land were not at an end. The " Uchelwyr " of Deheubarth, though cowed, were not reconciled to their northern Overlord. They had never loved Llewelyn ap Seissyllt, and they hated his ruthless son. The fall of Howel ap Edwin left the field open to the sons of Rhydderch ap Iestyn. Their plots caused serious trouble in the year following the carnage of Abertowy. Two years later, in 1047, " about sevenscore men of the family of Gruffydd fell through the treachery of the men of Ystrad Tywy." " Men of the family of Gruffydd " may mean either soldiers of the royal bodyguard or fellow-tribesmen of the King. It would not make much difference, for his house-carls would be chiefly recruited from the men of his own tribe. The basis of government was still tribal rather than territorial. It looks as if a revolt had been ushered in by a treacherous massacre of the royal guards. The

only result was to bring down once more on the disaffected districts the heavy hand of one whose severity was restrained by no scruples. To avenge his slaughtered kinsmen, Gruffydd devastated Ystrad Tywy and Dyfed. That Dyfed shared the fate of Ystrad Tywy bears out the reading in one copy of the "Annales," according to which the gentry—"optimates"—of Dyfed were accomplices in the treachery of their eastern neighbours. It was no common vengeance that Gruffydd inflicted, for "two years after that Deheubarth still lay waste." In 1052, seven years after the defeat and death of Howel ap Edwin, "a fleet, coming from Ireland to Deheubarth, perished." This was apparently the last serious attempt to overthrow Gruffydd's power in the south-west. The spirit of the malcontents was thoroughly broken. While the King was engaged in more patriotic and more formidable warfare on his eastern frontier, no revolt in Deheubarth menaced his rear. Yet the story of the long struggle, with its aggressions, revolts, and brutal reprisals, helps us to understand how it was that Gruffydd ap Llewelyn failed to unite Wales and to establish a strong national government.

The tragedy of Gruffydd's closing years was interwoven with the greater tragedy of the last of the Saxon Kings. The subjugation of Wales was the crowning achievement of Earl Harold's viceroyalty. His military skill and practical shrewdness, combined with a mercilessness of which the devastator of Deheubarth had no right to complain, had vanquished the fiery valour and ferocious patriotism of the Welsh, and had penetrated to the heart of their mountain fastnesses. The glory of the conquest was enhanced by the deservedly high reputation of Gruffydd, the only Cambrian Prince since the seventh century who had intervened effectively in the affairs of England.

Possibly, if Gruffydd had not fallen a victim to the

discontent and consternation of his own men, the contest would have been more prolonged, but the victory of the son of Godwin was complete. "The head and shield and defender of the Britons, the man who had hitherto been invincible, was now left in the glens of desolation—the man who had won innumerable victories, and had taken immense spoils and countless treasures of gold and silver and jewels and purple vestures." The rivalry of the great Welshman and the still greater Englishman is the theme of some of Bulwer Lytton's most thrilling pages. Few, if any, of the Pembrokeshire readers of "Harold" have understood that the Welsh King was the representative of their own ancient princely line, the grandson of the last King of Demetia.

The son of Angharad could not have been indifferent to his hereditary claims on Deheubarth. His eagerness to assert them is the natural explanation of the promptitude with which, after his rout of the Mercians, he turned his arms southwards. It was his ill-fortune to appear there only as a conqueror from the north, and to meet with fierce resistance, or at the best a sullen submission which the first opportunity converted into conspiracy and rebellion. Llewelyn himself was for a great part of his reign only King of Gwynedd. His son was never anything else. Though Gruffydd's paramountcy was acknowledged at one time or another by all, or nearly all, the Welsh chieftains, their reluctant homage was paid, not to the authority of a recognized King of Wales, but simply to the temporary military superiority of their northern neighbour. When Gruffydd fell, the last semblance of a Welsh State disappeared for ever. The brief resuscitation of Welsh nationalism in the thirteenth century under Llewelyn ap Iorwerth was pregnant with beneficial results for the future of the Welsh people, but it did not aim at more than the establishment of a vassal State under the suzerainty of the Kings of England. By

that time, indeed, much of the old Cambrian land had been thoroughly anglicized. In that part of the Demetian land which we know as Anglia Transwalliana the process was already far advanced before the head of the grandson of Meredyth ap Owain was presented to his English conqueror.

In North Wales the half-brothers of Gruffydd (Bleddyn and Rhiwallon) were installed by Harold as under-kings. From Rhiwallon some of our best-known Pembrokeshire families—the Edwardeses of St. Bride's, and their kinsmen of the elder or Sealyham branch—claim to be descended—their common ancestor, Thomas Edwardes, having come to Pembrokeshire from North Wales in the early part of the sixteenth century. Thomas Edwardes's father, Edward ap John, of Chirkland, on the Denbighshire border, was supposed to be a lineal descendant of Cynwric, the son of Rhiwallon. Save this somewhat remote connection, Pembrokeshire has had little to do with the descendants of the Princes to whom fell the northern half of the dismembered realm of Gruffydd ap Llewelyn, though in the troubled years that intervened before the Norman conquest of Dyfed one of the sons of Bleddyn came to ravage the land where his forefathers had reigned, and which he possibly hoped to reconquer for his house. The new ruler of Deheubarth was Meredyth ap Owain ap Edwin, a nephew of the Howel ap Edwin who fell at Abertowy. The overthrow of his uncle's conqueror had given him an opportunity of which neither he nor his partisans in Ystrad Tywy would be slow to avail themselves.

The Welsh chroniclers indulge in pardonable exultation over the Battle of Hastings, when their terrible enemy, "hitherto vauntingly victorious, was despoiled of his kingdom and life by William the Bastard, Duke of Normandy." But the Norman conquest of England only sealed the doom of Wales. The first effect was to

encourage disturbances of the settlement that had been made by Harold. In the north, the sons of Gruffydd, Ithel and Meredyth, attempted to wrest Gwynedd from their uncles, but the Battle of Mechain (a few miles north-west of Welshpool) was fatal to their hopes and to themselves. Ithel was killed in the battle, and Meredyth perished of cold in his flight. As Rhiwallon also fell in the hour of victory, Bleddyn was left sole ruler of Gwynedd and Powys, though the seat of his power was Powys rather than Gwynedd.

Two years later, in 1070, Meredyth ap Owain was killed on the banks of the Rymney by Caradog ap Gruffydd and "the French." This is the first appearance of the Normans in South Wales, and it is significant that they appear as allies of a Welsh pretender. Caradog was the grandson of the Rhydderch ap Iestyn, who was slain by the "Scots" in 1033. His father Gruffydd was one of the conspirators against Gruffydd ap Llewelyn in 1047. Escaping then, he had paid the penalty of his treason nine years afterwards.

The death of Meredyth ap Owain was followed by a Norman raid into Ceredigion in 1071, when Dyfed (evidently the north-eastern districts bordering on Ceredigion) also suffered. The same year Menevia and Bangor were laid waste by "Pagans from the Isles"—*i.e.*, Norsemen from the Hebrides and the Orkneys. Next year Ceredigion was again raided by Normans, but this time there is no mention of Dyfed. The ease with which the invaders reached the shores of the western sea is accounted for, if they came as allies of one of the two claimants of the throne of Deheubarth. These claimants were Cadwgan ap Owain and Rhys ap Owain, brothers of Meredyth. The Norman raiders espoused the cause of Cadwgan, but, in spite of their help—perhaps because of it—he was unsuccessful. Rhys was victorious over his brother, yet there was danger to be apprehended from

another quarter. Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, now reigning alone in the north, " was the mildest and most merciful of the Kings, and would injure no one unless offended; and when offended, it was against his wish that he avenged the offence." This Prince, " generous to all, and amiable in peace," was, however, " terrible in war," and the confusion in the south may well have tempted him to assert the rights of overlordship traditionally inherent in the kingship of Gwynedd. Besides, he was the uterine brother of Gruffydd ap Llewelyn, and as the son of Angharad, now that his unfortunate nephews had perished, he had become the heir and representative of the old Demetian dynasty. An Overlord with latent claims to the throne of Deheubarth was an awkward neighbour for Rhys, and all the more dangerous because the seat of his power was in Powys rather than the more distant Gwynedd. Eventually Bleddyn was killed by Rhys ap Owain. As in the case of the revolt against Gruffydd, the " noblemen of Ystrad Towy " are charged with having instigated the treachery that deprived Wales of its best possible King. The charge implies that Bleddyn was in some way or other interfering in the affairs of Deheubarth. Bleddyn was succeeded, not by one of his sons, but by his cousin Trahaiarn ap Caradog. In the south there was a division of territory between Rhys ap Owain and Rhydderch ap Caradog, whose name suggests that he was of the kindred of Rhydderch ap Iestyn. Trahaiarn's home was in Arwystli, the country round Llanidloes, and Gwynedd, never wholly reconciled to the rule of Bleddyn, was prepared to welcome another claimant to the sovereignty of the north in the person of Gruffydd, the son of an exiled chieftain of the royal house. Gruffydd ap Conan ap Iago ap Idwal represented a branch of the House of Rhodri, which had never been without a strong following in the north. Among his Irish and Danish kinsmen and friends he had an ex-

cellent recruiting-ground, and at first he carried all before him ; but the fortune of war soon turned, and he barely escaped with his life from a field strewn with the bodies of his Irish soldiers. And a second expedition failed ignominiously.

Next year—1077—began the reign of Rhys ap Tewdwr, the last Prince of South Wales. Rhys was a near relative of his unfortunate predecessors. His accession met, apparently, with little opposition. The legend that he returned from exile in Brittany to claim the throne of his ancestors is an embellishment of later chroniclers. One is tempted to see in it a fictitious historical parallel to the fortunes of the Tudor of the fifteenth century who, when he came to claim the crown of Britain that had been worn by his murdered kinsman, sailed from the shores of Armorica to the shores of Demetia. There may be a better foundation for the theory which sees in him and in his contemporary, Gruffydd ap Conan, the representatives of the principle of legitimacy, for both of them were lineally descended from Rhodri Mawr—Gruffydd through Anarawd, and Rhys through Cadell.

These were troublous times for Dyfed. In 1078 Menevia was "miserably devastated" by the pagans, and Bishop Abraham was slain. This was the Bishop the tombstone of whose sons was found a few years ago in the cathedral. The venerable Sulien, who had resigned only two years before, was compelled to resume his episcopal charge. It was not long before the saintly old man, who had reluctantly quitted his retirement, was called upon to take part in still more stirring scenes. The Prince of Deheubarth, who was thus unable to protect the ecclesiastical metropolis of his dominions, was being hard pressed from another quarter. Trahaiarn was endeavouring to carry out the policy which had cost his predecessor his life. Rhys, thus menaced, found his natural ally in Gruffydd ap Conan, who, beaten back

from the north, joined his forces with those of the Prince of Deheubarth for an attack on the common enemy. Gruffydd came to Dyfed with a mixed force of Danes and Irishmen.

On the arrival of the fleet, probably at Porth Clais, the little harbour of St. David's, he was met by Rhys ap Tewdwr, who had found himself overmatched by Trahaiarn, while the aged Bishop and his clergy gave the alliance the sanction of their presence and benediction.

To meet this formidable combination, Trahaiarn was supported by the men of Powys under Meilor ap Rhiwallon, and by the men of Gwent under Caradog ap Gruffydd. The decisive battle was fought on the mountain of Carne, an unidentified locality in the south of Cardiganshire. Trahaiarn was slain, and his allies, the chiefs of Powys and of Gwent, shared his fate. Mournful elegies told the story of the great fight amongst the hills, which lasted until the shades of evening had fallen on the battle-field, and of the vengeful pursuit urged on throughout the moonlit night and the following day. The result was that Gruffydd was left practically sole ruler in the north, and Rhys in the south. The union of Wales under one head had become an impossible ideal; its division between two strong rulers acting in cordial alliance was the best that could be hoped for, but it was too late to save the doomed land. Gruffydd was betrayed into the hands of the Normans by one of his own chiefs, and lingered for years in captivity in Chester. Rhys had to contend not only with Norman aggression on the east, but with disaffection and open rebellion in the west. His task was made much more difficult by the visit of the King of England to St. David's. This visit took place at latest in 1081 (the date given in the Saxon Chronicle); and even if made ostensibly as a religious pilgrimage, it could not fail to weaken the authority and prestige of the Welsh Prince. In 1087 (or perhaps 1088) Rhys's

power was temporarily overthrown by the sons of Bleddyn—Madoc, and Cadwgan, and Rhirid. Their home was in Powys, but they were descendants of the old House of Dyfed, and not improbably were aided by the latent disloyalty of the men of Dyfed to the Prince who dwelt at Dinevwr, and whose homeland was Ystrad Tywy; while possibly they found an ally in Iestyn ap Gwrgant of Morganwg. But Rhys soon returned from his Irish exile with a large Irish and Danish force, which he had got together at great cost, aided, no doubt, by his relationship to the King of Dublin, who was his brother-in-law. It was, so sang the old bard, the numbers of these auxiliaries that had overwhelmed Trahaiarn on the mountain of Carne, and again they gave Rhys the victory. The battle was fought at Llechryd on the Teifi. Two of the sons of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn were killed—Madog and Rhirid—Cadwgan escaping to play an active part in the years of turmoil and disaster that were at hand. Significant, as indicating the ferocity of this civil strife, is the statement in the " Annales " that Rhys ap Tewdwr handed over a great number of captives to the pagans and the Irish in payment of their services. A Prince who thus sold his own subjects wholesale into heathen slavery could not expect his restoration to be followed by a revival of loyalty among the population the flower of whose youth he had thus torn for ever from their homes. Two years later there was another formidable rebellion. The interval had been a troublesome one for Menevia. One night the shrine of Dewi Sant had been mysteriously stolen from the church, and had been found outside, despoiled of the gold and silver with which it was covered. That was the year of the great earthquake, which was felt through all Britain. Sulien the Bishop died. He had once more resigned his see, but so great had been his prestige and family influence that the bishopric had wellnigh become hereditary in his family.

After his death Menevia was once more wrecked by pirates.

About this time died Cadivor ap Collwyn of Dyfed, and it was his sons Llewelyn and Einion who raised the standard of revolt, or, rather, induced Gruffydd ap Meredyth to do so. Apparently Cadivor had been a regular or local ruler of Dyfed, and thus we get another tantalizing glimpse of a local government whose chiefs figured very rarely in the chronicles. Resemblance of name is a very unsafe guide when the nomenclature is so limited as it has always been among the Welsh, but it is natural to suppose that Gruffydd's father was the Meredyth who had been killed on the Rymney twenty years before. The revolt failed. Gruffydd was defeated at Llandudoch, and was either taken captive and executed or was killed in the pursuit. Einion ap Cadivor escaped from the battle, and tradition associates the fugitive Demetian with the events that, two years later, led to the defeat and death of Rhys. To disentangle fact from fiction in the varying versions of the tragedy is impossible, but it is clear that Rhys had to contend with Welsh as well as Norman enemies on his eastern frontier. The part played by the ruling House of Morganwg in the recurring revolutions of the eleventh century cannot be traced satisfactorily. Probably, if it could, it would solve more than one riddle. It is clear, however, that at this fateful crisis Iestyn ap Gwrgant was allied with Robert Fitz Hamon of Gloucester, though he was very soon to be his victim. Rhys was defeated and slain by the Normans on the southern frontier of Brycheiniog, which was now being overrun by the invaders. According to tradition, the fight took place at Hirwaun. His son Goronwy was also killed, and another son (or grandson), Cynan, flying westward, was drowned when crossing a flooded marsh near Swansea, since known as Pwll Cynan.

Thus fell Rhys ap Tewdwr, and with him the kingdom

of "Deheubarth," or "the south land." Einion ap Cadivor the Demetian lives in Welsh legend as Einion Fradwr—"Einion the Traitor." The fatal battle was fought early in the spring of 1093, and in the first days of May Cadwgan ap Bleddyn was ravaging Dyfed. About the beginning of July "the French came into Dyfed and Ceredigion, which they have still retained, and placed castles in them, and occupied all the land of the Britons." The invaders came by the inland route from Brecknock into South Cardigan, and thence they overran Dyfed.

# Book II

## CHAPTER I

### THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF DYFED

THE immediate result of the overthrow of Rhys ap Tewdwr was the advance of the Normans through the central highlands of South Wales upon Ceredigion and Dyfed. The latter especially could offer no effective resistance. Cadivor ap Collwyn, who had died some three or four years before, was, according to Mr. Laws, the representative of the old princely house. It is more probable that the true representatives of that ancient line were the Princes from the north, the nephews of Gruffydd ap Llewelyn, and the grandsons of Angharad, the daughter of Meredyth ap Owain. One of these—Cadwgan ap Bleddyn ap Cynfyn—" spoiled Dyfed on the second of May." Whatever that may exactly mean, it suggests that Cadwgan, whether or not he was thus taking the first step in the assertion of his hereditary claims, was at present playing the rôle of a brigand. Einion ap Cadivor—Einion the Traitor—was the ally and tool of the Normans. The rulerless and disorganized province was an easy prey to the invaders. Thus, with this eventful year the history of Demetia ends and the history of Pembrokeshire begins.

The advent of these invaders from the north-east was, however, less important in its relation to the future of the province, than two events which appear to have

followed so closely upon it as to have been practically simultaneous. These were the conquest of Kemes by Martin de Turribus and the seizure of Pembroke by Arnulph de Montgomery.

Martin is said to have landed with his band of adventurers at Abergwaun, or Fishguard. A local tradition asserts that he was worried into leaving Fishguard Harbour by the persistent attacks of the Welshmen, who rolled huge pieces of rock down from the steep cliffs upon his ships as they lay upon the shore, and that he removed the ships to Newport, where the flat and open beach guaranteed immunity from such attacks. At any rate, it was at Newport that he fixed his base of operations. He had one sharp fight with the Welsh at Morvil, and a second almost bloodless victory a few miles farther inland. After this resistance ended, and Martin founded the Marcher Lordship of Kemes. His residence was at the Welsh castle of Nevern, near Newport, though ultimately Newport Castle became the residence of the Lord Marcher and the headquarters of the barony. One is tempted to suspect that the coming of Martin de Turribus has been antedated by some two or three years. Of the early date of the seizure of Pembroke there can be no doubt. Mr. Edwards, in "The Story of Wales," asserts that Arnulph de Montgomery passed the Teifi from Ceredigion, and crossed the Presselly Hills to the Cleddau valleys and the shores of the Haven. This is not impossible, and it has some countenance from the language of the "Brut." The House of Montgomery were laying their hands upon Ceredigion, and Kilgerran Castle was rising on the southern bank of the Teifi, as a bulwark of their newly acquired territories. The occupation of the south of Dyfed was, doubtless, part of the programme, which, if carried out successfully, would have made the head of that house the too powerful vassal—perhaps the successful rival—of the Prince who wore

the double crown of England and Normandy. Still, it is far more probable that the first Norman occupants of Pembroke came by way of Milford Haven.

There is another statement in the "Brut," under the date 1105 (? 1107), that Gerald de Windsor in that year "built the Castle of Pembroke a second time in the place called Little Cenarch." If so, we should have to look for the site of the first Castle of Pembroke somewhere in Monkton, on the west side of the brook that flows beneath the ramparts of the great fortress. Of Gerald de Windsor's family little or nothing is known, except that his father was Castellan of Windsor, and that his brother William was the ancestor of the Lords Windsor and the Earls of Plymouth. Gerald proved a capable custodian of his important post, the most westerly of the castles that were rising along the coast of South Wales. His mettle was soon to be put to the test. Rufus was absent in Normandy when the flame of revolt spread rapidly through Wales. From the north-west, where the men of Gwynedd and Môn were capturing or demolishing the newly-built castles of their oppressors; to the south-west, where Cadogan ap Bleddyn was in his rightful place as the leader of the tribes over whom his ancestors had ruled for centuries, the Welsh were everywhere in arms. Perhaps Gruffydd ap Conan was still in prison at Chester or in exile. To all appearance, Cadwgan was the foremost leader of the national uprising. Flushed with their successes in the north, the Welsh swept down upon Ceredigion and Dyfed, and by the end of 1094—the year after the conquest—of all the Norman castles in Ceredigion and Dyfed, only two were left—Pembroke, and Rhyd-y-Gors, near Carmarthen.* The Welsh were determined to

* How did Martin's Castle of Nevern escape? Was the coming of Martin and his conquest of Kemes really subsequent to the fierce struggle of 1094? If he landed, not in 1093, but in 1095, all would be intelligible.

take Pembroke, and thus complete the deliverance of Dyfed.

According to Giraldus Cambrensis, the grandson of Gerald de Windsor, the castle that Arnulph had built was but "a slender fortress of stakes and turf." The historian is characteristically anxious to magnify the merit of his grandfather's defence of the "slender fortress," but it is not likely that the able Governor would be content with such flimsy fortifications, especially when "revolt" was notoriously in the air. Still, the castle must have been very different from the massive fortress that all but baffled Cromwell himself. That it did not fall was due to the firmness and astuteness of Gerald. The Welsh, failing to take the castle by assault, resolved to starve the garrison out. Gerald had had to contend with great difficulties in his defence, for fifteen knights, according to Giraldus, attempted one night to escape in a small boat, but were discovered and brought back, and were punished by the transference of their armorial bearings and estates to their squires. At last the provisions were all but exhausted. Then Gerald ordered the four remaining pigs to be cut up, and the pieces thrown contemptuously over the wall. This bravado not producing the desired effect, a letter was written, addressed to Arnulph de Montgomery, assuring him that no immediate success was necessary, as they had food enough for four months. This letter, sealed with his own seal, the Governor took care to have dropped in front of the Bishop's house, presumably at Lamphey. This time the ruse proved successful, and the Welsh abandoned the siege in despair.

The Bishop on whom the trick was played was Wilfred, the predecessor of Bernard, the first Norman Bishop. Wilfred was really a Welshman, whose name of Gruffydd was anglicized not only by Norman and English writers, but, for some reason, by the Welsh chroniclers as well.

Wilfred, or Gruffydd, has a puzzling history as far as it can be made out from the scanty notices of him that remain. He is said to have succeeded Sulien when the venerable Bishop resigned his office for the second time, in 1085.* He reappears ten years later—in May, 1095. Anselm had been attending a Council at Windsor, where his dispute with Rufus had been settled by an agreement that he should take the pallium, not from the hand of the King, but from the high altar at Canterbury. He was on his way to his metropolitan city for that purpose, when he was met by two of the Bishops who, at the Council of Rockingham in March, had taken the part of the monarch against their Primate. These were Osmund of Salisbury and Robert of Hereford. Anselm turned into a little church by the wayside, and gave to his penitent brethren the absolution they besought. At the same place and time "he also restored to Wilfred, Bishop of St. David's of Wales, who is commonly called Dewi, the episcopal office from which, his offence demanding it, he himself had previously suspended him." It may be presumed that Wilfred, like his English colleagues, had come in person to solicit his restoration from the Primate of the English, whose jurisdiction he thus acknowledged. The suspension had not been of very long continuance, for, though Lanfranc had died in May, 1089, Anselm had been nominated to the archbishopric only in March, 1093, and had not accepted it until October of that year. The offence for which he had been suspended is not stated. According to Giraldus,† "he consecrated other Bishops of Wales, and was consecrated by them, convened synods of Bishops, had his crosier carried before him," etc. This only means that, like his predecessors and the other Welsh Bishops, he had often acted without reference to

* The "Brut" says the "third time," but only one previous resignation is recorded.

† "De Invectionibus," ii.

Canterbury. Surely "exigente culpa ejus" refers to something more definite. The suggestion that he had connived at the alienation of some part of the territory or estates of the see has more probability. There is extant a remarkable letter of Anselm's, addressed to the principal Norman barons who had acquired territory in the diocese. Robert de Belesme, Arnulph de Montgomery, Ralph Mortimer, Philip Braose, and Bernard de Neufmarche, are expressly named. They are exhorted, as they value their souls' salvation, to pay all due reverence and obedience to Wilfred, Bishop of St. David's, and to be guided by his counsel in all that concerns his episcopal jurisdiction. Above all, if they do not wish to offend God, they must give back, without fail, whatever they hold that rightfully belongs to the Church, whether lands, or tithes, or churches, or anything else. "For it is certain that he who disinherits God or His Church in this life will be disinherited from the kingdom of God in the life to come." This letter becomes perfectly intelligible if we associate it with Wilfred's restoration to an office which he had temporarily forfeited by his weak or fraudulent connivance at the spoliation of the churches in his diocese by the unscrupulous barons to whom it is addressed. Of these barons only one figures in Pembrokeshire history. On Arnulph de Montgomery the archiepiscopal admonition produced so little effect that at one time his men seized Wilfred and imprisoned him for forty days.

The conjecture of Dr. Freeman, that the siege of which Giraldus talks took place in 1096, deserves consideration. It fits in better with the story of the fifteen knights whose attempted flight from the apparently doomed fortress was punished by the transfer of their honours and their lands to their more faithful squires. The punishment, if not the crime, seems to belong to a later period than the first year of the Norman occupation of the Demetian land.

On the other hand, Giraldus expressly connects the siege with the first attempt of the Welsh to reconquer Dyfed. The "Brut," too, in its record of that attempt, makes it clear that the Welsh leaders looked upon their failure to reduce Pembroke as decisive—for a time at least—of the fate of Southern Demetia. That is the obvious meaning of the statement that at the close of the campaign they "brought away the people and all the cattle of Dyfed and Ceredigion, leaving Dyfed and Ceredigion a desert." Taken literally, this is sheer nonsense, but it becomes intelligible if we take it to mean that the Welsh inhabitants of the southern districts saw the hopelessness of retaining or recovering districts where a considerable part of the population were in sympathy with the new-comers. To the settlers of Scandinavian descent, whose dwellings were scattered over the whole county south of the Presselly Hills, the Normans and the English who came with them were kinsmen closely allied in blood and speech.

The conquerors of Kemes were soon absorbed by the Welshmen among whom they dwelt, and whose language became the speech of their children.

The conquerors of Pembroke, Roose, and Dungleddy found wives among the daughters of their Scandinavian kindred, and the speech of the hearths was some form or other of the closely allied dialects of the Saxon, Norwegian, and Dane.

The extravagant language of the Welsh chroniclers means that the Welshmen felt that the great harbour and the land on either side of it, from the foot of the central range to the shores of the Severn Sea, had become the home of an alien race and an alien tongue.

The historian of "Little England beyond Wales" has pointed out the coincidence of the range of Scandinavian place-names with the extent of English-speaking Pembrokeshire, and the place-names of Pembrokeshire were

practically the same at the beginning of the eleventh century as they are at the beginning of the twentieth. The limits of Anglia Transwalliana were fixed by the Scandinavian colonization of Dyfed.

Pembrokeshire was fairly quiet in 1095, but there was brisk fighting elsewhere. "The French laid waste Gower, Kidwelly, and Ystrad Tywy, and the countries remained a desert." The conquerors kept a firm grip on the lands they had devastated. The beginnings of Kidwelly Castle and town—perhaps the beginnings of Swansea Castle and Oystermouth—date from this year. On their northern borders the Welsh were more fortunate. One of the most formidable of the castles that menaced Powys was that which the Welsh still call Tre Faldwyn (Baldwin's Town), from the name of its founder, but which by this time had already taken the name of Montgomery from the Norman home of the great house to whom it belonged. Late in the summer of this year Montgomery was taken, and Earl Hugh's men, who held it, slaughtered.

The King had been busy in the north putting down the rebellion of Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland. The New Castle on the Tyne had been taken, and Tynemouth had fallen after a gallant resistance of two months. The rebellious Earl still held out at Bamborough, but his power was utterly broken, and the capture of the great rock fortress was only a question of time. So the King set out on his return to the south, and had not gone far when he heard the news from Montgomery.

In his wrath he decided on invading North Wales at once. A large army was collected, which, advancing by different routes, was reunited at the foot of Snowdon on November 1.[1] Of course the campaign was fruitless; a late autumn campaign in North Wales could not well be anything else. William returned home without having gained anything.

In 1096 the Red King's hands were full of Continental business, but there was fierce fighting on the south-eastern frontiers of Wales. William, the son of Baldwin, had built the Castle of Rhyd-y-Gors, below Carmarthen, and had held it successfully when all the other castles of Ceredigion and Dyfed had fallen, save Pembroke only; but early this year he died, and the garrison abandoned the castle. This good fortune emboldened the Welsh. "The Britons of Brecheiniog, Gwent, and Gwenllwg resisted the domination of the French." A Norman army invaded Gwent, but met with nothing but disaster. A second attack, apparently on a larger scale, was equally unfortunate.

Later in the year came the turn of Pembroke. "Uchtred ap Edwin and Howel ap Goronwy, with many other chieftains of the family of Cadogan ap Bleddyn, marched and fought against the Castle of Pembroke, despoiled it of all its cattle, ravaged the whole country, and with an immense booty returned home."

It is to this attack that Dr. Freeman is inclined to refer Giraldus's stories of the famous siege. Is was evidently a formidable invasion of the newly conquered territory. The men who had stormed the northern castle of Earl Hugh hoped to complete their work by the destruction of his brother's castle in the south-west. But though the Welsh chronicler glosses over the failure of his countrymen, the attempt only served to demonstrate the finality of the Anglo-Norman conquest of Demetia. In 1097 Gerald de Windsor revenged the devastation of the southern peninsula by ravaging the "borders of Menevia." The phrase indicates that St. David's itself and its immediate neighbourhood was spared, notwithstanding the known unfriendliness of its Bishop.

This year Rufus again invaded Wales, and again he and his army took nothing for their pains. "They returned home empty, without having gained anything."

To this invasion must belong the story of his visit to St. David's, and threat to invade that Hibernian land which he saw lying low on the western horizon. He would do so, he said, if he had to make a bridge of boats across. Whatever ill-success may have attended his fitful efforts against Gwynedd, his visit to Dyfed and Menevia could hardly fail to strengthen the position of the Normans there.

The same year died Rhyddmarch the Bishop, the son of Bishop Sulien. What was his exact position in the last decade of the century, and in what relation he and "Wilfred, Bishop of St. David's," stood to each other, it is impossible to ascertain. It seems to be clear that Rhyddmarch retained his episcopal rank till his death. Could there have been for a time a double bishopric—not a rivalry in the succession, but a more or less amicable division of functions—Rhyddmarch holding the headship of the monastic establishment and the control of the cathedral; Wilfred enjoying the revenues of the see, and exercising in some fashion a diocesan jurisdiction? This is, of course, nothing more than a conjecture, but if it were correct it would explain the apparently contradictory facts, and it would not be out of keeping with old Celtic conceptions of episcopacy. Rhyddmarch left a high reputation as a saint and a scholar. His biography of St. David is the only production of his pen that has come down to us. Its historical merit is not particularly high; but in those days, before historical criticism was born, legends and history were not distinguished. This life of the founder of the see, at any rate, embodies the traditions that were still cherished among his spiritual descendants. It will not, perhaps, compare unfavourably with the historical writings of the famous Archdeacon who vainly aspired to the chair of St. David a hundred years later.

There are fragments extant of a eulogistic poem on

the Sulien family, composed by one of Rhyddmarch's nephews. These bear additional evidence to the reputation as a seat of learning which Menevia enjoyed in the latter half of the eleventh century. To a large extent that reputation was associated with the family which had given so many Bishops to the diocese, and in whose hands the Menevian episcopate had almost become a family living.

The changes which the next century witnessed may be admitted to have been, on the whole, of the nature of reforms. They could not have failed to bear that aspect to contemporaries; but, apart from the vexed questions of the advantages among a semi-barbarous people of a celibate priesthood and of stricter ecclesiastical and monastic discipline, the new era brought with it loss as well as gain. It brought with it a change of ideals—a change not wholly for the better. However corrupt the Celtic Church may have become in practice—and it may have been so corrupt that reforms from within seemed hopeless—the substitution of Norman and Continental conceptions was in fact, though not in appearance, the acceptance of a lower ideal, and one less truly Christian.

The Norman Conquest introduced into England and into these parts of Wales—which as a result of that conquest became anglicized—a higher, or at least a more highly developed, civilization than that of the Old English. On the other hand, the political organization of the English was of a far higher type than that which the Normans brought from the Continent.

Happily, the English political ideals became those of the new English nation, and so in the long run the Conquest proved to be an almost unmixed gain for England.

Yet, though more civilized, the Norman was not more religious than the Englishman. He was somewhat more refined in manners, but he was decidedly more immoral.

In Wales the contrasts were still more pronounced. The Cymry were on a lower level than the English of the eleventh century. In all that constitutes civilization as apart from ethics, the Normans were even more the superiors of the Cymry than they were of the English. In religion and morals there was, in spite of Giraldus and other Norman writers, no such superiority on the side of the conquering race. In these respects the superiority of the Cymry was, perhaps, as marked as their inferiority in social organization and in refinement of manners. For good or for evil the old era was now passing away. It virtually closed with the death of Rhyddmarch. Wilfred's episcopate of a quarter of a century was a preparation for the new era rather than a continuation of the old. It was at best but a brief postponement of the inevitable transformation. The rulers of the Menevian diocese would henceforth be Normans and celibates. No successor of Sulien would have it recorded in his eulogy that he had reared four sons for the service of God and the Church. No tablet in the cathedral would record the names of the sons of a Bishop like that which bears the names of the sons of Bishop Abraham. Yet it may be questioned whether they would be purer in life or worthier pastors of the flock than Sulien and Rhyddmarch.

There was peace in Pembrokeshire for the last three years of the Red King's reign. The one event that we can date is the gift, in 1098, by Arnulph de Montgomery of a newly-built church and twenty carucates of land to a Norman abbey that stood on the Continental domain of his powerful house. Hitherto the House of Montgomery had bade fair to be the most powerful of the Norman families who were extending their possessions in the land of the Cymry. Robert de Belesme, the elder brother of Arnulph—known in the Valley of the Loire as Robert the Devil, and well deserving the name—was now Earl of Shrewsbury and head of the house. As able as he was

cruel, and as ambitious as he was able, he shared, as much as any man could, the friendship and confidence of Rufus. To none was the change wrought by the arrow of Walter Tyrrel—if it was really his—less welcome than to him. The loyalty of the English people to that son of the Conqueror, who was born in England and who wedded a Princess of English blood, baffled the schemes of the barons, who would fain have seen England and Normandy united under the weaker rule of Robert. The invasion of Robert in 1101 had ended in an amicable settlement. Next year the King had to face a scarcely less serious danger. Robert of Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, and his brother Arnulph, the Lord of Pembroke, and Roger of Montgomery, were leagued together in a secret conspiracy against King Henry. The conspiracy was widespread. Robert succeeded in effecting an alliance with the sons of Bleddyn—Cadwgan, Iorwerth, and Meredyth. Probably the peaceful arrangement between Cadwgan and the Normans some three years before was part of Robert de Belesme's scheme for building up a virtually independent principality in the west. Had his scheme succeeded, the Earl of Shrewsbury would have been a formidable rival of the King who wore his crown at Westminster.

Apparently the negotiations and plans of Robert de Belesme included help from Magnus Olafsson, King of Norway, grandson of that Harold Hardrada whom Harold Godwinsson slew at Stamford Bridge, three weeks before he himself was slain at Senlac by William the Bastard. Harold Hardrada's son had been known as Olaf the Peaceful, but Magnus inherited the adventurous spirit of his grandfather, and Norway was becoming once more a potent factor in British politics. Four years before, an arrow from the ship of King Magnus—men said it was from the King's own bow—had slain on the beach of Anglesey Earl Hugh, the brother of Roger and Arnulph.

Hugh de Montgomery, though stern, and even ferocious, in warfare, had the repute of being a mild and gentle ruler in his own earldom. Men said that, like "Titus, the youngest Tarquin," he was "too good for such a breed." The brothers now sought the aid of the Norwegian King whose arrow had paved the way for Roger's elevation to the earldom—that earldom which he meant to make the stepping-stone to yet greater power and dignity. Henry Beauclerc (his malcontent barons called him and his Saxon wife Godric and Godgifa) proved to be quite a match for the aspiring brothers ; yet the struggle was sharp, and not very brief. Like Rufus, Henry threw himself on the loyalty of his English subjects, and nobly did they respond to his appeal. Earl Roger prepared to defend himself at Shrewsbury and Bridgnorth with the help of his Welsh allies. Arnulph was to hold Pembroke, whence Gerald de Windsor was sent to Ireland to enlist the help of King Murtagh, the alliance to be cemented by the marriage of the Irish King's daughter with Arnulph. Meanwhile the King was getting the better of the rebels in England. The two outlying fortresses of the Montgomeries—Arundel in Sussex and Tickhill in Nottinghamshire—had capitulated. Henry, with a large army, marched to attack the strongholds on the Severn. Bridgnorth was first invested, while with skilful diplomacy the King detached Iorwerth ap Bleddyn from the Montgomery alliance by handsome gifts and still more splendid promises. Eventually Bridgnorth surrendered, and the royal army advanced on Shrewsbury. Earl Roger was now in evil case. His Welsh allies had failed him, for Iorwerth's action proved decisive, though neither Cadwgan nor Meredyth was included in the bargain. From Ireland there was no help. Arnulph, who seems to have come to Shrewsbury, had gone back to hasten the arrival of the Irish succours ; but the fleet came not. Magnus of Norway refused his aid. Arnulph's promised

bride was given, according to one story, to Magnus's son Seward. At any rate, the Irish and Norwegian succours proved to be broken reeds. Robert was compelled to sue for his Sovereign's mercy. Henry had early pledged his word to the garrison of Arundel to spare the Earl's life and liberty if he would submit. The promise was kept. Roger was banished, and all his possessions on this side the sea were confiscated. Arnulph shared the same fate. The "Brut" says that he was given the alternative of immediate exile or unconditional surrender, and that, knowing the King's bitter hatred of his disloyal house, he eagerly accepted the former. To have fallen into Henry's hands would have meant either death or life-long captivity.

English and Welsh alike rejoiced that the evil brood of Mabel Talvas had been cast out of the land. To the men of Pembrokeshire of both races it was a great deliverance. Of Arnulph himself little is known, but this little suggests that he was a worthy brother of Robert the Devil. For instance, we learn incidentally that one of the sons of the slain Prince Rhys ap Tewdwr had been a prisoner in Arnulph's hands, and had subsequently escaped out of the prison in a maimed state, with broked limbs. Arnulph went first to Ireland, but soon fled to Normandy to escape treachery or vengeance of his Irish associates. Ordericus Vitalis, usually well informed as to the House of Montgomery, says that for nearly twenty years he was without any settled place of abode. He figures occasionally in the records of the Norman wars, once with his brother helping to repulse an English invasion, at another time as helping to put Fulk of Anjou in possession of Alençon. In each case he appears as the enemy of the King who had banished him from Pembroke. A year or two after the affair of Alençon he was reconciled—outwardly at least—to the Irish King, and obtained the wife who had been promised to him twenty years before. Seward, if she

had really married him, was long since dead. The next day he died suddenly after a banquet—a tragic end to an ill-starred career.

The fall of Arnulph involved that of his lieutenant, and Gerald de Windsor was succeeded in the government of Pembroke and Dyfed by "a certain knight named Saer."

This, if the Welsh chroniclers are to be trusted, was a gross breach of faith on King Henry's part. In the campaign on the Severn the turning-point had been the desertion of Earl Robert by his Welsh allies, whose co-operation he had sought to insure by promises which "gladdened their country with liberty." Their change of side had been the work of Iorwerth ap Bleddyn, for his brothers Cadwgan and Meredyth "were still with the Earl, knowing nothing of what was passing." Evidently Cadwgan was no longer what he had been a few years before—the most influential of the Nationalist leaders. To this act of treachery Iorwerth had been lured by a magnificent bribe. He was to have for King Henry's life, "free of homage and without payment," Powys and Ceredigion, and the half of Dyfed (as the other half had been given to the son of Baldwin), with Ystrad Towy, and Gower, and Kidwelly. When the rebellion was over and peace restored, Iorwerth came to terms with his brother Cadwgan, giving him Ceredigion and part of Powys—which, however, are stated to have been already his under the agreement of 1099—but he imprisoned his other brother, Meredyth, in the King's prison. He was himself, however, doomed to a cruel disappointment. Not only were Pembroke and his share of Dyfed given to Saer, but Ystrad Towy, Kidwelly, and Gower, all of which were included in the promised principality, were granted to Howel ap Goronwy, who had been one of the leaders in the attack on Pembroke in 1096.

Now, all this is rather too much to believe. The bad faith imputed to the victorious King is not absolutely in-

credible. Henry had neither the impulsive generosity that made Robert Curthose almost lovable, nor had he the high sense of knightly honour that blended so strangely with the foul vices and brutal selfishness of William Rufus. He was, however, a statesman of great ability, and one of the shrewdest and coolest-headed men that ever sat on the English throne. When the work was done for which he had bargained, Henry would not be likely to interpret the terms of the bargain too liberally. What is difficult to believe is that he could ever have seriously contemplated the erection of a principality that would be more extensive than the old kingdom of Deheubarth, and would include fortresses and districts which had been in Norman hands for several years. If Iorwerth really expected from a Norman Prince the gift of such a territory, his selfish gullibility deserved to be disappointed. The narrative in the chronicle itself suggests that Iorwerth's conduct afforded some justification for the treatment of him, even if that was as harsh as it is represented to have been. His treatment of his own brother Meredyth has been referred to. We also read that "in the interval"—*i.e.*, the interval between the surrender of Shrewsbury and the settlement of South Wales—"Goronwy ap Rhys was taken through treachery, and died in prison." Had the fate of the father of Howel ap Goronwy and the imprisonment of the brother of Iorwerth anything to do with what happened in the following year?

That Iorwerth was guilty of some disregard of his obligations to his royal suzerain is the natural explanation of his speedy fall.

In 1103 he was summoned to take his trial before the King's Council at Shrewsbury. The issue, so the Welshmen say, was prejudged from the first. Anyhow, after pleadings that lasted through a whole day, he was convicted and fined, and ultimately thrown into the King's prison, where he remained for six years.

Still worse was the fate of Howel ap Goronwy. The eastern half of Dyfed had, as we have seen, been given to Richard, the son of Baldwin. This grant, which included the south-eastern districts from Tenby or Amroth to the Towy, might be supposed to carry with it the Castle of Rhyd-y-Gors, which Richard's brother William had built, and which, abandoned by its garrison on the death of its founder in 1095, was now once more occupied by a Norman garrison. Howel seems to have claimed the castle as belonging to his lordship of Ystrad Towy. The quarrel that followed led to his being driven from his dominions, and for a time he maintained a vigorous guerrilla warfare against the Normans. In 1105 he was murdered under circumstances which made it a crime of more than ordinary baseness. The murder is laid to the account of the French, but the treachery by which he was trapped was the work of Welshmen. The chief actor in the dastardly business was the man whom of all men he most trusted—Gwgawn, the foster-father of his son. The tie of fosterage was held as sacred as the ties of blood, but it was Gwgawn who, by a treacherous invitation, drew the dispossessed chieftain to his house to spend the night, and then surrounded the house with Norman soldiers. Day was almost breaking when the sleeping Howel was roused by the war-cry of his foes. He sprang to seize his arms, but they had been removed while he slept. He called for his companions, but they had fled. He was able to escape from the house, but was soon overtaken by Gwgawn and his Welsh accomplices, who handed him over half strangled to the Normans, by whom the guerrilla chief was promptly beheaded. It is natural to suspect the Bleddyn clan—Cadwgan and his kindred—of some share in this assassination.

The same year (1104) in which Howel ap Goronwy was driven from his dominions King Henry turned Saer out of Pembroke and reinstated Gerald de Windsor. The reconciliation of the King with the ex-rebel is explained by

Gerald's marriage with Nest, the daughter of Rhys ap Tewdwr. When and where the daughter of Rhys had met Henry there is nothing to show, though it must have been in the lifetime of Rufus. She is said to have been his ward. Her beauty captivated the dissolute Prince, and she had borne him at least one son. Gerald was too good a courtier to hold that a woman was dishonoured by having been the mistress of a King, and the beautiful young Welsh Princess, orphaned and disinherited by the fortune of war, may well have been the victim of her royal lover rather than his willing paramour.

The daughter of the last Prince of Deheubarth, descended on both sides from the royal house of Wales—the House of Maelgwn and of Rhodri—allied through her mother, the daughter of Rhiwallon, with the Princes the sons of Bleddyn—who, though banished from the soil of Dyfed, never forgot that they were the rightful heirs of its ancient princely line — Nest represented the most venerable memories, the most inspiring traditions, of the Demetian land and the Demetian people. The wife of the first Norman Governor of the conquered province, the mother of the second Norman Bishop of St. David's, the grandmother of Giraldus Cambrensis, ancestress of the Carews and many another Pembrokeshire family, ancestress, too, of families that have gone forth from Pembrokeshire to make history in other lands—of the Devonshire Carews and the Irish Geraldines—she stands out as the embodiment of the spirit of the new Demetia, the Pembrokeshire that was growing out of the amalgam of the past and the present.

Under her husband's rule Pembrokeshire was about to receive the first inflow of that Flemish blood which was to impart to the life of the premier county of Wales some of its most distinctive characteristics. Yet before we open this new chapter of our county's story there is a tragic tale to tell of the crimes and misfortunes that overwhelmed the family of Bleddyn.

To the husband of Nest the marriage brought wealth and power. It was destined also to bring to him and to his kindred many bitter sorrows. Some three or four years of happy wedded life were to pass before these troubles came. "In 1107," says the "Brut," "Gerald, the Steward of Pembroke, founded the Castle of Little Cenarch, where he settled, and there he deposited all his riches, with his wife, his heir, and all dear to him; and he fortified it with a ditch and a wall, and a gateway with a lock on it."* At the Christmas of 1108 Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, Lord of Ceredigion and Powys, prepared a feast for the chieftains of his country. Presumably the feast was at Cardigan, for Owain, the chief's son, came there from Powys, at his father's invitation—an invitation which he had abundant cause to regret. At this family gathering the beauty of Gerald's wife was the theme of general talk, though it does not appear that she was present, or her husband. The praise of her loveliness was enough to fire the blood of the young Owain, who determined forthwith to secure the prize for himself. He was a second cousin of Nest—her mother Gwladys and Cadwgan were first cousins—so when he came to Carew with a small retinue, his visit excited no suspicion. The young scoundrel must have used his eyes to good purpose in studying the defences of the newly-built and probably unfinished castle, for the night attack which he made two or three days later was as skilfully planned as it was audacious. With only fourteen companions, he stormed the wall near the gateway, and made straight for the sleeping apartments of the Governor, setting fire to the adjoining buildings. Gerald, roused from sleep by the shouts of the storming-party, would have rushed out

* One manuscript of the "Brut," and that the most corrupt, is responsible for the statement that "he built a second time the Castle of Pembroke in the place called Little Cenarch." That the passage refers to the first building of Carew is far more probable.

to meet the foe but for his wife, who divined at once the meaning of the attack, and saw that only instant flight could save her husband's life. She bethought herself of the only possible avenue of escape, and hurried him off through a latrine, it is said, while she covered his flight by parleying with the assailants. "Why call ye out in vain? He is not here whom ye seek; he surely has escaped." Her presence of mind saved Gerald from being brutally murdered, but she herself was carried off, with her three children—two sons and a daughter—and a stepson, Gerald's son by a concubine. Cadwgan, who was in Powys when the news reached him, was equally indignant and alarmed, for he saw the danger in which his son had placed himself by this outrage on persons who stood so high in the favour of King Henry; but he could not persuade the ruffian to release his prisoners or to return the plunder he had taken from the burned castle. Nest, however, prevailed on her captor to set the children free. "If thou wilt have me faithful to thee and remain with thee, send my children to their father." For the great love he bore to the woman, Owain suffered the four children to be sent back to Gerald.

Richard, Bishop of London, who represented the King at Shrewsbury, could think of no better way of punishing this impudent crime than by enlisting for the purpose the services of Owain's cousins, Ithel and Madog, the sons of his dead uncle, Rhirid ap Bleddyn. He assured them that they would stand high in King Henry's favour, and would be well rewarded by him if they would capture Owain, or, failing that, would expel him and his father from the country. He promised to obtain for them the help of Llywarch, the son of Trahaiarn, who fell at the Battle of Carn Mountain, and of Uchtred ap Edwin, who had been Howel ap Goronwy's colleague in the invasion of Dyfed thirteen years before, and, like his unfortunate

comrade, bore no good-will to the Bleddyn clan. Llywarch's co-operation was counted on because, some time before the Carew escapade, Owain had killed two of his brothers. Somehow, neither of these chieftains was eager to help the sons of Rhirid in the crusade of vengeance which they had undertaken at the bidding of the Norman. Uchtred especially was not too careful to maintain even a benevolent neutrality.

When the people of Cadwgan's territories were fleeing before the advancing forces, Uchtred sent messengers round to offer them an asylum on his lands in Meirionydd. Some availed themselves of it ; others fled north-east to Arwystli or south-east to Ystrad Towy ; but the majority sought refuge in Dyfed, where Gerald held sway. The Governor would have wreaked his vengeance on the fugitives but for the interposition of Walter, the High-Constable of Gloucester, and representative of the southern marches, who had come to Carmarthenshire at this crisis, and who gave them his protection. Those who reached Ystrad Towy were kindly received by Meredyth ap Rhydderch, but of those who made for Arwystli, many were killed by the men of Maelienydd, which is now North-West Radnorshire.

Cadwgan's land being thus overrun, he and Owain took shelter on board of an Irish ship that had come to Aberdovey. But the father and son soon parted. Owain went over to Ireland with some who had taken part in the burning of Gerald's castle. Cadwgan went back privately to Powys and opened negotiations with Bishop Richard, and through him with the King. Pending a settlement, he was allowed to dwell quietly in a little hamlet with his wife, who was a Norman. Eventually he was allowed to redeem Ceredigion by a payment of one hundred pounds, but the part of Powys which he had held was seized by Ithel and Madog. Even to Ceredigion he was permitted to return only on condition that there should be neither

communion nor friendship between him and his son Owain, that he should not allow him to enter the country, and that he should not afford him advice or assistance. When peace was restored in Ceredigion, there was a general return of the fugitives, which was hastened by the proclamation of the King that one who had fled from that province should be supported elsewhere.

It was not long before Owain himself came back from Ireland. He came not to his father's land, now interdicted to him, but to Powys, his former home. He would fain have made his peace with the King, but no one would intercede for so deep-dyed a criminal. A change came over the situation when Bishop Richard quarrelled with Madog—over some point which the "Brut" does not make very clear, but what was apparently a three-cornered quarrel between "Frenchmen," "Saxons," and "Britons." Madog, in despair, sought the alliance of Owain, and the two precious ruffians, having sworn mutual fidelity over some saint's mouldy bones, entered into formal partnership in brigandage, and no gentleman's stables or house was safe that was within their range. All this took place in 1108.

Henry now remembered his prisoner Iorwerth, the uncle of the banded chiefs, who had lingered six years in prison. There was considerable bargaining over the terms of his release. Ithel ap Rhirid had to be given up to the King by someone or other, with other hostages. Three hundred pounds of silver or its equivalent was to be paid "in horses or in oxen or in any way he could procure it." Then Cadwgan's son Henry, whose mother was the Frenchwoman, was demanded, and had to be redeemed with one hundred marks. Iorwerth, when he got back his territory, tried to persuade his turbulent nephews to submission, or at least to avoid his territory and that of Cadwgan. Finding his remonstrances treated with contempt, he hunted them down. They withdrew

to Meirionydd. Uchtred and his sons prepared to repel the unwelcome visitors by force, but Owain's fame as a warrior struck terror into the hearts of the men of Meirionydd, and in the first encounter they were ignominiously routed. Madog and Owain followed them up, ravaging and burning, but not plundering. Then Madog went to Powys, while Owain went to Ceredigion, in spite of the King's interdict, and from thence sent plundering-parties into Dyfed, who burned, slaughtered and pillaged recklessly. Many of their prisoners were sent for sale to the Irish slave-markets.

In one of these raids they waylaid and killed an old man of the Flemings, William of Brabant. This last crime led to serious consequences. The brother of William lodged a complaint with the King. Cadwgan, who with his brother Iorwerth had come to Court, could only plead ignorance and powerlessness. Henry decided at once to pension off Cadwgan, and to grant Ceredigion to Gilbert Fitz Richard, the founder, as far as South Wales is concerned, of the famous House of Clare.

Owain once more crossed the Irish Sea. This time Madog went with him; but the son of Rhirid "could not endure the savage manners of the Gwyddelians"—so says the chronicler with unconscious irony—and he came back to Powys to plot against his uncle Iorwerth. In 1110 the plot was carried out, with the assistance of Trahaiarn. Iorwerth's house in Caereinion (now Mid-Montgomeryshire) was surrounded in the night. The old man, wakened by the war-cry of the brigands, made a gallant defence, till Madog set the house on fire. Iorwerth's companions rushed out. The old man lingered till the roof was fallen, and then, terribly burned, rushed out, to be caught on the spears of his nephew's accomplices. Henry now became reconciled to Cadwgan, and gave him Iorwerth's land in Powys. Owain was included in the reconciliation, and Cadwgan recalled him, at the

King's request. Before Owain could come from Ireland, Madog had slain Cadwgan. When Owain arrived, a sort of peace was patched up. Owain redeemed his father's land by liberal promises of money, while Madog also purchased peace with promises and pledges. Securities were exchanged in the King's presence, but each of them avoided the other till the end of that year.

The year 1111 passed quietly, but next year Meredyth ap Bleddyn succeeded in capturing Madog, torturing one of Madog's men till he revealed his hiding-place. Owain was from home. On his return his cousin was handed over to him, and probably blinded.

That to many of his own countrymen Owain was a patriot-hero is apparent, but King Henry was too wary to give him much opportunity of resuming that temporarily discarded character, and when he went over to Normandy he took the Cymric chieftain with him. In Owain's involuntary absence, his place as a leader of the Welsh came to be filled by Gruffydd ap Rhys, the son of Rhys ap Tewdwr and brother of Nest, of whom there will be more to tell in the next chapter. To oppose this new enemy, the King determined to employ Owain, who had returned to his lands in Powys. Owain, with Llywarch ap Trahaiarn as his ally, readily accepted the task. The kinship through Rhys ap Tewdwr's marriage with the daughter of Rhiwallon had not extinguished the hatred that for thirty years had existed between the family of Bleddyn and the family of Tewdwr. Owain was accompanied by the King's son. The name of this illegitimate scion of royalty is not given. Could it have been Robert of Gloucester, who was married a couple of years after to Robert Fitz Hamon's daughter ?

Owain was resolved to do his work thoroughly. His soldiers were bidden to spare " neither man nor woman, boy nor girl." Slaying or hanging or cutting off of limbs was the order of the day. " When the common people

heard that, they sought in what manner they could obtain safety, and so they became scattered, some lurking in the woods, others fleeing to other countries, others seeking protection from the nearest castles."

That Welshmen should seek shelter at a Norman castle was to the chronicler the strongest proof of the terror that Owain's approach had inspired; but deliverance was at hand. The soldiers had dispersed in the woods on their ruthless errand, and Owain had only ninety men with him, when he came upon the tracks of a company of people who were fleeing with their cattle to Carmarthen Castle, "where they had made their peace." Following up their tracks, he overtook them near the castle, seized the cattle, and set off on his return. It happened that just as the fugitives who had escaped the swords of the brigands reached the castle, loudly bewailing their loss, an armed force of Flemings arrived from Roose, under the command of Gerald de Windsor. They had come to Carmarthen to co-operate with the King's son, but the name of Owain roused their fury. The Flemings remembered the loss of property and lives that Owain and his men had inflicted on them two or three years before. Gerald was only too eager to avenge the attack on Pembroke and the dishonour of his wife. Eight years had passed since that night of shame, but the hour of vengeance was come at last. Starting instantly in pursuit, the Flemings soon overtook Owain, who, anticipating no danger from the King's men, was returning leisurely with his booty. His men saw that the odds were heavily against them, but Owain was undismayed. "Don't be afraid!" he shouted; "it's only the Flemings;" and, turning, he attacked the pursuers. The Flemings stood their ground, and the arrows had not been long flying before Owain fell wounded. Seeing their daring leader fall, the Welshmen fled; and if Owain were not already mortally stricken, small shrift would he have

from the men of Roose. When Llywarch ap Trahaiarn heard what had happened, he led his men homeward, and so the campaign ended.

Owain left sons, but they were too young to take his place; so his brothers held the land in Powys that had been rightfully his own—not Caereinion, which he had taken from his uncle Meredyth, and which had formerly belonged to his cousin Madog ap Rhirid, once his partner in the guerrilla war against the Norman, but whom, when Meredyth had put him into his hands, a helpless captive, he had cruelly blinded. Men said that that was because Madog had slain Owain's father, Cadwgan. The brothers who held these lands of Owain's in Powys were six in number. Two of them, Henry and Gruffydd, were the sons of Cadwgan's Norman wife—the one with whom he had lived in his later years, when he had wearied of the ceaseless, hopeless strife. The remaining four were by four different mothers. The family life of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn must have been more like the life of an Oriental chief, with its ever-changing group of wives and handmaids, than like that of a nominally Christian Prince. Of these wives or concubines, one was Ellyw, daughter of Cadivor ap Collwyn, the man who was supreme lord over the country of Dyfed. We thus get our last glimpse of this dynasty of *sub-reguli* which in the eleventh century seem to occupy the place of the old house whose representatives had become for a while the lords of Gwynedd. We have seen how that revolt of the eleventh century was crushed by Rhys ap Tewdwr at the Battle of Llandudoch, or St. Dogmael's, two years before his own overthrow and the overthrow of Deheubarth ; and also how Cadivor's son, Einion the Traitor, helped by his alliance with the Normans to accomplish his own revenge at the cost of the ruin of his country.

As far as Pembrokeshire is concerned, the family of Bleddyn now disappear from the scene. We read of

them fighting in Meirionydd with Uchtred ap Edwin, who was their kinsman as the descendant of Cynwric, though not of Angharad, for his mother was only the half-sister of Bleddyn. When not fighting with the men of Meirionydd, they were fighting with each other. Einion ap Cadwgan held part of Powys and of Meirionydd, which he had won from Uchtred. He died in 1123, and bequeathed territory to his half-brother Meredyth. He, however, was expelled by his uncle Meredyth, who had won credit by his resistance to Henry I. a little while before, and who had been lucky enough afterwards to come, with his nephews, " under the King's peace."

Ithel ap Rhirid, the brother of the blinded Madog, now came back from his long captivity in England ; but he recovered none of his forfeited territory, and was soon killed by his cousin Gruffydd ap Meredyth in Meredyth's own presence.

The same year (1123 or 1124) Cadwgan's son Meredyth, whom his uncle had dispossessed, was killed in a quarrel by his brother Morgan. In 1131 or 1132 the old ruffian himself died in the odour of sanctity, the last survivor of the three sons of Bleddyn, having outlived his father more than half a century. The lives of Angharad, her son, and her grandson, cover one hundred and thirty years from the death of the last King of the old Demetian line and realm to the closing years of Henry the Norman.

## CHAPTER II

### THE FLEMINGS

IN Meirionydd and in Powys the descendants of Angharad were killing, blinding, mutilating, each other. Meanwhile the land over which their ancestors had ruled was undergoing a momentous transformation. To its central districts—to Roose and Dungleddy—a new people had come: not Scandinavian, like those settlers to whom Pembrokeshire owes so much of its nomenclature, nor yet English, but of a branch of the Teutonic stock closely allied to the Saxon tribes that founded the southern kingdoms of the Heptarchy, and speaking a tongue which probably differed less from the speech of Wessex than the speech of Wessex differed from the speech of Northumbria. The land, which had long been ceasing to be the home of the Welshman, and which at one time bade fair to be the land of the Scandinavian, was now becoming largely the land of the Fleming. The vanguard of the new immigration, if not the main body, must have arrived before that memorable Christmas party in Ceredigion, when Owain ap Cadogan went forth to imitate in more brutal fashion the exploit of Paris, the son of Priam. When Owain's bravos waylaid and murdered William of Brabant, the old man's kindred had been already two years in the land. The Flemings came in 1107,* so say both the "Brut" and the "Annales Cambriæ," and there is really no evidence to the contrary.

* In the "Brut" the year is given as 1105, but the dates in the "Brut" are two years too early; thus, the death of Rhys ap Tewdwr

Ordericus Vitalis is sometimes quoted as contradicting the "Brut." He does, under the year 1134, mention an inundation in Flanders, and also the settlements of the Flemings in Wales. As to the date of the inundation—September, 1134—he is definite enough, and the striking details he gives show that he had reliable information of the nature and extent of the catastrophe. On the next page he refers to the settlements of the Flemings in Wales, and to the cruelties they practised on the natives. There is not, however, a word in the history to connect the inundation with the planting of the Flemish colonies among the Welsh. The time of the inundation—just fourteen months before King Henry's death—would be incompatible with any such theory. The oppressions and aggressions of the Flemish settlers in Wales are mentioned, to account for a fierce outbreak of the Welsh in this year (1134). In this outbreak a castle of Pain Fitz John was burned by the rebels. As this castle was situated on the borders of Brycheiniog, or at any rate in South-Eastern Wales, it is difficult to see how far the Flemings of Pembrokeshire, whatever their sins against the Welsh may have been, could have been responsible for this outburst of racial hatred.

The fact of the coming of the Flemings at this time is sufficiently attested; but the explanation given in the "Brut," that they had been driven from their country by an inundation which destroyed their homes, is entirely unsupported, and is very likely a mere guess of the chronicler, who had heard of such inundations on the

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is told under 1091, and that of Rufus under 1098, instead of 1093 and 1100.

The *Arch. Camb.* for April, 1895, contains a valuable article on the Flemings in Pembrokeshire, by Dr. Henry Owen. It gives an exhaustive summary of all the contemporary or approximately contemporary evidence. Mr. Laws has also an interesting chapter on "The Flemish Immigration."

coast of Flanders, and surmised that they had some connection with the influx of Flemings into Dyfed. There is no necessity to fall back on any such sensational explanation of the presence of the Flemings in England. Flemish mercenaries had been frequently fighting on English soil, sometimes against the King of the English, more frequently under his banner. There were also many Flemish settlers of a more peaceful kind — Flemish weavers and Flemish masons, who at different times had come to seek employment. It seems that Henry thought at first of settling them on the Scottish border, but eventually decided to plant them in the half-depopulated districts of Dyfed, which the Welsh had largely abandoned, and the Scandinavians had only very thinly occupied. This would account for the statement that they were first settlers near Carlisle, and for the singular confusion that has apparently arisen in one or two of the earlier chronicles between Melrose and Marloes. Malros is the primitive form of both names. Whether this original identity of name is a mere coincidence, or whether it is a consequence of the coming of the Flemings from the Valley of the Tweed to the shores of the Pembrokeshire fiord, it may be impossible to decide.

The transfer from the Scottish borderland to the south-western coast of Wales would naturally be by way of the Irish Sea. Carlisle would be their rendezvous for the voyage, and Sandy Haven may well have been the place of their landing, as alleged in the local tradition preserved by Fenton. They settled chiefly in Roose and in the parts of Dungleddy next to Roose. Haverfordwest became their headquarters. The village with a Scandinavian name, and in all probability a Scandinavian population, formed the nucleus of the town that grew up under the walls of the castle of Gilbert de Clare, but as yet there was no castle on the rocky knoll that rose almost perpendicularly from the flat ground that lay between it

and the river. The huts of the villagers would cluster on the castle hill on its northern and western slopes, where the houses of the Flemish burghers rose when the village had grown into a walled town. Standing just below the upper limit of the tidal flow, the place was the natural centre of such trade as was carried on in the thinly populated land before and after the coming of the Scandinavians. Here was the chief crossing for the traffic between Roose and Dungleddy and the districts which lay beyond Dungleddy. The ford was a little above the site of the new bridge, near the place where the Dominicans built their house a century later. If there was any church in pre-Norman Haverford, no trace or tradition of it remains. Perhaps on Sundays and holy-days the devoutly-disposed crossed the river to the church of the village on the other side of the river, the village which was soon to take the Flemish name of Prendergast. From the castle we now look down on two churches whose history carries us back to the twelfth century—St. Martin's, the church of the castle and the old town ; St. Mary's, which since the thirteenth century has been recognized as the town church, where the civic authorities held their religious functions. On the higher ground beyond the line of the town walls, a couple of hundred yards from the place where the South Gate stood at the top of Market Street, is the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, of a little later date than the two churches within the walls. These three were Norman foundations—" Norman-Flemish " would be the more accurate epithet. Beyond these, to the south, the eye rests on two spots to which far older memories cling. When the Flemings came, there was only marshland where the ruined walls of nave and transepts and chancel are now wellnigh the only remains of the stately buildings of the Augustinian monastery. Many generations of the monks lie in their forgotten graves under the crumbling ruins or beneath the green sod where

the children play and the cattle browse ; but before a stone was laid here there were churches at Uzmaston and Haroldston St. Issells. The church of Uzmaston is of later date than the Conquest, though it is not impossible that the name of the village and the parish is Flemish. The little church of Haroldston may belong to the days of the Plantagenets, but the Armorican dedication of both—they have the same patron saint—tells of a long-vanished age, of a time that was old when the first Norman sailed up the waters of the harbour. It recalls the days when missionaries from the continental Britain came to preach the faith of Christ to the dark-haired Iberians and Goidels of Demetia.

As we look around from the castle walls, we realize how truly Haverford was the centre of the new Flemish land. Eastward, some four miles away, is the lofty mound of Wiston—the peasantry still retain the true pronunciation, "Weston"—the centre of the extensive domain which was held by Wyz or Wyzo, the Fleming. To the south-east the spire of Slebech recalls the name, though it does not indicate the site, of the famous house of the Knights of St. John, to which the Flemish chieftain and his family were so generous. To the north-east is Spittal, which had not in Wyz's days become the "spital" or hospitium of the Knights or of the pilgrims to the shrine of Dewi Sant ; but its earlier name of Frowlynchurch (the Church of Our Lady) sufficiently attests the nationality of the worshippers. It is said, with little exaggeration if any, that all Dungleddy except the episcopal barony of Llawhaden was under the lordship of Wyz. Among the endowments which he and his son and his grandson gave to the commandery at Slebech were the churches of Clarbeston, of Ambleston (with its chapels of Reynaston and Woodstock), of Walton East, of Rudbaxton, of Prendergast, of Uzmaston (Villa Osmundi), and of Boulston, with its chapel of Piketon. The statement that Wyz was really the founder of the Slebech

house, which was made or endorsed by Camden and Dugdale, is probably not very wide of the mark. That it was a Flemish foundation, and specially favoured by the wealthier Flemings, is an obvious inference from the list of the earlier possessions of the house. Its possessions in Dewisland are associated with names some of which, if not all, are the names of Flemings. Of the "three barons" who are named as the joint donors of Rosemarket, two were certainly Flemings, and the third was probably also a Fleming. The endowments in the southern and eastern parts of the county show traces of the same Flemish connection or influence.*

Little of Roose can be seen from the castle walls, the higher ground to the west and south-west shutting off the view; but on the north-western horizon may be seen the rock, still crowned with its fourteenth-century tower, from which the descendants of Godibert the Fleming, in the third, perhaps the second, generation, took their Norman-sounding name of De la Roche. This Roch was the head of the barony, one of the three into which, at a very early date, the great lordship of Haverford was divided. The barony included the four parishes of Roch, Nolton, Trefgarn, and Camrose, and extensive possessions in other parts of Roose. The burial-place of the De la Roches was their own monastery of Pulla, or Pill, near Milford, and their usual residence was, no doubt, in the same neighbourhood—perhaps at St. Botolph's. They also built—at any rate they owned—the small fortress of Benton, which overlooks one of the upper reaches of the Haven, standing in the south-eastern corner of Roose, as Roch

* The connection between the Flemish settlement and the commandery at Slebech is represented in a comically inverted form in a tradition still current in the neighbourhood of Ambleston. According to this version, the Knights of St. John invited the Flemings to settle in Pembrokeshire to assist them in their warfare with the Welsh.

Castle stands in its north-western corner. Another branch of the family had their burial-place in the Roche Chapel in Langum Church.

The part which the Roches have played in the history of Ireland is well known. Their blood flows in the veins of the leading families of Pembrokeshire. From them were descended the family which was at once the most famous and the most unfortunate of all the houses that figure in our Pembrokeshire story. To the marriage of an heiress of the Roches in the fifteenth century with Edmund, Lord Ferrers of Chortley, it was due that the Devereuxes came into our county.

The three first Earls of Essex—the loyal and capable Irish Viceroy, who, worn out in early manhood by toil and anxiety, was brought home to his last resting-place in Carmarthen ; the gallant soldier and brilliant courtier who expiated on the scaffold the errors of judgment into which his generous impulsiveness had betrayed him ; the Puritan General, who commanded the armies of the Parliament, and who, but for his excess of professional caution, might have anticipated the triumphs of Fairfax and Cromwell—these were Pembrokeshire men because they were the descendants of Godibert the Fleming, of Roose.

Wyz and Godibert were not the only Flemings who carved out estates and established families. Here and there we find traces of other Flemish landowners—benefactors of the Church or servants of the State.

Fenton made many mistakes, but none more ludicrous than when he wrote that the Flemish immigrants " consisted of a multitude of the lower orders, nearly on an equality, to be disposed of as soldiers, artificers, and manufacturers, at the will of the Norman chieftains who had already taken root in the country, and on whom the advancement, and even subsistence, of the new colony depended." The Flemings were an industrious race, and the toiling many—artisans and agriculturists—formed

the backbone of the colony, as they do of every civilized community. On them "the advancement and subsistence of the colony depended." But they were soldiers as well as workers; many of them had come to England as mercenaries. Giraldus has told us that they could handle not only the plough, but the sword. They could fight as well as weave. Their leaders in war and their rulers in peace were men of their own race.

How far the Flemish settlement extended beyond the boundaries of Roose and Dungleddy is an open question. There were Flemish settlers in Castlemartin and at Pembroke. Unless local tradition is wholly at fault, the population of Tenby was largely Flemish. No doubt they spread in the first, or at any rate the second generation, as far as Laugharne, whose river, the Taf, is the true boundary of Pembrokeshire.

On the other hand, the Flemish settlement in Gower is mythical. The early English population of Gower came from the opposite coasts of Somerset and Devon. Naturally, some Flemings would find their way from Tenby and Laugharne to the hilly peninsula which was full in view from the cliffs of Tenby and Amroth and Pendine. There would thus be a small Flemish element in the population of Gower, as there would be a large West Saxon element in the population of Pembrokeshire.

When the Norman conquerors came to Dyfed, a quarter of a century had gone by since the fatal day of Senlac, and the amalgamation of the conquerors with the conquered had made no little progress. The mailed knights who led the invading bands may all have been Normans. Their following was Anglo-Norman. Englishmen were ever ready to fight, even under Norman leadership, against their hereditary foes. Many of the rank and file would be of English blood and speech.

Yet after making full allowance for the English elements which from the beginning were mingled in the popula-

tion, and which were strengthened from time to time, especially in the south, by arrivals from Wessex, the bulk of the population of Anglia Transwalliana is of Flemish descent. The people of Pembrokeshire have as much right to talk of their Flemish ancestors as the people of England have to talk of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The characteristics, as well mental as physical, of our Flemish forbears form the substratum of the Pembrokeshire character. The Flemish physique is abundantly in evidence. The Pembrokeshire dialect is largely moulded on the speech of the Flemings. We use the word "Pembrokeshire" here in its proper signification, not including those districts—the north, north-east, and east—which from the eleventh century to the twentieth century have been continuously occupied by a Welsh-speaking population. In a word, by "Pembrokeshire" in this connection we mean Little England beyond Wales.

The Flemings absorbed the Scandinavian settlers whom they found scattered over the area, the one exception—Langum*—only bringing into stronger relief the completeness of the absorption elsewhere. How complete was the expatriation of the Welsh in those parts which the Flemings made their own is shown by the disappearance of Welsh place-names from Roose and the greater part of Dungleddy. Welsh place-names are relatively numerous in the south. Pembroke retains its Welsh name with the minimum of change; so does Tenby. Penally, too, is known by its Welsh name, as befits a spot around which such ancient memories cling, and where the Celtic crosses with their beautiful carving shame the tawdry modern tombstones. Carew has modified its spelling, but not its pronunciation. Pwllcrochan can hardly be said to have changed either. In Roose and

* The history of the Langum fishing colony deserves a more thorough investigation than it has yet received. The Langum vocabulary would repay very careful examination by an expert in Teutonic philology.

Western Dungleddy the names disappeared as completely as the people that gave them. Llanstadwell is almost a solitary exception, for Langum is not the restoration of a Celtic name, but the corruption of a Scandinavian name. Here and there, too, the Cymric—or more usually the Armorican—dedication of a church survived the extirpation or withdrawal of the descendants of the converts of the missionaries, whose names are thus honourably perpetuated in the land where they laboured.

It is often difficult to distinguish between the Norse element and the Flemish element, which are intermingled in one speech, as the peoples that spoke them have been intermingled from the beginning. In place-names the Norse is decidedly predominant. Possibly there are some cases in which an accidental resemblance has given to the Norse the credit that really belonged to the Fleming.* Of the ninety place-names which Mr. Laws has tabulated as of Norse origin, not a dozen are open to serious challenge, while more than that number could be found which he has overlooked. The place-names of undoubtedly Flemish origin are far less numerous. For one hamlet or farm that has a Flemish name, two, or even three, can be found to which the Norse names still cling, and in the great majority the original Norse form is easily recognized.

The close kinship between Old English and Old Flemish has no doubt helped to obliterate the traces of the original Flemish form in many a place-name. The same cause has made the Flemish element less easy to trace in the rustic vocabulary and in the speech of everyday life. The

* For instance, Dr. Owen explains Lambston as "Lambertston" and Hubberston as "Hubertston." In each case the form of the name in Latin manuscripts gives some colour to his contention. That there was a Lambert among the Flemings we know, and very probably there were Huberts among them as well; but in both cases the evidence of the local pronunciation, which it is never safe wholly to disregard, is decidedly against the derivation.

Norse words still survive in daily use, often recognizable at a glance. The collier who sells his culm by the "skip," the labourer who talks of his neighbour's mud-walled hovel as the "clom" house, the parish roadman who tells you that he has been cleaning out the "grips" of the roadside hedges, the farmer who tells of his "mixen," his wife who informs you that her sick neighbour is "main" bad to-day—all these are using words which are unmistakably of non-Saxon origin. No one who hears his Pembrokeshire friend speak of the "lake" that runs in front of his house can well confound that word with the English word that comes from *lacus*, even if he does not know that it is the Norwegian *laekr* with the *r* rubbed off.

It is otherwise with the Flemish words that have survived. Often the form has been modified in the course of centuries, till it has seemed to be only a variant of some familiar English word. Yet their Flemish original has been in many cases preserved with a distinctness which prevents any misconception. The children play with their swings at "jingel offen," and terrify each other with tales of the "bully-boo"; the schoolgirl denounces her classmate as a "clap"; the villager talks about the farmer's "pilking" bull; the farmer tells you about the "dysels" in one field and the "hatteridge" in another; the village gossip complains that her quarrelsome neighbour is always "erging" her. Thus these all bear witness to the vitality of the Flemish speech.

There is another word of the same orgin which is in general use. A narrow lane with houses on one side or both is known as a "drang." This reminds the writer of a singular grouping of names in his immediate neighbourhood. The street in which these lines are being written is the only one in Haverfordwest that bears a Welsh name, for Dew Street is properly Dewi Street, or St. David's Street. Near the upper end of this street

is the Fountain, one of the sources of the municipal water-supply.* The Fountain is described in old deeds as "Dewi Fons," St. David's Fountain, but the narrow lane that leads to it from Dew Street is the Drang. On the opposite side of the Fountain is Barn Street—"Ban Street" in ancient documents. The etymology of "Ban" has not yet been determined, or even conjectured with any probability. It has, to say the least, a Danish sound.

If, instead ofturning to your right to the Fountain, you go a little farther up Dew Street and turn to the left, you will find yourself in the Green. Whatever Barn or Ban may be, "Green" is Scandinavian. The name, which can be traced back into the twelfth century, is as certainly reminiscent of Danish Haverford.

The "wicks" which abound on our coast are survivals of the Norseman's "vick." The Slade (often pronounced Slăd), which is equally frequent in the inland districts, is probably a survival of some Flemish word akin to the Anglo-Saxon *slæd*. More than fifty years ago there appeared in *Chambers's Journal* a dialogue in verse which was given as a specimen of the Pembrokeshire dialect. It was a smart bit of versification, and the spirit of the piece as well as the vocabulary was "genuine Pembrokeshire." But when the writer of this history attempted to read it, he found himself about every other sentence compelled to consult the appended glossary. A friend of his, whose childhood had been spent in the neighbourhood of Picton, barely five miles away, had not the slightest difficulty in reading it. It was an accurate reproduction of the dialect of the Lower Cleddau Valley, the district extending from Langum to Picton.

One of the peculiarities of Pembrokeshire is the number

* For centuries it was the principal source. A stand-pipe supplied from the Fountain gave to the street its vulgar name of Shut Street, which in ordinary parlance almost superseded the ancient name.

and extent of dialectical variations within an area as limited as that of "Little England." It is a standing joke that in one village the boundary between the Welsh and English languages is in the middle of the village street, English being spoken on one side, and Welsh on the other. The writer need hardly say that he has not been able to identify this village, although the story may be accepted as a poetical exaggeration of the narrowness and permanence of the linguistic frontier. There are, however, within the English-speaking area instances of differences scarcely less striking—differences both of vocabulary and of rustic syntax—between adjoining parishes.

In one large parish, two hamlets, not quite three miles apart, have, or had a generation back, differences of vocabulary which were matters of common observation.

If these differences of vocabulary, and the still more remarkable ones of syntax, can be accurately tabulated before they disappear, they will furnish valuable evidence as to the relative distribution of those constituent elements of the population of the English colony which tradition, not without considerable justification, has confounded under the common name of Flemings.

## CHAPTER III

### GRUFFYDD AP RHYS AND HIS SON

BETWEEN the death of Owain ap Cadwgan and the invasion of Ireland by the Pembrokeshire men there was an interval of more than fifty years—an eventful half-century of which our knowledge is all too scanty.

Gerald de Windsor did not long survive the accomplishment of his vengeance upon Owain. His widow took as her second husband Stephen, the Castellan of Cardigan. The Geraldine clan, under the leadership of Geraldine's eldest son, William Fitz Gerald of Carew, were now the most powerful Norman house in West Wales. The marriage of Gerald's daughter Angharad to William de Barri of Manorbier still further strengthened the Geraldine interest. It is not improbable that Angharad's sister Gledewis was married to one of the Flemish chiefs, the Baron of Ros, to whom Giraldus refers in a remarkable passage in his autobiography. It is certain that in the next generation there were several intermarriages between the Geraldines and the leading Flemish families. Their community of interest as enemies of the Welsh drew Flemings and Anglo-Normans together in spite of the deep-seated racial antipathies, which found expression frequently in bitter speeches, and sometimes in actual bloodshed.

The leadership of the Welsh in West Wales was now in the hands of Nesta's brother, Gruffydd ap Rhys, one of

the ablest and wisest of the Welsh Princes. On his death it passed to his four surviving sons, and eventually to the survivor of the four, Rhys—the Lord Rhys of the Chronicles. The close kinship between the Geraldines and their uncle, the Welsh Prince, could not fail to influence their mutual attitude. Even in the stormier days of the Lord Rhys and his brothers, there are not wanting indications of the influence of the ties of blood upon the policy alike of the Norman barons and of the Welsh chieftains.

The conjecture that Gerald de Windsor was superseded in his later years by Gilbert de Clare has no known facts in its favour. That the De Clares obtained extensive possessions in West Wales; that two of them, the Strongbows, father and son, were successively Earls of Pembroke; and that the earldom passed to the Marshalls, and thence to the De Valences and their successors, because of the marriage of William Marshall with the daughter of Earl Richard—so much is matter of general knowledge. The nature of these earlier overlordships of Pembrokeshire, the date of the creation of the earldom, the extent to which the authority of the earldom remained in the hands of Earl Richard after the accession of Henry II.—these are questions which call for more detailed discussion than our limits will permit.

An event of great significance was the appointment, in 1115, of the first Norman Bishop of St. David's. The date of Wilfred's death is not given in either of the Welsh chronicles, but it was in the September of that year that his successor was consecrated. The cathedral clergy made an attempt to secure the appointment of a Welshman, Daniel, the son of Bishop Sulien and brother of Rhyddmarch, but the King would not listen to his name. His choice fell on a Norman named Bernard, "the Queen's chaplain, an upright man, and by the judgment of many worthy of this office." Bernard was elected on Saturday, September 18. Queen Matilda wished to be present,

but the Archbishop refused to consecrate him in the King's Chapel. He would do it nowhere but at Canterbury. Ultimately he gave way at the Queen's request so far as to do it at Westminster, and there, in the Church of the Confessor, the first Norman Bishop of Menevia was consecrated on Sunday, September 19, 1115. Whatever may have been his defects, he proved himself a zealous champion of the rights, real or imaginary, of the ancient see.

By this time the son of the last King of South Wales was at the head of a formidable insurrection. When Gruffydd ap Rhys ap Tewdwr returned from his long Irish exile, he showed a wise reluctance to draw the sword against his father's conquerors. Twenty years had gone by since the overthrow of the King and kingdom of the Deheubarth, and its restoration was a hopeless dream. For a while he made his home with Nesta and her husband, visiting at times his kinsmen in other parts of the country. A year or two passed thus quietly, but at last rumours reached him that "he was accused to the King, and it was represented that the minds of all the Britons were with him, in contempt of the royal title of King Henry." Realizing his danger, he thought of Gwynedd as a refuge, and, encouraged by a message from Gruffydd ap Conan, he set out for the north, accompanied by his brother Howel, the one who several years before had escaped from Arnulph de Montgomery's prison maimed and crippled. The two Princes and the companions of their flight were kindly received by the Prince of Gwynedd. But Henry Beauclerc was not to be baffled thus easily. Gruffydd ap Conan was invited to the English Court, and, tempted by the King's offers, undertook on his return to deliver up to him the son of Rhys ap Tewdwr alive or dead. Gruffydd ap Rhys received a secret warning only just in time to take refuge in the church of Aberdaron, on the coast of Lleyn. The Bishop and clergy would not allow their Prince to violate the sanctuary, and, though many

of his retainers were killed, Gruffydd succeeded in escaping to the south.

Driven thus into rebellion, he made for the woods of Ystrad Tywy, and commenced a guerrilla war against the Normans—"and the Flemings," adds the chronicler. This would mean that he harassed the fringe of Flemish settlements that extended as far as Laugharne and the Valley of the Taf. This was in the latter part of 1114—perhaps 1115, for the dates are reliable neither in the "Brut" nor in the "Annales." The next year he commenced his campaign by attacking and burning "a castle near Narberth," but his chief theatre of operations lay to the east. There was no invasion of Gerald's territory.

As the fame of his exploits spread, young warriors gathered round him from every quarter. The Normans, becoming alarmed, appealed to the loyalty of the chiefs to whom King Henry had given territories in Ystrad Tywy and Cantref Mawr. These were of the Bleddyn clan, whose hereditary hatred of the family of Rhys ap Tewdwr neither patriotism nor affinity by intermarriages had extinguished. Four of them were to guard the Castle of Carmarthen in turn, a fortnight each.

Gruffydd's answer to this arrangement was a night attack, when the outer wall was burned and Owain ap Caradog, who was then on guard, was killed. This exploit, followed by the destruction of an unnamed castle in Gower, was the signal for a general rising. In the general consternation William de Londres abandoned his new-built Castle of Rhyd-y-Gors. Invitations came from Ceredigion, when several of Gerald's old friends and kinsfolk among the Welsh chieftains agreed to accept him as the national leader. Dyfed is spoken of as if it were exempt from attack, and was taken rather as the basis of operations against Ceredigion. The chronicler names as the chief instigator of the Cardigan campaign, and of the rising there in support of Gruffydd, Cadivor, the last regulus of Dyfed,

whom he seems to hold answerable for the abandonment of Southern Dyfed to the invaders after the unsuccessful struggle of 1094. Unless there is some geographical and chronological confusion in the record, one of the features of the campaign was an attack on an outlying Flemish settlement. The presence of Flemings in Ceredigion at this date would harmonize with the persistent tradition of their attempts at settlement on the shores of Cardigan Bay. It was at this crisis that King Henry bethought himself of employing Owain ap Cadwgan to suppress the revolt. We have seen how the princely ruffian met his deserts at the hands, not of his own countrymen, against whom he was fighting at the bidding of the Norman, but at the hands of King Henry's trusted Flemish soldiers.

The personal and tribal spites reflected in the pages of the " Brut " are evidence that they were written by one who was practically a contemporary of the chiefs whose exploits and villainies he has recorded. The obvious prejudice of the writer against Gruffydd ap Rhys and his policy lends additional weight to the testimony he bears, half unwittingly, to his qualities alike as a daring guerrilla chief and a wise national leader.

As far as union was possible between the rival houses or clans of South Wales, it was brought about by him, and even the memory of Gruffydd ap Conan's treachery did not prevent him from co-operating with the Prince of Gwynedd against the common foe. Yet his policy was based on a sane appreciation of accomplished facts. It was an anticipation of that pursued a century later by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth. His ideal was not independence, but self-government under the overlordship of the English Crown.

That this wise and far-seeing policy was rewarded with a considerable measure of success—as much success as was possible under the political conditions of that age—is a legitimate inference from the silence of the chronicles,

as well as from the little we can gather of the course of affairs for the next thirty or forty years. The annals of Dyfed are practically a blank for the latter half of King Henry's reign. The few facts that have come to light suggest the idea of an age, not exactly of peace—for that was not to be hoped for in a march-land such as was the Pembrokeshire of that day—but of comparative quiet and of exemption from external disturbance. There were no Welsh invasions and no racial wars. Such private quarrels and petty feuds as there were would be regarded as the ordinary incidents of life under feudal conditions. One event mentioned in both the "Annales" and the "Brut" was a grave calamity that befell Gruffydd ap Rhys, who is said to have been unjustly expelled from the land they had given him ; but the calamity, whatever its exact nature, did not involve the undoing of the work he had done for his people. The date is probably to be assigned to the year 1126.

The founding of the town of Haverford, and the building of the first castle—these belong to this reign, and probably to the second, if not the third decade, of the reign and the century. The town was endowed with privileges of the now famous Breteuil type ; but the guess that assigned it to the Gilbert de Clare, whom Henry sent to Ceredigion on his dismissal of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, is a guess and nothing more. The great house of De Clare was closely allied to the ducal house of Normandy, being descended from the eldest illegitimate son of Duke Richard the Fearless. Its share in the history of the quarter of a millennium following the Conquest is familiar to all students of the history of medieval England. In Pembrokeshire we are concerned with only three of the great barons of that haughty line. These are :

Gilbert Fitz Richard, who died 1115 (?1117).
Gilbert Fitz Gilbert, the elder Strongbow.
Richard Fitz Gilbert, the younger Strongbow.

That the first Gilbert was an Earl there is no evidence to show. He certainly was not Earl of Pembroke. His lordship of Ceredigion brought him at least as much trouble as profit. He died of a lingering illness, which synchronized with the earlier stages of the rising under Gruffydd ap Conan. The absence of contemporary documentary evidence is not sufficient to disprove the assertion that he exercised in Pembrokeshire much of the authority afterwards exercised by the Earls of Pembroke.

Either to him or to his son must be assigned the founding of Haverfordwest, ruled under them by Flemish castellans.

Gilbert Fitz Gilbert was the second surviving son of Gilbert Fitz Richard. His eldest brother, Richard, was the ancestor of the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, and to him, with the bulk of the family estates and honours, had passed whatever properties or jurisdictions the De Clares possessed or claimed in Ceredigion. Gilbert appears to have succeeded to the rights and properties of the family in Pembrokeshire. He could not have been wealthy—at any rate not in his earlier years.

In the closing years of King Henry's reign the son of Rhys ap Tewdwr was reaping the fruit of his wise and patriotic moderation. That he sought the happiness of his people, and endeavoured thus to secure for them what compensation he could for the loss of political independence, and that his Court was marked by more refinement than was usually witnessed in the princely households of Wales, seems to be clear from allusions in the chronicles, and especially from the tone of the references made to him in later writings. Perhaps in the memories of his reign may be found the origin of that halo of culture and refinement with which Welsh patriotism has invested the Cambria of an earlier day.

Alone among the Princes who fought for the freedom of Wales against the Norman and the Englishman, he has left a name unstained by the fratricidal cruelty which

to the readers of the Welsh records recalls the worst horrors of the Byzantine annals. On the side of Dyfed there was peace. Part of it was included in the territory over which Gruffydd ruled. The Teutonized parts were free from the terror of Welsh invasions. It was a time of comparative tranquillity.

Stormier days were at hand whenever the sceptre should fall from the strong hand of the Conqueror's last surviving son. Henry died on December 1, 1135. Even before his death the clouds were gathering. Ordericus Vitalis, whose sources of information were exceptionally good, attributes the outbreak of the war in South Wales to the cruel oppression of the Welsh by the Flemings, whom, both as Norman and as Englishman, he hated cordially. The Barons of the Marches, too, were recommencing their aggressions. There was a sanguinary fight in Gower at the beginning of January, and the dead were left unburied till the wolves dragged them away. So there were wolves in Gower then. Thirty years later a rabid wolf entered Carmarthen and bit over twenty persons.

As the spring went on, a racial war became inevitable. Richard de Clare, the eldest son of Gilbert de Clare, who died in 1115, was on his way to Ceredigion, when he was surprised and killed by the Welsh near Abergavenny. But before that there had been a terrible tragedy on the shores of Carmarthen Bay.

Gruffydd ap Rhys had hurried to the north to secure the help of his father-in-law, Gruffydd ap Conan. In his absence at her father's Court, his brave wife Gwenllian took the field against Maurice of London, who had rebuilt Kidwelly. Her sons, Morgan and Maelgwn, were with her. The attack on Kidwelly failed. In a battle near the castle the Welsh were completely defeated. Of the two princely lads (they could have been little more than children), Morgan fell in the fight, and Maelgwn and his

mother were taken prisoners. They were beheaded in cold blood, and the place of execution is still called Gwenllian's Field—Maes Gwenllian. Fierce and relentless was the war that followed.

Twice that year, before and after harvest, Gwenllian's brothers, Owain and Cadwaladr, came south with the men of Gwynedd. The second time they came as far as Cardigan. There, in September, the combined forces of the Welsh were confronted by such an array as had never been seen in South Wales since the coming of the Normans. "Stephen the Constable was there, and the sons of Gerald, and all the Normans from the Severn to St. David's, and the Flemings of Roose." The victory of the Welsh was complete. Thousands of the Normans and English and Flemings were slain on the field or drowned in the Teifi. Great numbers were "led miserably into captivity." Welsh and English writers vie in their exaggeration of the carnage of that day.

The power of the Normans was broken for a while. Though Cardigan Castle held out, there was no force to meet the victorious Welshmen in the field. Next year Gruffydd overran Roose, apparently occupying Haverfordwest, but sparing Pembroke and the county proper. A third campaign, in which Owain and Cadwaladr again took part, included the captures of Llanstephan and Carmarthen. It was long told how Gruffydd ap Rhys celebrated the victory by a forty-days feast to which every Welshman was invited. This was held at Carmarthen, and Gruffydd ap Conan is said to have been present. This is hardly credible, for he was now eighty-two. That year both he and his son-in-law died. "The light and strength and gentleness of the men of South Wales was Gruffydd ap Rhys." There had been none like him before him, neither after him arose there any like him.

The civil wars of England gave the Welsh a breathing-

space. Perchance if Gruffydd ap Rhys had lived he might have won from the troubles of England some permanent advantage for Wales. But his estates were now in the hands of four youths. Two had perished with their mother. Anarawd had been guilty, just before his father's death, of killing one "Letardua, an enemy of God and St. David." Was this Letard of Letterston? Of this deed, which the chronicler inclines to regard as justifiable, Gruffydd knew nothing; he was "nolens et nesciens."

Under the date of the next year, an entry in the "Annals" tells how Anarawd and his brother Cadell, and their uncles, Owain and Cadwaladr, "came to Aberteifi [Cardigan] with fifteen ships full of Gentiles," how they made a long truce, and how, nevertheless, the Gentiles pillaged the vill and monastery of Llandudoch, or St. Dogmael's, and carried much booty to their ships. Cardigan Castle and district were still in Norman hands, hence the raid; but these Normans were Geraldines, hence probably the truce.

This entry is interesting as being the last echo of the great war, and also the last entry that tells of a pagan fleet on the shores of Dyfed.

Owain and Cadwaladr were now the allied rulers of Gwynedd and Powys, but the alliance was of brief continuance. The discord between the brothers brings out in stronger relief the unbroken alliance of the sons of Gruffydd ap Rhys, over whom the memory of their noble-hearted father seemed to cast a lifelong spell. Their number was gradually reduced. In 1143 Anarawd was killed by the retainers of his uncle Cadwaladr. Two years later Gilbert de Clare appears upon the scene. He is said "to have come to Dyfed and subdued the country." In 1146 or 1147 the three surviving sons of Gruffydd took the field against the foreigners—or at least against De Clare, whose aggressions had been a

partial undoing of their father's work. Their capture of Carmarthen and Llanstephan Castles, which Gilbert had rebuilt or strengthened, roused the Pembrokeshire men to a great effort. A large force of Normans and Flemings, led by the sons of Gerald and by "William the son of Aed" (? William de Barri, the son of Odi), made a sudden attack on Carmarthen Castle. The successful defence of this castle by Meredyth ap Gruffydd, a boy of barely fifteen, is described as a singularly brilliant exploit. Gilbert de Clare was now undoubtedly an Earl, and probably had been created Earl of Pembroke by Stephen, though he and his sons are often spoken of as Earls of Striguil, near Chepstow. On January 6, 1148, Earl Gilbert died, and the earldom passed to his son Richard. The De Clares had committed the blunder of espousing vigorously the losing side in the Civil War; and though their earldoms were not forfeited on the triumph of the young Angevin Prince, the fortunes of the younger branch underwent a sad eclipse.

In Pembrokeshire the sons of Gruffydd appear as holding their own against the Geraldines and the Flemings. Such warfare as was waged was chiefly on the eastern border, in districts which are now reckoned with Carmarthenshire. There is a confused story of an attack on the Flemish castle of Wiston, in which the Geraldines appear as allies of their Welsh cousins, by whom the castle was taken.

Cadell was the head of the family, and Carmarthen was treated by him as the capital of his little kingdom, which once more included Ceredigion. A brutal assault on him when hunting in a forest near Tenby ended the military career of the young Prince, who was left for dead upon the ground. On his recovery he went on pilgrimage, "leaving his possessions and power to the keeping of his brothers Meredyth and Rhys until he should return." But he never resumed his princely power.

Twenty years later he died a monk, and was buried at Strata Florida. The revenge that his brothers took on the men of Tenby, and their ravaging of Gower, and their captures of sundry castles, would not have been possible if the earldom of Pembroke had been in the hands of a really powerful noble. Such doings would have been scarcely possible if the power of the English Crown had not been paralyzed by the incompetence of Stephen and the disorders of his reign.

In the first year of the new reign Meredyth ap Gruffydd died, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He is called in the "Brut" "the King of Ceredigion and Ystrad Tywy and Dyfed"—a fairly accurate description of the success which had attended the efforts of the youthful Princes to recover their father's territories and influence.

Rhys, the youngest of the six, was now, by Cadell's abdication, the only representative of the House of Rhys ap Tewdwr. Though not more than twenty-three years old, he had already served a long apprenticeship in the arts of war and government. The succession of Henry of Anjou had vitally changed the conditions of the problems with which he had to deal. His first measures were to guard against the encroachments of his uncle Owain of Gwynedd on their newly acquired territory of Ceredigion. But when the other Princes of Wales had made peace with the English King, he began to prepare for a desperate struggle, he and his friends depositing their valuables in the woods of Ystrad Tywy. Negotiations were opened and liberal terms arranged, but when these were not observed by Henry, and Roger de Clare took advantage of the peace with the King to invade Ceredigion, Rhys was driven to appeal to the sword, for Norman raiders were already swooping down on his lands and slaughtering his people. The result of the fighting was that Rhys more than held his own. In 1159 he "subdued and burned the castles which the French had erected across

Dyfed," and the same year he successfully resisted a combined attack of " the Normans and Flemings and English and North Welsh," and extorted a long truce. In 1163 an invasion, personally conducted by the King, brought him to submission, but in 1164 he was again in arms, and in 1165 he joined the North Welsh chiefs in their resistance to Henry's most formidable attack upon Gwynedd. Henry's defeat left Rhys at liberty to resume his attacks on the Normans in the south. In November, 1165, he took Cardigan Castle, and then Cilgerran, in the latter of which he captured his cousin Robert Fitz Stephen.

He had now cleared out Roger de Clare from Ceredigion, and had won extensive territories on the side of Powys and in Brecknock. So matters stood in the year 1167.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE INVASION OF IRELAND

THE Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, which Giraldus grandiloquently and somewhat prematurely called the Conquest of Hibernia, was primarily a Pembrokeshire business. From the rocks of St. David's the second of the Norman Kings had gazed across the narrow sea, towards the Irish hills which seemed to invite him, as the white cliffs of Albion had invited his father. Ten centuries before Agricola had regarded the conquest of the western island as the necessary complement and guarantee of the subjugation of Britain. The plans of the great Proconsul were thwarted by the jealousy of the tyrant whom he had served only too well, and he was recalled to his Italian home to die there—perhaps of poison. The soundness of his judgment might seem to be proved by the subsequent history of the lands that bordered on the Irish seas. The relation between the two islands was one of unintermittent hostilities. Such commercial intercourse as there may have been was hardly distinguishable from piracy. In this chronic warfare the Irish always appear as the assailants, coming over to Britain, sometimes merely as piratical raiders, sometimes as auxiliaries in the interminable inter-tribal wars, sometimes as the allies of their Goidelic kinsmen against Brythonic oppressors. One of the earliest of these raids had resulted in the establishment of an Irish dynasty in Demetia, a dynasty which held its

ground for at least three centuries, perhaps for six centuries.

Now for the first time in a thousand years the conquest of Ireland from Britain had become a possibility. "I will go there," said the King, "if I have to make a bridge of boats across the channel."

Had the son of the Conqueror united to his undoubted military talents his father's tenacity of purpose, he might have anticipated the achievement of his grand-nephew's reign. For a while Rufus was too busy quelling his turbulent barons, quarrelling with the Church, and despoiling the inheritance of his elder brother, to undertake any western conquests. While he was as yet in the prime of manhood, his crimes and his reign were cut short by the dart which, whether it came from Walter Tyrrel or from the bow of an undiscovered assassin, was to his subjects "the arrow of the Lord's deliverance."

More than sixty years had gone by since the Red King's death. Henry Fitz Empress had sat for twelve years on the throne of his grandfather, and the Angevin monarchy was at the height of its splendour. The conquest of Ireland had been one of the dreams that floated before the mind of the young King, whose dominions extended from the Pyrenees to the Tyne. Two months after his accession to the throne, an Englishman was elected for the first and last time to the chair of St. Peter; and Henry lost no time in obtaining from Nicholas Breakspear, now Adrian IV., a grant of the sovereignty of Ireland: for Rome claimed the islands of the ocean as part of the patrimony of the Fisherman. Henry was empowered to invade Ireland, to subdue its people to the law, to extirpate the rank growths of the national vices. In return for these privileges he was required to maintain inviolate the rights of the churches in Ireland; while, as a recognition of the sovereignty of the Holy See, the annual tribute of Peter's pence—one penny from

every household in the land—was to find its way into the Papal treasury.

The English Pope doubtless felt a special satisfaction in bestowing a favour on his own Sovereign and in gratifying his English hatred of the barbarous peoples of Hibernia. Henry's intention was to make Ireland a vassal State under his brother William of Anjou. The project had been discussed and approved at a Council held at Winchester in September, 1155, before the despatch of the embassy to Rome ; yet nothing came of it. The Empress Matilda, who had been taught prudence by adversity, was strenuously opposed to any scheme of Irish conquest, judging rightly that the young King would have quite enough to do at home. Her counsels, or the logic of events, prevailed. Henry threw himself heart and soul into the task, the accomplishment of which is his best title to fame—the consolidation of the royal authority, and the organization of the civil and military administration of his kingdom.

Whatever time and energy he could spare from the great work of his life was needed for the protection of his Continental dominions, which, including the splendid patrimony of his wife, were far more extensive, more populous, and more wealthy, than the island realm to which he owed his regal dignity. In the spring of 1166 he had crossed over to Normandy for what proved to be the most prolonged of his frequent absences from England. About six months after he had left for the Continent, an Irish King arrived at Bristol as a fugitive, seeking English aid for his restoration to the throne which his misdeeds had forfeited. This was Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster.

Ireland had Kings enough in those days. Usually some one of them was recognized as the supreme King—a supremacy vaguely defined, but real enough when held by a strong man.

The Irish Prince with whom the English had usually most to do was the King of Lagenia, or Leinster. The kingdom of Leinster covered about three-fifths, or rather less, of the modern province. It extended from Danish Dublin on the north to Danish Wexford in the south. To the north and north-west it was bounded by Midhe, or Meath ; to the west by Osraighe, or Ossory.

Dermot MacMurrough, who had ruled Leinster since 1135, was a consummate villain, unsurpassed even among Irish chieftains in cruelty, lawlessness, and treachery, but withal a man of rare ability and courage. According to Giraldus, his expulsion was the direct and immediate consequence of his abduction of Dervorgil, the wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, the chieftain of Breifne, a territory corresponding roughly to the counties of Cavan and Leitrim. But the rape of Dervorgil—or, rather, the elopement, for it was " not against her will "—had taken place as far back as 1152, and the lady, who had been recovered by her injured husband in a year or two, was not far short of sixty at the time of her lover's banishment. One might be tempted to regard this explanation of Dermot's overthrow as one of Giraldus's poetical embellishments for his " Vaticinal History," if it were not also found in the Norman-French poem which embodies the narrative of Morice Regan, the faithful henchman of King Dermot. Morice, who tells the story of the abduction in detail, could not have been altogether mistaken in connecting it with his master's misfortunes ; but the immediate occasion of Dermot's overthrow was the revolution that had occurred in the north of the island earlier in the year. From 1140 to 1166 the chief King of Ireland was Murtogh O'Loghlin, King of the northern O'Neills, whose father Donnell had held the same dignity from 1094 to 1121. Murtogh's cruelty and faithlessness at last caused a general revolt of the neighbouring Princes, by whom he was defeated and killed. His

powerful rival, Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught, at once took the field, secured the alliance of the Danes of Dublin, received the submission of the northern tribes, and was solemnly installed as supreme King "as honourably as any King of the Gaedhill was ever inaugurated." To Dermot of Leinster the fall of his ally and patron, Murtogh, was a great disaster. The Kings of Connaught, Roderic and his father Turlogh before him, had been his inveterate enemies. In the troubles that followed the abduction of O'Rourke's wife, the Prince of Breifne had found his most powerful auxiliary in Turlogh O'Connor. Dermot would not accept the new Overlord; possibly he was not given the opportunity of submission, for O'Rourke was eager to avenge his old wrongs. The King of Ossory, whose territory was usually reckoned a part of Leinster, joined Roderic and O'Rourke, and, as Dermot's own people were weary of his tyranny, Roderic carried all before him. Resistance became hopeless, and O'Rourke, with "an army composed of the men of Breifne and Meath, and of the foreigners of Ath-cliath,* and the Leinster-men, overran Hy Kinsellagh, and drove Dermot into Munster. From Corcoran, probably near Youghal, the dispossessed King, with sixty followers,† sailed for Bristol. An entry in the "Book of Leinster" gives August 1 as the day of his banishment. They had a fair voyage over the summer sea, and found a hearty welcome at Bristol. Irishmen, whether Celts or Danes, were familiar visitors at the busy seaport. Bristol had long been the chief centre of the English trade with Ireland. Dermot was the guest of Robert Fitz Harding. Robert was the grandson of Eadnoth the Staller, who had fought at Hastings, and afterwards, having made his peace with the Conqueror, fell while repelling, as Reeve of Bristol, a raid of the Irish allies of Harold's sons. His son Robert

* Dublin.

† Not sixty ships, as some have strangely misread it.

Harding had also been Reeve of the city, of which he had become a leading merchant. His grandson, Robert Fitz Harding, from whom came the great family of the Fitz Hardinges, had held the same office. He was now an old man, at least eighty, when, in the large mansion of the Hardings in Baldwin Street, he entertained the Irish King. Their families had been acquainted for more than a century, for Dermot's great-grandfather had been a stanch friend of the House of Godwin in the days when the great Earl and his sons ruled England under the Confessor.

After enjoying the old merchant's hospitality for a while, Dermot set out for Normandy. It was not an easy matter to find the restless Angevin King, and he had to go far south before he did so. Henry was in no mood to listen to the proposals of the royal exile. His brother, William of Anjou, for whom he had dreamed of providing an Irish kingdom, had died two years before. The aged Empress, who had opposed the project from the beginning, was still alive. Henry himself was not the man to be dazzled by visionary schemes, and he was now at war with Lewis of France and in the thick of his bitter quarrel with Becket.

The importunate Irishman at last had a plain hint that he had stopped long enough, and he returned to England, bringing with him a commendatory letter to all the King's liegemen. This at least made recruiting easier, but it was all the help he got from King Henry in return for his oath of fealty. After a second stay in Bristol of three or four weeks, Dermot set out on a recruiting tour, but with little success until he met Richard de Clare, the Earl of Striguil and Pembroke. Earl Richard, who is better known by the alias of Strongbow, which he inherited from his father, was financially in low water. Giraldus, with an epigrammatic felicity rare in his writings, says that " his name was greater than

his means, his descent than his talents, his rights of inheritance than his property in possession." He had the misfortune to be on the losing side in the Civil Wars, and though more fortunate than other Earls of Stephen's creation (he was allowed to retain his earldoms), he was practically bankrupt in fortune. To him Dermot made the famous offer of his eldest daughter's hand, with the reversion of Leinster as her dowry. The half-ruined Earl closed with the tempting offer, but his acceptance was necessarily conditional on the approval of his Sovereign. Nearly a year had now gone by since Dermot's flight from Erin, and the exile's hunger for home was growing stronger within him. Striguil, the little castle which was then Earl Richard's home, was near Chepstow, and Dermot lost no time in making his way to Dyfed, where his new ally had at least a titular jurisdiction, and where, at St. David's, he would be within a few hours' sail of the coast of Leinster. There were many soldiers of fortune in South Wales whom he might allure by the prospects of campaigns more exciting and more remunerative than border warfare with the Welsh chieftains. The Flemings, too, descendants of the military colonists whom Henry I. had planted there just sixty years before, were likely to furnish just the kind of men he needed. Rhys ap Griffith, the Lord Rhys of the contemporary chroniclers, and David Fitz Gerald, the Bishop of St. David's, who was Rhys's first cousin, received him very kindly. His arrival was very opportune, for the Bishop's half-brother, Robert Fitz Stephen, Nesta's son by her last husband, had been for three years a prisoner in the hands of his cousin, the Lord Rhys. Robert might have obtained his liberty (Giraldus says he had obtained it) on condition of fighting for his cousin against his liege lord, King Henry. This Robert's knightly conscience forbade, but by the mediation of his brothers and Dermot a compromise was arrived at. Robert Fitz Stephen and

Maurice Fitz Gerald agreed to become the allies of Dermot. The reward of the brothers for assisting in his restoration was to be the Danish town of Wexford, with two adjoining cantreds. This they were to hold as the liegemen of the restored King, who had thus the pleasure of being generous at the expense of his Danish neighbours. From the rocks of St. David's the royal exile might inhale, says Giraldus, the breezes from the Irish coast, and almost distinguish the outlines of the hills of Wexford. Giraldus is evidently sceptical as to the possibility of the latter feat, and the writer must confess to sharing his scepticism. But Dermot's impatience could no longer be restrained. He had collected a small force which might serve as the nucleus of an army, and one day, on or about August 1, the anniversary of his expulsion, he set sail for Ireland. The only Englishman who accompanied him, so the writer of "The Song" had heard, was Richard Fitz Godibert, the son of our old acquaintance, "Godibert the Fleming, of Roose." "A knight of good parts was he," and with him were knights, archers, and sergeants.*

According to Giraldus, Dermot landed secretly, and passed almost unattended through a hostile country to Ferns, his old home, where, near the ruins of his palace, he found shelter for the winter among the clergy of the Augustinian abbey. But this is sheer nonsense. Giraldus knew very little of Irish affairs prior to the coming of his kinsmen, the Geraldines, and his account is incompatible either with the narrative of Morice Regan or with the scanty but very definite notices of the Irish chroniclers.

The knights and foot-soldiers whom Dermot brought with him formed a nucleus around which his partisans gathered. The result was the recovery, not of the whole kingdom of Leinster, but of his native domain of Hy

* *Servientes* = serivng men-at-arms.

Kinsellagh.* Then Roderic of Connaught and O'Rourke of Breifne marched south once more. They came as far as Cill-Osnedd (Killietown, in Co. Carlow). There a battle was fought, in which twenty-five of the men of Hy Kinsellagh were slain. Evidently the fighting was not on a very large scale. Among the slain was "a son of the King of Britain." The Welsh chroniclers know nothing of this scion of Cambrian royalty; but they say very little of the Irish expeditions, and there would be nothing extraordinary in some one of Rhys's numerous sons joining his Flemish neighbour, Richard Fitz Godibert, in this adventure. After the battle an arrangement was effected, Dermot giving to Roderic, as to his Overlord, seven hostages for ten cantreds of his hereditary territory, and to O'Rourke 100 ounces of gold, as a fine or as compensation for his former wrongdoing. This throws some light on what Regan says about the first batch of Pembrokeshire filibusters: "Not long were these men in Ireland, because they could do hardly any good to the King in the land, for only a few men were they who passed over in haste."

Dermot had thus accepted the rôle of under-king, or local chieftain, in one corner of his old kingdom. But that weak and precarious position could not content the old man's fiery and revengeful spirit. The next year (1168) is unaccounted for either by the Irish chronicler or by "The Song." In the following winter or very early spring Dermot sent urgent appeals to Wales for help. "King Dermot then sent word by letter and by messenger. He sent over Morice Regan, his own interpreter. To Wales this man crossed over."

Liberal offers were made of horses and armour, and gold and silver. Large estates, well stocked to boot, were promised. One day at the beginning of May, 1169,

* Hy Kinsellagh included Co. Wexford, part of Co. Wicklow, and the northern end of Co. Carlow.

three ships from Pembrokeshire arrived at Bannow, a creek or bay on the coast between Wexford and Waterford, but nearer to the latter harbour. These ships carried Robert Fitz Stephen and the force which he had raised. He was accompanied by at least three of his nephews: Meiler Fitz Henry, the grandson of Henry I.; Miles de Cogan, the son of the Bishop of St. David's; and Robert de Barri, the brother of Giraldus. How many more of the descendants of Nesta were in these ships we have no means of knowing. With them came some thirty knights and sixty others, half armed,* and about three hundred archers and foot-soldiers — the flower, according to Giraldus, of the youth of Wales, which here must mean South-West Wales. Next day came two more ships, bringing Maurice de Prendergast, with ten knights and a large body of archers. Regan seems to estimate the whole number of foot-soldiers at about three hundred. Probably the truth lies between the two estimates, for Giraldus was certain to exaggerate the strength of the party led by his uncle and his cousins.

As to the number of the knights, the figures given by Regan are more precise, and no doubt more accurate, than those of Giraldus. Fitz Stephen "brought with him brave knights of great renown nine or ten." "The baron, Maurice de Prendergast was his name, crossed over with seven companions."

The "Annals of the Four Masters" speak of "seventy heroes clad in mail"—probably an approximately correct estimate of the number of mounted warriors, including of course the *loricati* of Giraldus. This would make the total numbers of the force, horse and foot, between four and five hundred. Fitz Stephen seems to have sailed from one of the little harbours of Dewisland, perhaps from Porthclais.

The ships which carried the Flemish "Baron" of Prendergast and his companions sailed from Milford

* *Loricatti* = wearing coats of mail, not complete armour.

Haven. The natural rendezvous for a Flemish expedition would be Haverford, the centre of the Flemings' land. We may imagine them going on board from the river-bank, just below the walls of the town ; or they may have found a more convenient place of embarkation at Knapp Roads, four or five miles lower down the river. To the Irish chronicler the whole force was "the fleet of the Flemings," and no doubt the greater part of the rank and file of the little army were Flemings, and several of the knights as well.

The place of landing was well chosen. Dermot, whose objective was his old home at Ferns, had crossed over to Glascarrig, twelve miles south of Arklow, and about the same distance overland from Ferns. The objective of Fitz Stephen and Meiler was Wexford, which was to be their own reward for their services, and the base of operation against Dermot's enemies. At Bannow they were interposed between the Danes of Wexford and the Danes of Waterford, and were also favourably situated for co-operation with Dermot at Ferns.

Fitz Stephen had lost no time in communicating with his royal confederate, and Dermot was equally prompt in responding to the welcome summons. On the second or third day* after the arrival of the ships from Milford, Dermot's favourite son, Donnell Kavanagh, came into the camp, bringing his father's greetings, and the news that he would join them on the next day with an armed force. Donnell's illegitimacy did not prevent his being a man of great influence, while it prevented his being a

* If the date of Dermot's receipt of their letter—May 11—is correct, the arrivals of Fitz Stephen and Maurice de Prendergast must have been some days later than Giraldus's 1st and 2nd of May. The other alternative would be to suppose, with Professor Stokes, that they spent two days fortifying their camp on the seashore. *Quod est absurdum.* It is obvious that no time would be wasted either by the filibusters or by Dermot.

rival to Strongbow's regal ambitions. Dermot's adherents from the neighbouring districts had already begun to come in. On the morrow the King himself arrived with five hundred men. His greeting of his allies was most effusive. "The engagements were renewed and confirmed by many oaths mutually exchanged for security on both sides." The Irish King and the Pembrokeshire knights may well have felt a reciprocal distrust of their partners in iniquity. Next day they set out together for Wexford, some twelve or fourteen miles distant. The sturdy Ostmen prepared to meet their enemy in the open, but the unexpected array of horsemen in glittering armour decided them to fall back within the walls, burning the suburbs to cover their retreat. Fitz Stephen followed his success by an immediate assault. While the mail-clad knights and men-at-arms stormed the ramparts, the archers drawn up behind harassed the defenders of the towers with a shower of arrows. The defence was as resolute as the attack. Large stones and heavy beams of timber were hurled down upon the stormers. Robert de Barri, who was one of the first to reach the top of the wall, was struck on the helmet by a stone, and, falling back into the ditch, was rescued with great difficulty. His brother, the historian, says that from the effects of this blow all his jaw-teeth fell out sixteen years afterwards, and new teeth grew in their place—but Giraldus delighted in tales of the marvellous. The assault, which had begun in the afternoon, was abandoned before nightfall. Only three of the townsmen had been killed, and eighteen of "the English." In revenge for their repulse, they rushed down to the beach and set fire to all the ships they found lying there. A ship from Britain, with a cargo of corn and wine, was moored out in the harbour. Some of the boldest rowed out in boats and boarded her, but found themselves in a trap; for the sailors cut the cables, and, as the wind

was blowing from the west, the ship was being rapidly carried out to sea. The young scoundrels were only too glad to take to their boats, and they had a good deal of trouble to regain the shore.

The campaign had opened badly. Defeat at Wexford would have been fatal to their enterprise, and Fitz Stephen determined to renew the attack the next day in a more scientific fashion ; but early in the morning a deputation from the town arrived to treat for terms of peace. Two Irish Bishops who happened to be in the town acted as mediators, and the men of Wexford submitted to Dermot, who forthwith carried out his original compact by bestowing the town and its territory on Fitz Stephen and Maurice de Prendergast, while Hervey de Montmaurice received two cantreds on the sea-coast between Wexford and Waterford. Thus a beginning, but a very small beginning, had been made of the English conquest of Ireland.

Dermot returned to Ferns, leaving his allies in possession of the town and territory which they had won for him and for themselves. After three weeks of rest, which gave time for the recovery of some of the wounded, the King summoned the chiefs of the expedition, now become his liegemen, to consult with him about the invasion of Ossory. Ossory included Kilkenny County and that part of Queen's County which was formerly the barony of Upper Ossory.

Donnell MacDonough, King of Ossory, who had just succeeded his father, Donough MacGillpatrick,* was Dermot's mortal enemy. Among the reverses which had culminated in his banishment three years before, none had rankled more bitterly in Dermot's memory than the

* Donough's name is spelled a dozen different ways in "The Song." Gillaphadraeg, or Gillpatrick, anglicized into Fitz Patrick, is the surname of the family of his descendant, Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory.

humiliations he had undergone at the hands of his vassals of Ossory. Since his return, his hatred of the House of Ossory had been still further exasperated by a cruel wrong which might have goaded to fury a milder man than the tyrant of Leinster. Only the year before—in 1168—his eldest son Enna, "the royal heir of Leinster," a captive in the hands of Donough MacGillpatrick, had been blinded by him, apparently in a fit of jealousy.

The contingent commanded by Fitz Stephen and De Prendergast was numerically a small part of the force which Dermot had assembled for the invasion of Ossory, but the array of knights and men-at-arms in shining armour—the "seventy mail-clad heroes"—added considerably to the prestige of the army. Many of the Irish —three thousand warriors, it was said—hastened to tender their submission to the King, even before he entered Ossory. MacDonough had no thought of submission to his detested foe. Soon after the army entered Ossory, they found their way barred by entrenchments skilfully constructed in the Irish fashion. Three deep trenches, crowned by a stockade, were held by five thousand warriors, and it was only after a day's hard fighting that the "English" carried the trenches and forced the pass. There was much plundering and burning, but no permanent conquest was made, and the return march, with MacDonough's men hanging on their flanks and rear, was very like the retreat of a baffled army. The advance had probably been made by the usual road, which led almost due west from Ferns to Kilkenny. The retreat was by a more northerly route—perhaps that which lay along the Valley of the Dinim. The road led through a pass where Dermot had thrice been defeated by the men of Ossory. As they approached this pass of evil memory, Dermot grew anxious. A consultation was held with the three English leaders—Robert and Maurice and Hervey. It was decided that Donnell Kavanagh should lead the men

of Hy Kinsellagh. The " English, " three hundred strong, were to bring up the rear, and with them rode the King. His fears were justified. At the pass where they had so often been defeated the men of Leinster were seized with a panic, and only forty-three remained with their brave chief.

MacDonough prepared to complete his victory by overwhelming the hated foreigners. The " English " horse and foot had descended into a valley, where a rush of the Irishmen, who were at least five to one, might well have proved irresistible. It was a critical moment. The army was saved by the military skill and promptitude of Maurice de Prendergast, who saw that the only chance of victory, or even of escape, was to hurry through the wooded valley to the high open ground beyond. There the well-armed Flemings and Welshmen would have a great advantage over the brave half-naked Irishmen. At the same time he ordered Robert Smith, one of his trusty Flemish retainers, to post himself in the thicket with fifty of the archers until the men of Ossory should have passed them into the open. Robert Smith accepted the perilous duty with a brave " Yes, sir, by God's blessing."

As Maurice had foreseen, the warriors of Ossory rushed past the unsuspected ambuscade. As they came out into the open, pressing hard on the retreating band, Dermot, old warrior as he was, trembled for the men left in the thicket, and begged De Prendergast not to abandon the brave fellows. Then Maurice drew the rein of his white steed Blanchard, and the retreat was stopped. The Irishmen were pressing closely on the rear, so closely that, when the Pembrokeshire men turned to charge, there was not a lance's length between them. The Irishmen knelt with presented spears to meet the onset. All the chiefs were there—Fitz Stephen and Meiler Fitz Henry, Miles de Cogan and Hervey de Montmaurice. With the war-cry " St. David for Wales !" they hurled themselves on the

Irish ranks. There was a fierce hand-to-hand struggle, and then the better equipment and superior discipline of the Pembrokeshire men prevailed. The Irish, assailed also in the rear by Smith and his archers, broke and fled, to be ruthlessly slaughtered in their flight by the victorious horsemen. In this desperate fray, where all fought well, the palm of valour was by general consent awarded to Meiler, whom his cousin Giraldus persistently depreciates.* But the credit of the victory belonged to Maurice de Prendergast. The Flemish knight was by far the best soldier of them all.

And now the Leinster men returned, and busied themselves with the congenial task of decapitating the fallen. That night they brought to Dermot's tent eleven score heads. With brutal glee the King turned them over one by one, recognizing many an old enemy, and thrice he lifted his clasped hands to heaven, chanting with a loud voice his thanks to the Creator. At last he recognized the head of one whom he had hated above all others. Holding it up to his mouth by the ears and hair, he tore with his teeth the lips and nostrils of the dead.

Savage though he was, Dermot did not allow his head to be turned by his unexpected victory, and when next morning Fitz Stephen urged that they should follow up their victory by a relentless pursuit of the defeated King of Ossory, his proposal was sternly, almost contemptuously, negatived, and the filibusters had to accompany the army in its continued retreat first to Leinster, and thence to Ferns.

This battle had greatly strengthened the position of Dermot, whose former subjects came in from all sides with penitent offers of renewed allegiance.

* Giraldus's invidious comparison of his modest brother Robert de Barri with Meiler, ever greedy of fame, reminds one irresistibly of Rudyard Kipling's

"*He* don't advertise, not Bobs."

The next expedition was to Ophelan—the northern part of Co. Kildare. Again, as in the retreat from Ossory, the "English" formed the King's bodyguard. After their return from Ophelan, they rested a week at Ferns, and then there was a raid on Glendalough, the city of the O'Tooles.

The second invasion of Ossory was a more serious business. Donnell led the way with the men of Hy Kinsellagh, five thousand strong. The Danes from Wexford made up the second division. The King and his English bodyguard came last. Just at the beginning of the campaign a strange thing happened. One night Fitz Stephen and his men were encamped in a large rath. Randolph Fitz Ralph was in charge of the watch. Suddenly he heard the trampling of innumerable feet, and saw dimly in the darkness the forms of a crowd of armed men rushing upon the camp.

> "He shouted loud and clear,
> 'St. David! Barons! Knights!'"

and, drawing his sword, struck a blow at one of his own comrades, whose life was saved only by the thickness of his helmet. Meanwhile all was confusion and dismay. Everyone thought that the Wexford men were upon them. Robert de Barri and Meiler, who were sleeping in the same tent, vainly exerted themselves to rally the terrified men. By that time the spectral host had passed to the camp of the Wexford Danes, who in their turn thought that Dermot was playing them false. When morning broke, the scattered warriors returned from the woods and marshes where they had hidden themselves in their panic, and the advance was resumed. The unopposed passage of the Nore was followed by a stubborn three days' fight in a pass which MacDonough had fortified. On the third day the Pembrokeshire men stormed the trenches which the men of Wexford had failed to carry. The campaign of devastation drove the King

of Ossory to sue for peace. He made submission to Dermot and gave hostages, and peace was granted, "though it was false on both sides."

Dermot had soon to face a more dangerous foe. His old enemies, Roderic of Connaught and O'Rourke of Breifne, and the Danes of Dublin, came south once more. To the Irish chroniclers it was a war of the north and west against the east and south, for the men of Ossory and Munster fought by the side of the men of Leinster. Perhaps their support was only half-hearted.

Hy Kinsellagh was invaded, and Dermot, unable to meet the enemy in the open field, fell back with his diminished forces on a strong position near Ferns. His entrenchments were made still stronger by the military science of Fitz Stephen. Roderic had vainly endeavoured by arguments and bribes to detach Fitz Stephen from his alliance with Dermot—at least, Giraldus says so—and then he tried to persuade Dermot to send his foreign auxiliaries out of Ireland. At this stage of his history Giraldus gives us the ludicrously learned speeches of Roderic, Dermot, and Fitz Stephen.

The brief war was closed by a treaty which left Dermot in possession of Leinster. His son Conchobar was given as a hostage of his fealty to Roderic, and the princely hostage was to marry Roderic's daughter. Plainly, old Dermot had the best of the bargain. The secret stipulation that Fitz Stephen and his gang should be sent back to their Pembrokeshire homes was not worth the parchment it was written on, if it ever was written. More probably the tale was one of Giraldus's fictions for the glorification of his family.

Roderic and his allies "did not think the Flemings worth notice." They had hitherto played but a subordinate part in the campaigns. It was only the successes of later comers that invested with interest the trifling achievements of these pioneers of conquest. A

passage of Giraldus's about Dermot's fair-weather friends, who forsook him at this crisis of his fortunes, is perhaps an allusion to the defection of Maurice de Prendergast. The Flemish knight, whose share in the expedition receives scant notice at the hands of the literary Archdeacon, for some reason or other decided to return to South Wales with his men, two hundred strong. Dermot, unwilling to lose the best soldier of them all, contrived to prevent his securing any ships for this return voyage; but Maurice, alarmed at first, soon turned the tables by detaching the men of Wexford from the King. To secure himself still further, he offered his services to MacDonough of Ossory, an offer which was accepted with delight.

Donnell Kavanagh attempted to intercept Prendergast, and it was only after a hard fight that the Flemings reached St. Mullins on the Barrow. For a while Prendergast helped his new ally to ravage the lands of Dermot, while Fitz Stephen and Hervey de Montmaurice and their men remained with the King of Leinster. Once at least Maurice found himself face to face with his old colleagues, who had some three hundred English with them still. Maurice prudently persuaded MacDonough to retreat. The men of Ossory soon became tired of their expensive allies, and, but for MacDonough's refusal to be an accomplice in the treachery, would have massacred them all. As it was, it was only by great adroitness that Maurice escaped with his men, and by a stealthy night-march reached Waterford. Here they met a new peril. A foot-soldier wounded a citizen mortally. Some of the knights were seized by the townsmen, and it was only by Maurice's skilful pleading that his comrades were released, when they lost no time in returning to Pembrokeshire, "safe and sound, joyous and glad."

Just now there landed another Geraldine—Maurice Fitz Gerald, Giraldus's uncle, and half-brother to Fitz

Stephen—with ten knights, thirty horse-soldiers, and a hundred foot-soldiers. The arrival was opportune, for Fitz Stephen was busy strengthening his position at Wexford. The new-comers joined in an expedition against Dublin, which forced the citizens to sue for peace.

While Dermot was harrying the Danes of Dublin, his son-in-law, Donnell MacDonough of Limerick, was attacked by Roderic, and an expedition was sent to his aid by Dermot, who entrusted it to Fitz Stephen. But by this time Dermot was growing anxious for more effective aid than the Geraldines and the Flemings had given him.

## CHAPTER V

### THE EXPEDITION OF STRONGBOW

THE expedition of Earl Richard Fitz Gilbert was the third and most eventful act of the drama which brought to Ireland so much of evil, so little of good. The first act was the adventure of Richard Fitz Godibert the Fleming and his friends, who accompanied Dermot on his return in 1167. Of this we know very little, and Giraldus knew nothing ; at any rate, he has told us nothing. The second act was the Geraldine invasion in 1169. Of this Giraldus has given us a highly coloured narrative, which we are able to correct with the aid of the Irish chronicler and of " The Song of Dermot and the Earl."

Possibly we have one of Giraldus's embellishments of the tale in the story of Dermot's offer of his daughter's hand, with the succession of Leinster to Fitz Stephen and his brother Maurice, who were, unluckily, already married. We may, however, accept the statement that the renewed invitation to the Earl in the spring of 1170 was despatched after anxious consultation with the Geraldine chiefs. With their help, he had more than held his own against his confederated enemies, but his position was very precarious, especially after the departure of Maurice de Prendergast.

The letter of Dermot to Earl Richard is given in full in the " Vaticinal History." It is a curious blending of entreaty and reproval, introduced by an apposite quota-

tion from Ovid.* There were, no doubt, ecclesiastics in Leinster capable of inditing an epistle in the most correct Latinity, but the style of this letter bears a suspicious resemblance to the historian's own style. The suspicion is not weakened by a verbal inaccuracy† in the quotation from Ovid, which is either an intentional adaptation or a slip of memory, natural enough to a well-read man, who rarely needs to verify his quotations. Suspicion becomes something like certainty when one examines the Ovidian phraseology of the letter. The Ovidian allusion to the storks and swallows and the summer birds who have come and gone is a little out of place in a document which, unless Giraldus has altogether mistaken the sequence of events, must have been written in the early spring of 1170. Dermot's letter, like his speech to his soldiers, is a rhetorical exercise, composed in the quiet of the Archdeacon's study. The Earl had never lost sight of the Hibernian kingdom which the exiled but now restored Prince had offered him. Two difficulties had stood in the way. He was not as completely bankrupt in fortune as Giraldus has represented,‡ but the equipment of such a force as was needed for the realization of his ambitions was far beyond his own resources, and he had to obtain financial help on a large scale. Then there was the King to be consulted. The vague licence to enlist soldiers which Dermot had obtained three years before was not sufficient to cover this enterprise. More definite authorization was required, and to solicit this

* "Tempora si numeres bene quæ numeramus agentes
Non venit ante suum nostra querela diem."

(If you are counting the days, as we in our need are counting them, our complaint does not come before the proper time.)

† "Agentes" for "amentes."

‡ He was one of the nobles who, early in 1168, accompanied the King's eldest daughter, Matilda, on her journey to Minden, where she was married to Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony.

from a King so vigilant of his regal prerogative and power was not a trifling matter. It is no wonder that the Earl, a man of little force of character, a brave soldier rather than a bold or skilful commander, was reluctant to embark on an enterprise so hazardous, until his ambitions were revived by the news of the continued successes of the Geraldines. Clearly, a leader bringing with him a larger and better equipped force might hope to win for himself a far wider realm than that over which Dermot ruled.

The Earl appealed to King Henry either to restore to him the estates that were rightfully his by inheritance, or to give him full liberty to seek his fortunes in foreign lands, and Henry at length conceded the required permission, though rather in jest than in earnest—at any rate, that is how Giraldus puts it. Henry had been out of England exactly four years when he landed at Portsmouth on March 3, 1170. He remained in England less than four months, embarking at Portsmouth for Harfleur on Midsummer Day.

It was while the King was in England that Earl Richard sent over the first detachment of his troops, under a gentleman of his household, Raymond, the son of William Fitz Gerald, known, from his tendency to corpulence, as Raymond the Fat. Raymond's father was the eldest son of Gerald and Nesta—one of the boys whom Owain ap Cadogan had carried off from Pembroke Castle on the night of the famous abduction. He was therefore the nephew of Robert Fitz Stephen and Maurice Fitz Gerald. His selection for the command of the advance guard had one important advantage: If any dfficulty arose with the King, it would be easy to represent him as the auxiliary of his uncles, rather than the forerunner of Earl Richard.

His cousin Giraldus has sketched Raymond's portrait for us. Rather above the middle height, with yellow, curly hair and florid complexion, full grey eyes and

prominent nose, and a very pleasant expression, he was as unlike as possible to his other cousin, Meiler Fitz Henry. Meiler was short and swarthy, broad of chest, stout of limb, and spare of flesh, with black eyes, whose stern, piercing glance corresponded only too well with the ferocity of his temper.

Raymond landed, like Fitz Stephen, on the coast between Wexford and Waterford, but nearer to the latter than the earlier landing-place, at a point called in the poem Dundonnell. Here Raymond at once set about constructing a fort, as his uncle Maurice had already done at Carrick, near Wexford. Robert Fitz Stephen's quarters were in the town itself. Hervey, whose lands lay nearer, joined the party, with three men-at-arms and a few foot-soldiers.

Giraldus says they landed about the Kalends—*i.e.*, the first—of May, but the Archdeacon has a suspicious liking for the Kalends of the months as the dates of important events. Perhaps it was a few weeks later, for the Earl did not come till August, and one hardly sees why this handful should have been sent on so long in advance.

The Danes of Waterford, foreseeing for themselves the fate of their kinsmen of Wexford, determined to anticipate the danger by crushing the audacious vanguard of the invasion. They were joined by at least two neighbouring Irish chieftains—

> "Donnel O'Phelan of the Decies
> And O'Ryan of Odrone."

Their united forces were three thousand strong. Crossing the Suir, they marched in three bodies to storm the entrenchments. Raymond's force was about a hundred in number. According to Giraldus, the little band attempted to meet the enemy in the open field, but were soon driven back within their defences; and the pursuers

were forcing an entrance, mingled with the retreating soldiers, when Raymond, planting himself in the gateway, struck down the foremost, and, shouting his war-cry, led back his men to a desperate charge, before which the enemy fled panic-stricken. The poem gives a slightly differing account. The garrison had driven inside the lines a number of cattle which they had raided. These, frightened by the uproar of the fight, broke loose, and, stampeding through the gateway, threw the assailants into confusion. This gave Raymond and his comrades their opportunity for routing the already disordered array. Giraldus says nothing about the cows—perhaps he thought them beneath the dignity of his history—but he dwells on the bravery of Raymond and of William Ferrant, a knight who, incurably ill of leprosy, fought with the desperate valour of a man to whom life has become unbearable.

The disparity may be somewhat exaggerated, but the annals of the invasions record no feat of arms more brilliant. Unfortunately, its lustre was tarnished by an act of infamous cruelty. Many hundreds of the vanquished had been ruthlessly slaughtered in the pursuit, but there were seventy prisoners, including some of the principal citizens of the Danish city. What was to be done with them? Raymond pleaded for kindly treatment. These were no felons or brigands. They had only been defending their own country, like brave men. He would have carried his point but for Hervey de Montmaurice. Hervey, the illegitimate uncle of Earl Richard, represented the worst side of the Norman character—its superficial refinement, its utter callousness, its foul, unnamable vice. He urged that their only safety lay in the terror they could inspire, for they were but a handful in the midst of an exasperated nation. The plausible arguments of this tall, handsome, well-spoken knight prevailed. The prisoners should be put

to death, and with circumstances of studied ignominy. A young camp-follower, Alice of Abergavenny, had lost her lover in the battle. To her was given an axe of tempered steel, and when her clumsy hands had finished their brutal work, she threw the mangled bodies over the cliff. The victory against overwhelming odds reminds one of the heroic days of the Sepoy Mutiny. Perhaps the cruelty might also find its parallels if we knew all the tales still told in the Indian bazaars about the vengeance of the Englishmen.

It was not till August that Earl Richard came over the sea. Apparently he did not think it safe to move until the King was safe on the southern side of the English Channel. This expedition was to be on a larger scale than any of its predecessors. The rendezvous was, of course, Milford Haven, and the Earl marched by the coast road, through Cardiff, Swansea, and Carmarthen, picking up recruits by the way. When all was ready, he had at least two hundred men-at-arms and a thousand other soldiers. The poem gives the total as full fifteen hundred men. The wind was fair, and a few hours' sail brought them to Waterford Harbour. It was Sunday, August 23—the Eve of St. Bartholomew. They landed at once and without opposition, for the strength of the Danish city had been broken by the slaughter of Dundonnell. The Earl's arrival soon became known, and the first to join him was Raymond, with a force increased by this time to forty men-at-arms. St. Bartholomew's Day passed quietly. On Tuesday the combined forces marched to the assault, with banners flying. Weakened though they were, the citizens and their Irish allies made a gallant defence, and the assailants were twice repulsed. The second repulse had spread discouragement in the ranks, when Raymond's keen eye observed a small timber house attached to the wall and resting on a single post, and he realized at once the advantage it offered. The army

was hurled for the third time at the rampart, and while the fight was raging along the line a few men in armour were told off to cut down the post. The fall of the house brought down with it a piece of the wall, and through this breach the stormers rushed. Many of the citizens had fallen in the defence of the ramparts, and the brave sons of the Vikings still fought on, but the narrow streets were soon filled with heaps of slain. In Reginald's Tower, which still stands on Waterford Quay, were taken Ragnald and the two Sihtrics, "the most powerful persons in the city," and their ally, the Irish chieftain O'Phelan. The Sihtrics were put to the sword, and Ragnald and O'Phelan were only saved by the interposition of Dermot, who arrived just in time, accompanied by Fitz Stephen and Maurice Fitz Gerald. There was no delay in completing the marriage between the Earl and the young Irish Princess. The inauspicious nuptials were celebrated in the principal church of the town, whose walls and streets were still reeking with the blood of the slaughtered burghers. The succession to Leinster which the bride brought as her dowry to her Norman lord was itself a flagrant violation of Irish law, for by that Eva could have no right of inheritance.

Strongbow* was neither a statesman nor a general, but his first measures in Ireland were marked by a promptitude and vigour which may have been due to his abler father-in-law or to the experienced Cambro-Norman knights who shared their counsels. Waterford was stormed on August 25. In less than four weeks the third and most important of the towns of the Ostmen had fallen into his hands.

* Strongbow was the sobriquet of Earl Gilbert Fitz Richard, but the practice of several generations of writers has confirmed the mistake by which the designation of the first Earl of Pembroke has been appropriated to his second son, the conqueror of Leinster.

Dermot and the men of Dublin were bitter enemies. Giraldus tells a wild story of how Dermot's father was treacherously murdered in Dublin, and buried literally with the burial of a dog, for a dead dog was thrown into the same grave. No such explanation is needed for a hostility which sprang necessarily from the political situation. The "foreigners of Ath-cliath," as the Irish annals call them, were the allies of Roderic Connor. In their city he had been inaugurated, four years before, as chief King, or Overlord, of the island. More than a century and a half had gone by since the memorable Good Friday when the power of the Norseman was broken beneath the walls of Dublin. The Battle of Clontarf had dispelled for ever the dream of a Scandinavian kingdom of Ireland, but the Danes* had never ceased to be a power in the land. The far-reaching projects of Dermot, and even the security of his hereditary dominions, required the subjugation of the Danish city. This the city understood as clearly as their enemies, and they had "summoned almost all the people of Ireland to their help." The army of Dermot and the Earl was nearly ten thousand strong, and of these at least four thousand were "Englishmen," for the numbers of the invaders had been continually augmented by fresh arrivals.

The first division of seven hundred English was commanded by Miles de Cogan, "bold and burly of body," and with him went Donnell Kavanagh, the leader of the vanguard of Leinster. Then came Raymond and eight hundred men under him. With the third division of a thousand Irishmen rode Dermot himself. The main body of the English—three thousand, according to "The Song"—were commanded by Earl Richard in person.

* "Danes" is, like Strongbow, a misleading epithet which has been confirmed by immemorial usage. The Ostmen were chiefly of Norwegian descent.

A compact mass of four thousand Irishmen brought up the rear.

"Now all the pride of Ireland
Was at Clondalkin on a moor,"

some five or six miles south-west of Dublin, and all the roads were "flanked" everywhere.

A scout brought back the news that Roderic had thirty thousand men under him, prepared to attack the English as they struggled through the barred passes out to the lowlands. Dermot's resolution was quickly taken, and it was as wise as it was daring. He led the army over the mountain ridges by routes which his enemies had neglected as impassable, and thus by his audacious flank march he reached the city "without a battle and without a contest." The Irish host was only a few miles away, but the English and the Leinster men, coming by the unwatched, unguarded paths to the east, had interposed between them and the city they came to succour. Hasculf MacToikel, the King of Dublin, was in the city, but to hold out till succour came, if it ever came, was impossible. Laurence O'Toole, the Archbishop, was also in the city. The good man's patriotic detestation of the King of Leinster was not diminished by the memory of cruel personal wrongs; but he saw the peril of his flock, and when Morice Regan, in the name of his master, summoned the citizens to surrender, the Archbishop came forward as mediator. An embassy was sent out at once to the enemy's camp, and King Dermot's terms, which included the immediate delivery of thirty hostages, were agreed to by Hasculf and his men without demur. The selection of the thirty hostages proved to be a more difficult matter. The truce which the Archbishop had mediated was extended to next morning, when Hasculf bound himself to deliver up the hostages. While these negotiations were going on in the camp, at a little distance from the walls, the divisions of Miles de Cogan and

Raymond were close to the walls, fretting and fuming at the delay and at a capitulation which threatened to balk them of their plunder. The day was wearing on when

> " Miles shouted all at once,
> ' Barons, knights, a Cogan !' "

and his men dashed forwards to the assault. On the other side of the town Raymond and his division followed suit. The citizens were taken unawares by this treacherous attack, and Dublin was soon at the mercy of the filibusters. Many of the townsmen fell in the attack and the subsequent massacre, but a great number, among them Hasculf, escaped in boats, with some of their most valuable effects. Not much, however, of the city's wealth could be removed in that fashion, and there was sufficient booty found to repay amply the infamous treachery of the Norman chiefs. The town was taken and pretty thoroughly plundered before Dermot and Strongbow knew what had happened. Nothing was left to them but to make their triumphal entry, and thus on September 21, 1170, Dublin ceased to be a Danish city. The flames rising from the captured city were the first intimation to Roderic and his men of the catastrophe, and they recognized the hopelessness of the situation, and the army of the allies dispersed without striking a blow. Miles de Cogan was made Governor of the city he had so foully won, and after a rest of a few days Dermot and the Earl led the army into Meath, which was plundered and laid waste with fire and sword. Roderic, whose management of the Dublin business had demonstrated, not for the first time, his incompetence as a national leader, made a last appeal to Dermot to desist from his work of havoc, concluding with a threat to cut off the head of Dermot's son Conchobar, who for more than a year had been a hostage in his hands. Dermot's reply was so contemp-

tuous that Roderic, in a fit of rage, put the hostage to death.

Only a few months were to pass before Dermot followed the son whose life he had thus selfishly sacrificed. Meanwhile clouds were gathering in another quarter. Exaggerated rumours of Strongbow's victories reached the ears of King Henry, but without exaggeration the facts were sufficiently startling. A Norman kingdom was being founded in Ireland, over against the yet unsubdued lands of Wales, and its Sovereign would be an English noble allied to the most powerful families of the Anglo-Norman baronage, and himself a distant kinsman of the ducal house of Normandy. Last but not least in significance, the new King of Leinster would be the Earl of Pembroke, and the knights who fought under his banner were the near relations of Welsh Princes who yielded a doubtful and fitful allegiance to the English King. Henry, with characteristic vigour, issued a proclamation forbidding any ship from any part of his dominions to carry anything to Ireland, and ordering all his subjects who were there already to return before the next Easter under pain of forfeiture of all their lands and perpetual banishment. The effect on Strongbow's position and prospects was most disastrous. All reinforcements were stopped and all supplies cut off. No time was to be lost in seeking the withdrawal of the proclamation. Raymond was despatched with a humble letter from the Earl, pleading his belief that he had the King's licence, and protesting that he was acquiring Irish dominions only as the loyal subject of his King. Raymond had to go south to Aquitaine before he found Henry. His reception was cold, and the reply was postponed. The Earl's letter was sufficiently explicit in its assurances of loyalty, but Henry was too astute a statesman and too keenly alive to the magnitude of the issues involved to be satisfied with promises which would certainly be kept no longer than

it suited the interest of the promiser to keep them. The King had formed his plans, and he carried them out with characteristic firmness and deliberation.

Unfortunately, no copy of the proclamation has been preserved, and we have no means of ascertaining when it was issued. The earliest conceivable date would be the end of September—that is, if it was issued as soon as the news came of the capture of Waterford and the marriage of Strongbow with Dermot's daughter. In that case, allowing sufficient time for the proclamation to be known in Ireland, and for the journey of Raymond to Anjou or Aquitaine, the Pembrokeshire knight could not possibly have reached the royal presence before the beginning of December. If, however, as is much more probable, the proclamation was called forth by the news of the capture of Dublin, then Strongbow's letter could not have come into the hands of his irritated Sovereign before January —that is, not until after the great catastrophe which cast a funereal gloom over all the remaining years of Henry's eventful reign.

In the autumn of 1170 the King and Archbishop Thomas had been reconciled by the good offices of the Pontiff; but the hollowness of the reconciliation was soon shown by the haughty bearing of the restored Primate, and the revenge he began to take on those of the Bishops and clergy who had been, as he deemed, traitors to the cause of Christ and the Church. There was every indication of a renewal of the long strife, when the news came of the Archbishop's murder. All Western Christendom was thrilled with horror, as the tidings was borne from land to land, how—

> "For Christ's own spouse, at Christmastide,
> In Christ's own temple, Christ's true lover died."

The King himself was not slow to realize how gravely and irretrievably the situation, political as well as ecclesi-

astical, had been changed by the act of the too zealous ruffians who had sought to do only his own will. For a while the horror of the great crime, of which he had been the unwitting yet not guiltless prompter, overshadowed all his thoughts. Yet Henry of Anjou was too strong a man to be driven by either remorse or fear into a reversal of the policy which he had deliberately adopted, and which had become urgently necessary in view of the new and real peril that menaced the English monarchy from the Norman-Hibernian kingdom which Richard de Clare was endeavouring to found almost within sight of the shores of Wales.

The proclamation was not withdrawn, and fines were levied by the Sheriff on the lands of those "who went into Ireland against the King's command." Thus Geoffrey Cophin of Devonshire was fined six shillings, and Peter Morell of Bedfordshire was fined twelve shillings.

All over England in the spring and early summer of 1171 preparations were being made for the great expedition, which was to be on a scale that should overawe alike the Anglo-Norman filibusters and the native Princes. From Lancaster and Carlisle came the wooden towers for the sieges of the fortresses. From Gloucester came two thousand pickaxes, a thousand spades, a thousand shovels, and sixty thousand nails. The other iron district—Staffordshire—sent a similar but much smaller quota. From Norfolk and elsewhere came hogs by the hundred, at about twenty pence her head. From Somerset and Dorset came great quantities of wheat and beans and cheese. Thus each English county and city was called upon for its quota towards the equipment of the army.

For the fourth time the scutage, the tax in lieu of personal military service, was levied throughout the kingdom. This tax was one of Henry's most popular changes in the machinery of the government. Though welcomed

by the nobility, it did more than anything else to make the Crown strong against the great barons.

While these preparations were going on in England, affairs in Ireland had entered on a new phase. The winter and early spring had passed without any formidable movement among the Irish chiefs. The clergy, indeed, had been deeply moved by the calamities which had fallen on their people, and by the still greater calamities which appeared inevitable. A national synod was held at Armagh, and the assembled Bishops deplored, as the cause of the Divine judgments, the trade in English slaves which for centuries had been the disgrace of Ireland and of Western England. It was decreed that all Englishmen held in slavery should be restored to freedom. Our sole authority for this synod is Giraldus, who may have exaggerated a local gathering into a national council ; but there is a verisimilitude about the record which at least shows that the Christian conscience could make itself heard sometimes in the darkest and most corrupt age.

Meanwhile the principal actor in this national tragedy was drawing near to the end of his evil life. " On the Kalends of May," according to Giraldus—" on the 7th " of the month, according to another authority—Dermot died at Ferns. The Four Masters relate with savage exultation how the traitor became putrid while living, and died " without penance, without the body of Christ, without unction, as his evil deeds deserved." The more loyal annalist of Leinster records that he died " after the victory of unction and penance." Whether he departed with or without the rites prescribed by his Church for the dying, rarely has a soul more stained with crime passed from an earthly throne to the tribunal of the King of Kings.

His death was, of course, followed by an outburst of Irish patriotism. Strongbow's treaty with the deceased tyrant could give him no valid title to the vacant throne. That could be conferred only by the suffrages of the

tribes of Leinster, and these he was not likely to get. Of the Irish chieftains, there remained with him only three—Donnell Kavanagh, his wife's illegitimate half-brother; O'Reilly, from Tir Brun, a neighbour, and probably an enemy, of O'Rourke of Breifne; and Auliffe O'Garvy, the lands of whose tribe now form part of Co. Carlow. Of these three, Donnell Kavanagh was the most useful ally, and probably retained some part of his father's subjects in allegiance to his brother-in-law, but he was no longer the leader of the men of Hy Kinsellagh. They had rallied around his uncle Murtogh, the same who in 1166, on his brother's banishment, had been appointed or accepted as their ruler. It was upon Dublin that the forces of the Irish chiefs converged, for the Danish city was recognized by both sides as the key of the situation. Earl Richard made great efforts to strengthen the garrison. He appealed for reinforcements to Robert Fitz Stephen, who sent thirty-six men-at-arms (which would mean about three hundred men in all) to the assistance of his chief. Fitz Stephen's chivalrous loyalty was soon to cost him dear.

According to "The Song," there were sixty thousand warriors arrayed under the banners of the allies, but the metrical chronicler, though he at least approximates to accuracy when giving the numbers of the English and their friends, indulges in rather wild exaggerations when estimating the strength of Irish armies. Still, it was a mighty host that gathered round the walls of Dublin. At Clontarf, to the north-west, was MacDunleog of Ulster. Roderic's own camp was in the north-west, about Castle Knock. South of the Liffey, O'Brien of Munster had his quarters at Kilmainham on the west; while Murtogh and the men of Hy Kinsellagh were on the coast near Dalkey, six or seven miles away, guarding the coast road. Besides these, there were many less powerful chiefs with their contingents, for wellnigh all Ireland, Celts and Danes

alike, were banded against the new invaders; while Godred, the Scandinavian King of Man, had brought thirty ships to the help of his Irish friends and kinsmen. The siege or blockade* seems to have begun in the latter part of May. The garrison were already reduced to great straits, and food was running very low in the town, when Donnell Kavanagh made his way into the town, bringing bad news from the south. Robert Fitz Stephen had been attacked by the men of Wexford, and must soon surrender at discretion. The Earl was in consternation. Donnell was accompanied by O'Reilly and Auliffe, and by some of his own retainers; but the small addition to their numbers meant more mouths to feed, and the remaining provisions would soon be exhausted. A secret council of war was hastily summoned. "Knights, barons, as many as twenty were there." Among them, were Maurice de Prendergast, and Meiler Fitz Henry, and his cousin Milo of St. David's, the son of the Bishop; Miles de Cogan, who has been persistently confounded with his Geraldine namesake; Raymond the Fat and Maurice Fitz Gerald; Walter Bluet, who had fought at Dundonell; Walter de Riddlesford, afterwards a benefactor of St. Mary's Abbey; and Robert de Quincy, who married Strongbow's sister Basilia. Even the hearts of these grim warriors sank within them when they heard of the disaster at Wexford, and realized the fearful odds against them and the hopelessness of relief from without.

* There is a remarkable discrepancy between our principal authorities as to the chronology of this summer campaign. Giraldus fixes the attack of the great Scandinavian armament, under John the Wode and Hasculf, at Whitsuntide—Whit-Sunday being May 16—before the great siege. The narrative of Regan in "The Song" puts the Norwegian attack after the raising of the siege by the Irish. This order of events has the merit of perfect intelligibility, and the balance of probabilities is in its favour. It is accepted by the writer of the article on Strongbow in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

There was nothing for it but to submit to the inevitable. The Earl must sue for peace. He must offer to become the liegeman of Roderic, and to hold Leinster as his vassal. Two knights were selected for this humiliating errand, and with them went Archbishop Laurence. The Archbishop had been an intermediary between Hasculf and Dermot in the negotiations which were broken off by De Cogan's perfidious attack. He had been willing to arrange for the submission of the citizens to Dermot, who was their lawful liege lord and his own; but to Strongbow he owed no allegiance. According to Giraldus, he was one of the principal instigators of the national uprising against the English, and had joined Roderic in his request to Godred of Man to blockade the harbour of Dublin. He was now actually in the camp of the men of Leinster. The patriotic and combative instincts of the Irish chieftain were strong in the breast of the prelate, who was still in the prime of his manhood. Yet the good man, whose military activity has, perhaps, been exaggerated by the Norman historian, could not refuse to accompany the envoys to the quarters of the King of Connaught on the north of the city. Roderic's answer was prompt and stern. "Without taking time or respite, he answers to the messenger that he would by no means do this." The Earl might hold the Danish towns of Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford. "Not a whit more could he give to the Earl and his followers. If these terms were not agreed to, he would storm the city the next day."

The Earl's decision was as prompt as Roderic's answer. Giraldus, anxious as ever to claim the honours of the war for his kinsmen, puts into the mouth of his uncle Maurice an eloquent speech, which, backed up by Raymond, revived the drooping courage of the Council. They would conquer or die, sword in hand. "The Song" more truthfully gives the credit of the decision to Earl

Richard. No one of the proud race of the De Clares could hesitate at such a moment. An immediate sortie was resolved upon. The attack should be made on the insolent barbarian's own quarters. Perhaps the returning envoys had noticed the overconfidence and the utter lack of discipline among Roderic's followers. Six hundred picked men divided into three equal divisions formed the attacking-party. Each division contained forty men-at-arms, a hundred mounted soldiers, and sixty archers. Miles de Cogan commanded the first party, Raymond the second, and the Earl himself was with the third. Donnell, O'Reilly, and O'Garvy, rode with Miles, but the local Irish knew nothing of the sortie, to the success of which complete secrecy was essential. Just as they were starting there was a characteristic quarrel as to who should lead the way, whether Miles de Cogan, the Governor of the city, or Raymond, the military Commander. This was settled in favour of Miles, and about four o'clock on the midsummer afternoon the little force rode out on their desperate errand. They crossed the Liffey, probably by a bridge which the Danes had thrown over the river on the site of the wickerwork causeway to which the town owed its ancient name of Ath-cliath (the Town of the Hurdle-ford). Their objective was Finglas, about a mile and a half to the north-west, on the great road to Tara.

Advancing rapidly, they reached the enemy's lines unobserved ; then, with shouts of " A Cogan ! a Cogan !" the vanguard rushed over the Irish stockades. There had been some skirmishing in the morning, and so the Irish, expecting no more fighting that day, were taken completely by surprise. Many were bathing in the cool waters of the Tolha when the mail-clad knights burst upon them. Raymond and his cousin Meiler Fitz Henry were foremost in the work of slaughter, and hundreds of Irishmen fell to the Pembrokeshire war-cry of " St.

David !" Earl Richard himself performed prodigies of valour, but the battle soon became a massacre, and fifteen hundred corpses of Irishmen strewed the field, many of them unarmed and naked as they rushed from their huts when the din of the fight broke upon their afternoon slumbers. The rout of the men of Connaught was complete, and in the evening, when the victors returned in triumph to the rescued city, they brought with them from the plunder of the camp sufficient provisions—" corn and meal and bacon "—to supply the garrison for the next twelve months.

The defeat of Roderic's own army put an end to the siege. The armies of Munster and Leinster broke up their quarters south of the Liffey, and the men of Meath and of Ulster returned to their homes. So decisive was the victory, that in a day or two (Giraldus says next day) the Earl, leaving a garrison in the city under Miles de Cogan, set out with the bulk of his forces for the south, in the hope of relieving or rescuing Fitz Stephen. He took, not the " lower " or coast road, which would have led him through Hy Kinsellagh, but the " higher " road, which lay west of the mountains, through Kildare and Carlow. Pushing on by forced marches, he met with no serious resistance, except in the district of Odrone, a part of Carlow.

O'Ryan of Odrone had joined the Waterford men in their attack at Dundonnell. Now, amid his native hills, he hoped to fight the invaders with better success. The place chosen for the battle was a very narrow and strongly fortified pass. " Englishmen, you have come to your doom !" shouted the chief of Odrone as he headed the rush of his tribesmen on the entangled column. For a while the issue hung in suspense. Meiler Fitz Henry bore the palm of valour that day, but at last the Pembrokeshire knight, like one of Homer's heroes, was felled by a large stone hurled by one of the hillsmen. Just at this

crisis of the battle an arrow from the bow of a cowled monk who fought in the English ranks slew O'Ryan, and, seeing their chieftain fall, the Irishmen broke and fled.

From Odrone the victorious Earl turned south-east towards Wexford, but evil tidings met him on the way. Some days before, probably before the army had left Dublin, Fitz Stephen's fort at Carrig had fallen after a gallant defence, in which one soldier particularly distinguished himself—a Pembrokeshire man named Not or Noot. Giraldus's story is that the valour of William Not and his comrades baffled all attacks until they were induced to surrender by false assertions of the fall of Dublin, and equally false assurances of a safe-conduct to Wales, all of which were confirmed by the solemn oaths of the Bishops of Wexford and Kildare. Episcopal perjury was not unknown in the twelfth century either in Ireland or England, but this particular instance may be safely set down as an invention of English prejudice.

The superior number of the assailants would sufficiently account for the surrender of the brave little garrison, reduced as it had been by the reinforcement so loyally sent to the aid of his chief. After the surrender, some of Fitz Stephen's men were treacherously murdered, and the others, after cruel beatings, were thrown with their chief into the dungeons of the town.

On the approach of the Earl's army, the Wexford men had burned their town and retired with their captives to the islet of Beg Erin, in the harbour, and now they sent him word that if he continued his advance they would send him the prisoners' heads. "In great bitterness of soul Strongbow and his men wheeled to the right, and took the road to Waterford." So far Giraldus.

What followed we know only from "The Song." Donnell O'Brian of Munster, sometimes called King of Leinster, was the son-in-law of Dermot, and therefore brother-in-law of Earl Richard. Nevertheless, in the

great movement in May he had taken the national side, and in the siege he and his men had encamped round Kilmainham. Possibly his relationship to the Earl had something to do with the facility with which, after the defeat of the men of Connaught, the southern armies abandoned the siege. He now responded to the summons of the Earl to co-operate with him against his father-in-law's old enemy, the King of Ossory. MacDonough, who had so stoutly resisted Dermot, quailed before this formidable coalition, and sent the Earl a message that he would willingly come to him to treat of terms if Maurice de Prendergast would give him a safe-conduct. The brave Fleming, in whose honour the Irish Prince placed such well-merited confidence, obtained from the Earl the most ample assurances, and then rode off to bring in the King of Ossory. MacDonough's reception at the Earl's Court was, however, of the roughest. His alleged treason against Dermot was thrown in his teeth, and the King of Munster, backed by "all the renowned barons," urged Strongbow to make an example of the traitor now he had him in his power.

Meanwhile O'Brian sent his men out to ravage while MacDonough was in the hands of his enemies. The treacherous murder would have been carried out but for the firmness of Maurice, who called his own men to arms, and threatened to split open the head of any man that would lay his hand on the King. The Earl promptly yielded to the honest indignation of Prendergast, and Maurice without loss of time escorted the King back to the Nore, killing some of O'Brian's plunderers by the way. Next day he returned, only to be furiously reproached for having brought the Earl's enemy away in safety. So far did matters go that Maurice, in proper feudal form, deposited his folded glove as a pledge of his readiness to meet any charge in the Court of his lord, and O'Brian left for Limerick.

Another old enemy of Dermot's was less fortunate. Murtogh O'Brian, who had taken a leading part in Dermot's expulsion, was hunted down, and brought a prisoner to Ferns, where he was beheaded, and his body thrown to the hounds, who soon devoured it. One of his sons was also taken by Donnell Kavanagh, brought to Ferns, and publicly executed like his father.

These transactions were followed by the recognition of Murtogh MacMurchade, Dermot's brother, as the King of Hy Kinsellagh, no doubt curtailed in extent, while " the pleas of Leinster "—the jurisdiction over the Irish tribes —were entrusted to Donnell Kavanagh. Thus the Earl was now in possession of the whole of Dermot's kingdom of Leinster.

While this settlement was being effected, Dublin had been once more in peril. Hasculf MacTorkel, the exiled Danish King, had come back, and with him there came sixty ships—Regan says a hundred—filled with warriors from Norway and the Scottish islands. The leader was John the Wode, or the Med, said in " The Song " to have been the nephew of the King of Norway. These men of the north were armed after the fashion of the Vikings. Some had long breastplates ; others, coats of mail. They carried circular shields painted red and bound about with iron. " Men of iron hearts as well as iron armour were they." Regan reckons their number at twenty thousand —a gross exaggeration, which at least shows the impression made on the minds of the garrison by this formidable armament. The danger was, of course, greatly increased by the doubtful loyalty of the neighbouring Irish and their chief Gillamacholmoy, who had married a daughter or granddaughter of Dermot. After the defeat of Roderic and the consequent break-up of the great army, Gillamacholmoy had given hostages to the English, and these hostages were the only hope of keeping him to his allegiance. When, on the arrival of the Norwegian fleet, he

hastened to confer with the Governor, Miles very adroitly agreed to release the hostages, stipulating only for his neutrality in the impending battle. He should be at liberty to join the victors, whether English or Norwegians. The Norse army landed at their usual landing-place on the right bank of the Liffey, some distance below the town. On the wooded heights now occupied by St. Stephen's Green and its neighbourhood, Gillamacholmoy posted himself with his tribesmen. Between these hills and the river lay the level ground on which the fate of Dublin was once more to be decided. Miles resolved to meet the enemy outside the walls, and while he led the main body of his men out through the eastern gate, his brother Richard de Cogan, with a picked body of horsemen, rode out through the western gate. Miles's men were driven back by the fierce onset of the Norsemen, and the assailants, led by John the Wode in person, seemed to be about to force an entrance through the town gate. But by this time Richard de Cogan had executed his flank movement, and having worked his way through the lanes between the city and the ground on which the Irish were watching the battle, he reached the Norwegian rear unobserved. The fury of his onset spread consternation, and John the Wode hastened back from the gate to repel the unexpected assailants. This was what Miles had calculated upon, and he at once assumed the offensive with every available fighting man in the town.

The Norsemen, thus assailed in turn and on both sides simultaneously, were driven back upon the beach with great slaughter. Then Gillamacholmoy gave the signal, and the Irishmen rushed down from the high ground to complete the discomfiture. John the Wode was slain, it was said, by Miles de Cogan's own hand. The English made straight for the shore, and hundreds of the invaders were drowned in attempting to get on board their vessels.

Hundreds more were slaughtered by the Irish as they fled for shelter to the woods and marshes. The Hibernian Celt was supremely indifferent to the fact that the Norseman had come as his deliverer from the Englishmen, just as his descendant four hundred years later was ready to rob and murder his co-religionists, the shipwrecked fugitives of the Armada.

Hasculf had been taken prisoner by Richard de Cogan. Brought as a prisoner before the Governor, the grey-haired chieftain abated nothing of his haughty fearlessness. "This time we came with a small force; next time it will be with a mighty host." A generous victor would have respected the dauntless spirit of the captive Prince, but magnanimity towards a gallant foe was not a Norman virtue, and Hasculf was straightway beheaded on a hill outside the city where he had ruled, and in full view of his comrades as they sailed away from the scene of their discomfiture.

Giraldus speaks of another siege of Dublin about the beginning of September, by O'Rourke of Meath, which was terminated like the first, by a successful sortie. Possibly he has exaggerated the significance of this affair, of which "The Song" says nothing.

Meanwhile at Waterford Earl Richard found Hervey de Montmaurice, who had returned from a journey to the Continent—the second, perhaps the third, embassy which the Earl-King of Leinster had sent to propitiate his jealous and greatly irritated Sovereign. With the advent of Henry, the earlier, or what may be called the Pembrokeshire, phases of the Irish wars came to an end. Henceforth the English conquests in Ireland belonged, not to the Earl of Pembroke and the knights of his earldom, but to the King and the government of England.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE COMING OF KING HENRY

AS the summer of 1171 advanced, the preparations for the King's Irish expedition were approaching completion. The anxiety of the filibustering Earl and his accomplices was not diminished by the news that reached them from time to time of the inflexibility of the King's purpose, and of the large scale on which the preparations were being made. It is not improbable that the futile mission of Raymond Fitz Gerald had been followed by other equally unsuccessful attempts at negotiation. It is only accidentally we learn that in July, when Henry was at Argenton in Normandy, Hervey de Montmaurice arrived from Ireland. The wily and experienced intriguer was more fortunate than his predecessors. Nothing could change the determination of the King to visit Ireland in person, and take over the lands which his vassals had won. He would assert over the whole island the authority with which the English Pope had invested him fifteen years before. Yet Hervey, when he hurried back to Ireland, brought with him assurances more or less definite, which must have tended to allay the worst apprehensions of the Earl.

When Earl Richard reached Waterford in the latter part of August, he found Hervey just arrived from England with letters and messages from the King. Henry promised to restore to the Earl his English and Norman estates, to grant to him as fiefs to be held from himself

the lands he had received with his Irish wife, and to appoint him Constable or Seneschal in Ireland. The kingdom of which Richard Fitz Gilbert had dreamed was melting into thin air, but the restoration of his forfeited estates and the secure possession of his Irish domains would be substantial compensation for the vanished crown. As yet, however, the compensation was by no means assured. The King's anger against his presumptuous vassals might easily be rekindled. Only the most complete and prompt submission and the most skilful management could avert consequences the most disastrous to the leaders in the great adventure, and especially to the Earl. Much—perhaps everything—would depend on the result of the journey which he at once undertook, either in obedience to a royal summons or by the earnest advice of Hervey, who had had sufficient opportunity of observing the King's temper over this business. The King had landed at Portsmouth on August 3, and was on the road to Milford Haven, where the great fleet had been ordered to assemble. Fortunately, wind and weather were favourable, and the Earl lost no time in crossing over to Wales. He met Henry at Newnham in Gloucester in the first week of September. At first the royal greeting was none too cordial, but Hervey's skilful diplomacy had prepared the way for a reconciliation on the lines already indicated by the King's communication. The indispensable condition was the surrender of Dublin and all the coast towns into the King's hands, as well as the paying of homage for all that he was allowed to retain. The King then resumed his march to Milford Haven. There was some trouble on the way with the Welsh chiefs of Gwent, and apparently this delayed the royal progress, for, though expected earlier in the month, the King did not reach Pembroke until Monday, September 19.

On Saturday, September 24, came the Lord Rhys from

Cardigan Castle, which he had just rebuilt, to wait upon his Sovereign. They had already met nearly a fortnight before at Llwyn Danet, some place not yet identified, on the Glamorganshire border, and the Welsh Prince's contribution towards the provision of the army had been fixed at three hundred horses and four thousand oxen. The horses had been collected at Cardigan, and Rhys set off on Sunday to hurry on that part of the business. He was on his way back with eighty-six horses the next day, when he learned that the King had gone to St. David's "on pilgrimage." "Two choral caps of velvet and a handful of silver, about ten shillings," were the royal offerings at the shrine. He declined the Bishop's proffered hospitality that day, but returned on Michaelmas Day with Earl Richard and a retinue of three hundred men, whom the Bishop entertained at dinner, while many others for whom no sitting room could be found also shared the repast. After dinner, in spite of heavy rain, the royal company rode back to Pembroke.

Rhys then sent the King the eighty-six horses which he had picked out for him the previous Monday. Of these, Henry accepted only thirty-six, but expressed his warmest thanks to Rhys for his liberality. Rhys's son Howel, then a hostage in England, was released, and the terms of tribute previously agreed upon were made less onerous.

The fleet that was to carry the King and his army to Ireland was by far the largest that had ever assembled in the Haven. Three hundred years earlier, Hubba, the Viking chief whose Raven banner was long the terror of the subjects of Alfred, had wintered in the great fiord with three-and-twenty ships. Nearly twenty times as many were now gathered in the same waters at the summons of the Angevin Prince who sat on Alfred's throne. At least four hundred ships were there. The scene from the hill that rose behind the little port that

still retains its Norwegian name of Hakin must have been one of singular beauty and animation.

In the interval of waiting Henry indulged himself a little in his favourite pastime of hawking. One day, seeing a noble falcon perched on a crag, he made a circuit round the rocks, and then let loose a large high-bred Norway hawk which he carried on his left wrist. The Pembrokeshire bird was at first slower in movement than the Norwegian, but gradually rose above it, and then, becoming in turn the assailant, swooped down on the King's bird, and, striking it in the breast with its talons, laid it dead at its royal master's feet. So much was Henry struck with this fact that he afterwards sent annually to the Pembrokeshire coast for a supply of young falcons, " for in all his land he could find no better or nobler hawks."

It is, of course, Giraldus who tells this story. Accord- to him, the King also utilized the delay for political purposes. " While the King of England lay at Pem- broke, he threatened with his severest indignation the Princes and lords of South Wales for having allowed Earl Richard to take passage from thence to Ireland; but at last the storm subsided on their allowing him to place royal possessions in their castles, and though the mutter- ings of the thunder were loud, the deadly bolt did not fall." This does not fit in very well with what we know of King Henry's doings in Wales this autumn. Yet this was just one of the matters on which the Archdeacon, so closely allied both to the Welsh Princes and to the Norman barons, was likely to be well informed. Henry was now reconciled to the Earl, but he was just the man to make capital out of the misdemeanour which he had condoned, and to use it as a pretext for strengthening his hold upon West Wales. However complete his reconciliation with Richard de Clare, he had not included in the informal amnesty the leader of the expedition of 1169.

This is shown by one incident which Giraldus has not recorded.

Soon after the King's arrival at Pembroke

> " Twelve traitors from Wexford
> Came to land in a boat
> At Pembroke, right under the castle."

These " traitors " were a deputation from the burghers of Wexford, who had been sent over to justify to the King their seizure and imprisonment of Robert Fitz Stephen. They told of his aggression and tyranny—

> " He wished to hand us over to destruction,
> He wished to destroy our country ;
> Often did he put us from bad to worse."

They had risen against him not only as their oppressor, but also as a traitor to his King.

> " He was guilty of great perfidy to you of yore,
> Often of great evil and treachery ;
> Many times had he waged war against you
> In Wales and in England "

—a reminder that Fitz Stephen and his kindred had been, like the Earl himself, on the side of Stephen in the wars of the succession, and possibly an allusion to episodes in the life of Giraldus's uncle which the dutiful nephew has not thought fit to chronicle. As soon as the King should arrive in Ireland, they would hand over Robert and the other captive knights to be dealt with at his pleasure. Henry's cordial reception of the deputation is put down by Regan, or by the singer who has turned his reminiscences into rhyme, to his fear lest the Danes should murder Fitz Stephen, for " the King loved the Baron much." The sequel, as narrated by Fitz Stephen's nephew, the historian of the Conquest, tells a different tale. Probably Hervey de Montmaurice, who had managed the Earl's cause so well, further envenomed the King's mind against Fitz Stephen, between whom and himself there was no love lost.

From the castle, where they had interviewed the King, the deputation

> "Went away to their hostel,
> The chief one in the city ;*
> There they waited for the wind—
> The King and they together."†

Nearly five hundred years later another conqueror of Ireland, more famous and perhaps more ruthless than even the great Angevin, had to wait long on the shores of the Haven for a favourable wind. Cromwell, however, was also waiting for money from the depleted Exchequer of the Commonwealth.

Henry's preparations had been hindered by the lateness of the harvest—"it was a misty season, and then scarcely any ripe corn could be had in any part of Wales"—but all was now ready ; and these delays, which seriously endangered his prospects of success, were a sore trial of his patience. Thursday, October 14, was the Feast of St. Calixtus, the Pontiff of questionable reputation to whom the Latin Church, for some inscrutable reason, has assigned a prominent place in her calendar. It was also the anniversary of the great day of Senlac. On the morrow of the feast "the King ordered the ships out of port to sea, and that day they went on board the ships. But yet the wind was not favourable to them, and therefore, with a small retinue, he returned to land." The

* Can any local antiquary determine the site of this hostel ?

† An entry in the Pipe Roll of 19 Henry II. (1172-73) records an account given by the Sheriff of Winchester of 46s. 8d. paid for eleven days' "board and lodging" for Murtogh MacMurrough and the burgesses of Wexford," and £10 14s. 11d. for six robes for them. The date is that of the account, not of the expenditure. The deputation may be the same, but Regan's statement is too definite and graphic to be set aside. The number who came to Winchester was apparently six, not twelve. Henry was at Winchester early in August, 1171. There would be sufficient time for their return to Wexford and the despatch of a second deputation.

anxiety and ill-temper of the disappointed King may be imagined. Late on Saturday evening the outlook became more favourable, and the King returned on board, "himself and all his men steering." There was a further delay of a few hours, but very early on Saturday morning the fleet got under way with a fair gale.* About three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon the King landed "with great joy" at Crook, in Waterford Harbour, about eight miles below the city; nor was an omen wanting to raise the spirits of the army, for a white hare sprang up from the grass as the royal feet touched the soil of Erin. Next morning (St. Luke's Day, October 18) the King and his army entered Waterford, where he found awaiting him several of his household whom he had sent on in advance. Neither Giraldus nor any of the chroniclers says a word about any attempt at resistance.

More than forty years later, in a court of law, a Waterford citizen of Danish descent put in a claim to be tried by English law. This privilege, he said, had been conferred on himself and his descendants for his loyalty to the King of England when an attempt was made by some of the Ostmen to stop the advance of the fleet by throwing a chain across the harbour. The leader in this feeble attempt at resistance was Ragnald, or Reginald, whose life had been saved when Waterford was taken two years before by the timely arrival of King Dermot. Ragnald

* According to "The Song," Henry, like his son John a few years later, went on board at "the Cross under Pembroke." There is much more probability in the local tradition that the place of embarkation was the Nangle or Angle, a little way up the harbour on the south side of the Haven. Perhaps the King himself, with his personal attendants, on the Friday sailed from "the Cross," while the bulk of the army embarked at Angle. The locality of "the Cross under Pembroke" remains to be settled. The editor of "The Song," Mr. Orpen, usually so accurate, makes a ludicrously bad guess when he suggests "Carew Cross"(!) This is just as bad as the mistake of the English translator who thought that "Crook" was a misreading for "Cork."

was hanged for his pains. As the plea was admitted, it must be presumed that it had some foundation in fact. However that may be, Reginald or Ragnald de Waterford appears among the Princes of Ireland who, in the Danish city, took their oaths of fealty to the King of England and his heirs.

On his way to Dublin through Ossory, King Henry received the submission of Roderic of Connaught. The Prince, who had claimed to be Overlord of Ireland, and who but for the arrival of the adventurers would have made good his claim, now accepted the inevitable. He met the King's messengers, Hugh de Lacy and William Fitz Aldhelm, on the banks of the Shannon, and took solemn oaths of alliance and fealty. Thus, without striking a blow in anger (except, possibly, an insignificant skirmish in Waterford Harbour), Henry Fitz Empress became Lord Paramount of three parts of Ireland. The Princes of Ulster stood aloof, but Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, now acknowledged his authority. The prudence which had waited until he could strike with irresistible force was thus amply vindicated. The many months of careful and costly preparation had borne fruit in a conquest accomplished without a battle or a siege.

At Dublin, which he reached about St. Martin's Day (November 11), he stayed nearly four months. This time he employed in organizing the new political system which his bloodless conquest had inaugurated. With the sound judgment of a true statesman, he refrained from unnecessary interference with the existing territorial divisions. In Leinster, of course, Earl Richard was recognized as the successor of his wife's family, the MacMurroughs. To balance his power, a palatinate of Meath was carved out of the kingdom of the McLaghlans, who retained but a small part of their former territory. With these exceptions he recognized the kingly status of the local dynasties. He spent the winter in a

palace which his new vassals had constructed for him, in Irish fashion, of earth, roofed with wattles, and which they adorned with such rude ornament as their resources and habits suggested. The splendour of the English monarch's Court was such as the island had never seen before, and Henry wisely judged that the unaccustomed pomp and luxury would help to reconcile the chiefs to the new order, which they had accepted without resistance, but with a reluctance which they could not wholly conceal. The brilliant exploits of the Pembrokeshire knights had made the King's military promenade a possibility.

The victories which the earlier invaders had won over greatly superior numbers had convinced the Irish Princes of the impossibility of offering successful resistance to the large and well-equipped army which Henry had brought with him. Behind that army were the resources of England, and also of the wealthier and more populous dominions of the King. The founder of our Angevin dynasty was as yet the most powerful Sovereign of Western Europe. No one, however, knew better than the King how ready his new vassals would be to throw off their allegiance at the first favourable opportunity. Hence his anxiety to secure for the English ascendancy in Ireland foundations more durable than the mere dread of English arms. Not less striking as a proof of the Angevin Prince's sagacity was that reformation of the Church which, to Giraldus, was the most important result of the Conquest and its best qualification. In the Irish hierarchy, working under regulations more in harmony with the practice of the Churches of the Roman obedience than with the spirit of Celtic tradition, and recruited from time to time by English priests, the English Kings might hope to find a powerful and trustworthy instrument of their policy. Thus the Synod of Cashel, convened under Henry's authority and attended by the

majority of the Irish Episcopate, was one of the most significant events of his stay in Ireland. The importance he attached to it is shown by the fact that he issued the orders for convening it on November 6, nearly a week before he reached Dublin.

Henry was not a statesman of the very first rank. There was in his character a personal selfishness that marred his greatest achievements. He was not "the greatest of the Plantagenets." This title was reserved for his great-grandson. Yet the inferiority of Henry II. to Edward I. was moral rather than intellectual. With more self-control alike of his temper and of his passions, his career might have been one of complete, almost unbroken success. Had he been permitted by Providence to remain longer in Ireland, or to return to it as he purposed, he might have left, in the wisely remodelled institutions and in the greater strength and stability of the central administration, evidence of the skilful and far-seeing statesmanship which left its permanent impress on the institutions of medieval England.

It was a lively Christmas at Dublin that year. The Irish Princes brought each his large array of armed followers; and while the retainers encamped in Irish fashion on the surrounding hills, and held what coarse revelry they could around their bivouac fires, their masters were entertained at the extemporized palace amid a luxury to which they were wholly unaccustomed, and with dishes and dainties of all kinds which they had never tasted before. All went merry as a marriage bell, or would have gone so but for the untoward weather and the sickness that came, and the superstitious terrors which these awakened. Dublin winters are usually mild, much milder than those of England, with a proportion of sunshine rarely enjoyed in the winter months on this side of the Irish Sea.*

* Stokes's "Anglo-Norman Church in Ireland," p. 138.

The winter of 1171-72 was an exception to this rule, and men saw in the fury of the elements a visible token of the wrath of Heaven. When the first anniversary of the Archbishop's murder drew near, men's minds became more sensitive to this supposed manifestation of Divine displeasure. On Christmas Day a terrific thunderstorm broke over a great part of Western Europe. As the flashes lighted up the winter sky, the soldiers of King Henry in Ireland, and his subjects at home in England, remembered the sacrilegious crime of which their master was accused, and the thunder-peals sounded in their ears like the angry voice of the Eternal. The storms that raged throughout that winter not only dismayed King Henry's subjects in Ireland and elsewhere: they made the navigation of St. George's Channel impracticable. Week after week passed by without news from England or the Continent. The King's anxiety became acute. He had only too good reason for uneasiness as to the possible consequences of the action of the Papal envoys who were commissioned to investigate into the circumstances of the Archbishop's murder. Perchance, too, he was awakening to the possibility that his worst foes might be they of his own household. The boys for whose sake he was ever planning and working were being poisoned against him by their mother, the able and unscrupulous woman whom he had wooed and won because of the southern lands which were her dowry. Meanwhile the interruption of the supplies of corn and other provisions from England aggravated the sickness which was making sad havoc in the army.

Giraldus, of course, attributed the sickness and mortality to the anger of the saints whose shrines had been outraged. One particular case is given of the swift retribution that overtook the soldiers who cut down for firewood some consecrated trees at Finglas. Another contemporary chronicler, the Dean of St. Paul's, more

sensibly attributed it to the quantities of fresh and ill-cooked meat eaten by soldiers, whose usual diet was bacon and corned pork, and to the pollution of the water. The Irish who had come with their Princes were encamped on the hills, from which the brooks came that furnished the water-supply of the city and the royal camp. If we couple with these causes the scarcity of bread, because the corn-ships from England and Wales could not cross, there will be no need of anything of supernatural intervention to account for an epidemic of dysentery and a heavy death-rate.

From St. Martin's Day (November 11) to March 1 the King's headquarters were at Dublin, and the work which he did shows that, whatever it may have been to his courtiers, knights, and guests, it was no holiday-time for him. The chroniclers say nothing of any royal peregrinations in that period. It is hard, however, to conceive of Henry Fitz Empress as sitting still in any place for four months. His Ministers used to complain that he would not sit down for four hours. We may therefore easily believe, with the versifier of Regan's recollections, that

> "In the land up and down
> Marched the noble King,"

and that he went to Lismore and Cashel; but the greater part of the time was spent at Dublin.

Earl Richard was not with him all the time.

> "At Dublin was King Henry,
> And at Kildare the noble Earl;
> There the Earl abode
> With as many men as he had."

Though the King and the Earl were reconciled, and both parties were faithful to the compact, written or unwritten, which they had made, there was no love lost between them, and very little confidence. The arrangements which Henry made for the future of his half-won

island dominion—the multiplication of fiefs directly dependent on the Crown, the withdrawal from the Earl's jurisdiction of the three Danish seaports, Dublin, Waterford, and Wexford—indicate plainly his distrust of his great vassal. Earl Richard's aloofness from the Court points in the same direction. Aware of the King's secret suspicions of him, and probably reciprocating them, he pursued the path he had chosen, of unswerving but cautious loyalty. There must have been something in Earl Richard's antecedents, as well as in his conduct of his Irish enterprise, to account for the King's attitude towards him. Giraldus's portrait of the Earl is too slightly sketched, and his narrative too obviously rose-coloured, to explain the great pains which the King took "to strengthen his own party and to weaken the Earl's party." Some of the earliest of the filibusters now became attached to the King's personal service, among them Raymond Fitz Gerald and Milo de Cogan.

The De Clares were ever troublesome barons—harmless only when they were weak—and Richard Fitz Gilbert, whose personal abilities would never have made him formidable, had acquired a position in Ireland which might prove a strong temptation to revive the hereditary turbulence of his race. These precautionary measures were, according to Giraldus, Henry's chief occupation while he was waiting at Wexford for an opportunity to return to England. He had left Dublin about Ash Wednesday (March 1), but it was not till the latter part of the month that, with the east winds which had now set in, ships came from England bringing grave news. The Papal Commissioners, Cardinals Theodunus and Albert, had arrived in Normandy. They had the reputation of being honourable, fair-minded men; but they were now threatening to put all England under an interdict unless the King came over to meet them. Worse still was the more secret news that his eldest son, Henry,

whose coronation had been the occasion of the last bitter and fatal quarrel with the Archbishop, was beginning to conspire against him, and that Richard and Geoffrey were also implicated.

But however eager the King might be to return, the east winds which had brought the ships with the evil tidings kept him in Ireland, fretting and fuming. At last, at the end of Lent, the winds became more favourable. The King's household sailed on Easter Sunday, and landed in Milford Haven near Pembroke—no doubt at "the Cross." The King himself would not embark on so holy a day, but at sunrise on Easter Monday, April 18, he went on board his ship, which was lying in the outer harbour of Wexford. Thus Henry II. left Ireland with the full purpose of returning to complete his work of subjugation and organization. Could he have carried out his purpose, the history of the English rule would not have failed to be widely different from the wretched chronicle of oppression and mismanagement, of incompetence and vacillation, of turbulence which is the shame of England, and in a scarcely less degree the shame of Ireland.

The King's ship made, not for Milford Haven, but for St. David's, and about noon he arrived at the little landing-place of Porthstinan, in Ramsey Sound, about two miles from the cathedral. Thither he went, "in the guise of a pilgrim, on foot and staff in hand," and was met by the Canons of the cathedral, who received him with due honour at the White Gate. The White Gate was the entrance to the Close, on the north side of the little stream—the Alan—which flows through the cathedral precincts. Over this little stream there lay a singular bridge, a slab of marble 10 feet long and 1 foot thick, and to this stone a curious legend was attached. The cemetery lay on the north side of the stream, and once when a corpse was being carried over the bridge for

burial the stone spoke, and in the unwonted effort it cracked. The crack was still visible to all beholders, and henceforward no corpse was carried over the stone. Now, there was also a prophecy of Merlin that a King of England, returning from the conquest of Ireland, where he had been wounded by a man with a bloody hand, should die upon " Llechllafar, or the Talking Stone."

Before the procession reached the bend of the stream, a woman threw herself at the King's feet, and poured out, in voluble Welsh, a complaint against the Bishop. Her story was interpreted to Henry, but he gave no promise of redress. Then the suppliant became abusive, and, clapping her hands, repeatedly shouted out : " Llechllafar, avenge us this day ! Avenge our nation on this man !" As Henry had been wounded by nobody in Ireland—in fact, had had no fighting at all there—it is hard to see how the prophecy applied to him. But his wonted contempt for superstition seemed for a moment to fail him. He hesitated and glanced keenly at the stone, but, soon recovering himself, walked across with a firm step ; and then, turning and looking back at the stone, he said half angrily : " Who will now believe that liar Merlin ?"

Then the procession entered the " Church founded in honour of St. Andrew and St. David "—not, of course, the present cathedral, but its immediate predecessor. As nothing is said of the Bishop, Giraldus's uncle, he must have been absent at the time of the King's unexpected visit. The Canons found themselves in a more serious difficulty than the absence of their unpopular diocesan. The King naturally wanted Mass to be said, but he had come so late in the day that at first it was thought impossible to find one of the clergy who had fasted till that hour ; but eventually one was found, a chaplain who for some reason or other had kept that day as a fast. Giraldus seems to have regarded this as a special interposition of Providence in favour of the royal pilgrim.

After supper the King and his suite rode on to the Castle of Haverfordwest, which, according to Giraldus, was only a twelve-mile ride. According to a local tradition, the distance is sixteen miles and seventeen hills; but, then, Giraldus's notions of distance were always vague. On their way they passed Newgale, where in the storms of the previous winter so much sand had been displaced that the buried petrified forest had come for a while to light. From Haverford he pushed on by the coast road through Carmarthen and Swansea. It was Saturday before he reached Cardiff, where he slept that night.

Next morning, Low Sunday or Low Easter, he heard early Mass in the Chapel of St. Perian. The service was over, and the King, who with unwonted devoutness had lingered on his knees after the rest had departed, was mounting his horse, when a strange figure suddenly presented himself. It was a tall man, of about forty years of age, with emaciated countenance and yellow, closely-cut hair. He wore a close-fitting white tunic, fastened with a belt, and descending almost to his bare feet. Leaning on his long staff, he gravely saluted the King in the English tongue; then, in the name of Christ, and the Holy Mother, and St. John the Baptist, and Peter the Apostle, he admonished him to enforce strictly the due observance of the Lord's Day. Henry, who did not speak English well, said to Philip de Mercros, a Glamorganshire knight, who was holding his horse's bridle, and was acting as interpreter: "Ask the clown if he dreamt this." Philip interpreted the contemptuous question. Then the stranger, addressing the King, warned him in solemn tones that if he disregarded the admonition, and did not mend his own life, before the end of a year he should have grievous tidings of trouble coming from those he loved best on earth—trouble that should endure to the end of his life. Henry put spurs to his horse, but had only gone a few yards, when he reined in and bade

them " call back that good man." But the stranger had disappeared, and though Philip and one of the King's pages searched carefully the chapel precincts and the inns of the little town, no trace of him could be found. Then Henry, deeply impressed with the warning and vexed because he had let him depart without more converse, rode away over the Rhymney. Within the twelvemonth the warning—whether given by a supernatural visitant, as Giraldus evidently believed, or by some devout anchorite on whose heart the burden of his nation's sins lay heavily—was fulfilled by the rebellion of his eldest son, with whom Richard and Geoffrey were accomplices. This trouble never departed from his life, till he ended his eventful career crushed by the shame of an unexpected defeat, and heart-broken by the treason of the children for whose aggrandisement he had done and suffered and sinned so deeply.

Never again did he return to Pembrokeshire. The story of Ireland henceforth ceases to be a part of the story of Pembrokeshire, except so far as it affects the fortunes of her Earls, or as the distracted land offers to some of Pembrokeshire's most famous sons an ample field for their virtues and their crimes.

## CHAPTER VII

### TO THE DEATHS OF EARL RICHARD AND BISHOP DAVID

THE Earl of Pembroke remained for a while in Ireland to enjoy the revenues of his newly acquired domains, and to exercise the carefully limited authority with which his royal master had invested him. His headquarters were usually at Kildare, for Dublin, so treacherously won and so gallantly defended, was in the hands of the King's officers. The Earl's sister Basilia was given in marriage to Robert de Quenci, who was made Constable of Leinster. The union was not of long continuance, for De Quenci lost his life about two years later in an invasion of Ossory.

The peace which the presence of the King and his army had imposed was soon disturbed by a revival—on a smaller scale, it may be—of the old state of affairs: the chronic feuds and the scarcely intermitted forays which make up the history of pre-Norman Ireland, and which were certainly the rule rather than the exception throughout the four centuries that followed the unfinished conquest. The outbreak of civil war in England and Normany encouraged the Irish malcontents, and matters were not improved by the absence of Earl Richard, who in the spring of 1173, soon after the younger Henry had taken up arms, was summoned by the King to Normandy. Before the end of the summer he was sent back to Ireland, his fidelity being rewarded by the restoration of Wexford and the custody of Waterford and Dublin.*

* "Song of Dermot and the Earl," ll. 2898-2905.

He had orders to send back the "barons and knights" from Wexford and Waterford to Normandy. They landed, according to "The Song," at Druidston Chins, in St. Bride's Bay. The Chins are at present about the most impracticable part of the coast of the bay for a landing, but Druidston and Nolton Haven, a little to the north, and Broad Haven a little to the south, would be practicable.

> "Towards London they turned direct
> With all their men,"

and they arrived in time to take part in the campaign against the Earl of Leinster and his Flemish mercenaries. The rhyming chronicler claims for them and their Irish auxiliaries a principal share in the decisive victory of Torneham, near Bury St. Edmunds, on October 16, 1173.

Confused as is the sequence of events in our authorities, it seems to be clear that the death of the Earl's brother-in-law, De Quenci, occurred after the Earl's return from Normandy. The little army was returning to Kildare from a raid into Ossory, and the Earl had gone ahead with the main body and the stolen cattle, when O'Dempsey of Ossory fell suddenly on the rearguard and slew the Constable. His death led to unpleasant consequences. Not Raymond, the favourite of the soldiery, but his rival and personal enemy, Hervey de Montmaurice, was entrusted with the vacant office. Eventually the clamours and threats of the men compelled Earl Richard to supersede him by Raymond, as far as the actual conduct of operations in the field was concerned. Giraldus tells of a successful invasion of Ossory, and of a brilliant exploit against the Prince of Desmond. The withdrawal of a large part of the Anglo-Norman garrison had given the men of the south—Irish and Danes—an opportunity of which they naturally availed themselves. In

a naval battle with the men of Cork, " Philip of Wales, a young soldier of great prowess," had slain with his own hand the leader of the enemy, and Adam de Hereford, the commander of the English squadron, returned in triumph to Waterford with several captured ships and much booty. About the same time Raymond's first cousin, Meiler Fitz Henry, performed in a sortie from Waterford one of those feats of superhuman valour with which Giraldus loves to adorn the biographies of his kinsmen. Raymond in due time sought the hand of the widowed Basilia. The Earl, however, stubbornly refused the request, the granting of which would have included the constableship of Leinster. Thereupon Raymond withdrew in high dudgeon to his Pembrokeshire home at Carew, the death of his father furnishing a colourable excuse. William Fitz Gerald, Nesta's eldest legitimate son, was a little more than seventy years old at the time of his death.

Raymond's departure was followed by serious military reverses. Hervey, now restored to the constableship, planned a campaign against Limerick. The Earl and the Constable had advanced to Cashel, but the militia of Dublin, marching to their support, were surprised near Thurles by Donald of Limerick, and routed with great loss. The Earl had to fall back on Waterford, where he was virtually beleaguered, while Roderic of Connaught advanced to the suburbs of Dublin, burning and slaying. In this extremity Earl Richard appealed to Raymond, offering him his own terms. The response from Carew Castle was prompt. Raymond came to Wexford Harbour with fifteen ships. He was accompanied by his cousin, Meiler Fitz Henry, thirty knights of his own kindred, one hundred archers, and three hundred foot-soldiers, " the pick of the youth of Wales." He arrived at Wexford just in time to prevent a massacre of the English in the town. The news that a fleet had been sighted bearing

the well-known banner of the Geraldines checked the fury of the populace, which was on the verge of rebellion.

The next step was to relieve the Earl, who was hard pressed at Waterford, and to bring him safely to Wexford. Tyrrell, the Governor of Waterford, attempting to follow his chief, was murdered by the Ostmen who were taking him across the Suir. When the murderers returned to Waterford, they commenced a massacre of the English. Eventually the garrison of Ragnald's Tower succeeded in quelling the revolt, but not before some two hundred of the English had been killed.

Raymond, having performed the first and most pressing part of his compact, insisted on the marriage being carried out without delay, and Basilia was brought from Dublin by an armed escort, who had to fight their way through. The marriage—a genuine love-match—was celebrated at Wexford with becoming splendour, but the festivities were brief. The day after the wedding Raymond left hurriedly for the north, where Roderic of Connaught, emboldened by the ease with which he had overrun Meath, was threatening Dublin itself. The rapidity of Fitz Gerald's advance saved the menaced city. Roderic, not caring to risk a battle on the scene of his former overthrow, retreated to Connaught. The fortresses of Meath which he had destroyed were rebuilt and strengthened, and for a little while something like peace was restored to the island.

Giraldus says a little, and Regan a great deal, about the lands which the Earl now granted or redistributed among his leading "barons and knights"—how Raymond had Terth in Co. Carlow, and to this was afterwards added the large territory of Odrone and Glascarreg on the eastern coast; how his uncle Maurice obtained the "Naas" in Kildare, and "Wicklow, which is the land of Killmuntan, between Ath-cliath and Loch Gorman"; how in the district that lay south-east of Kildare and

north of Raymond's lands twenty knight's-fees were given to Walter de Riddlesford, a gallant young knight, who was also of the Geraldine kindred, for his wife was the sister of Meiler Fitz Henry.

Before Earl Richard landed in Ireland in 1170, he had given Funigenal, near Wexford, to Maurice de Prendergast, and had confirmed the grant in Council, for this was the price paid for the Flemish knight's return. In some way or other this part of the Prendergast estates passed, at least for a time, into the hands of another Fleming, Robert the son of Godibert, whose brother Richard had led the first little band that came over to the help of Dermot. Thus one branch of the family of "Godibert the Fleming of Roose" were establishing themselves as territorial lords on the western side of St. George's Channel, though, as we shall see, without severing their connection with Pembrokeshire.

As "Obarthy on the sea," in Wexford County, was now given to Hervey de Montmaurice, Prendergast had for a neighbour the wily knight on whose treachery Giraldus was never tired of dilating. The Archdeacon will have it that even Hervey's marriage with a Geraldine lady, the daughter of Maurice Fitz Gerald who bore the name of her great-grandmother Nesta, was only made with the view of effecting more easily the ruin of his bride's cousin Raymond. The stress laid by the author of "The Song" on the neighbourhood of Prendergast and Montmaurice suggests that he shared Giraldus's bad opinion of the latter.

Meiler Fitz Henry obtained a domain in the south-east of Kildare County. Miles of St. David's, the son of the Bishop, was given an estate in Ossory. One Thomas the Fleming was given what is now the parish of Ardier, a little to the south of Athy on the Barrow.

Meiler Fitz Henry had also a grant in West Meath from Hugh de Lacy, to whose liberality other Pembrokeshire

men were indebted, as Richard the Fleming, and Gilbert and Jocelyn, both of whom were from Angle. Gilbert and Jocelyn received estates in Meath, the former getting what is now the barony of Morgallion, the latter Ardh-ronan and Naven, in the same neighbourhood. These two Castlemartin knights were liberal benefactors to the Church. Richard the Fleming was given an estate near Slane on the Boyne. From this otherwise unknown Pembrokeshire man the Barons of Slane were descended.

At this point "The Song," which is supplied throughout with very few marks of date, becomes more than usually vague; but ultimately we find ourselves listening to an account of the attack and capture of Limerick, which we know to have taken place in the autumn of 1176.

Donnell O'Brien of Limerick has, in the chronicles of the day, a reputation for treachery, which may simply mean that, whenever he had a chance, he threw off his allegiance to the invaders. Raymond had assembled all the forces of Leinster, and the King of Ossory, in spite of some not unnatural suspicions of his fealty, proved a trustworthy guide. By forced marches they reached the neighbourhood of Limerick without opposition. There was, however, only one ford over the river, and that was most difficult to discover. A nephew of Raymond's, David Welsh—perhaps a son of the Bishop—was the first to cross, with one companion, Geoffrey Judas. As they were recrossing to guide the army over, Geoffrey was drowned; but Meiler Fitz Henry spurred his white steed into the stream, and led the way with desperate valour:

"When the knight had crossed over,
'St. David!' he shouted loud and clear;
For he was his lord
Under the Lord God the Creator.
And the knight, with great affection,
Invoked St. David night and day,
That he might aid him
In doing deeds of valour."

The sight of him confronting singly a crowd of Irishmen on the farther shore roused the fainting courage of his men, and then struggled through the foaming river

> "Many barons and knights well armed.
> Before they had all crossed over,
> Many were drowned that day."

With this line the fragment of "The Song" ends, and we no longer have its help to correct or supplement the narration of Giraldus. Limerick was, however, taken and plundered.

On the approach of winter, Raymond led back his victorious army to Leinster, leaving at Limerick a strong garrison under the command of his cousin, "Miles of St. David's," the son of the Bishop.

Early in the spring he found himself in great trouble. Four Royal Commissioners arrived with an order for his immediate return to England. Grave charges had been made against him to the King—misrepresentations which Giraldus attributes to the sleepless malice of Hervey de Montmaurice. Two of the Commissioners were to remain with the Earl; the other two were to accompany Raymond. He lost no time in complying with the royal mandate, but while they were waiting for a favourable wind alarming news came from the west. Limerick had been for some time closely blockaded by the Irish, and the stock of provisions left by Raymond was almost exhausted. The fall of the city was inevitable unless there was speedy relief. The Earl had mustered his soldiers for the expedition, but they with one voice refused to march except under their old commander. Evidently Richard Fitz Gilbert's men had a low opinion of his generalship. The Earl urged that Raymond should remain to conduct the campaign, and the Royal Commissioners accepted the logic of facts. To persist in the recall of Raymond would have been to abandon the garrison of Limerick to their fate.

On the news of the advance of the relieving army, O'Donnell raised the siege of Limerick, and marched to meet the Leinster forces. When, on Easter Eve, Raymond reached the Cashel pass, he found the pass strongly entrenched in the Irish fashion. The greater part of the Leinster army was composed of Irish "friendlies," and Donnell of Ossory warned his English friends that if they failed in their attack their Irish allies, faithful as long as they were victorious, would be ready enough to join their countrymen in slaughtering the vanquished. This not unneeded warning only stimulated the courage of the knights. Meiler Fitz Henry "rushed like a whirlwind at the head of his men into the pass, and, tearing down the rampart, they cut their way through the enemy with great slaughter."

The next Tuesday, April 6, the army entered Limerick. The relief of Limerick was followed by negotiations with O'Donnell, and also with Roderic of Connaught, who came for the purpose to an island in Lough Dearg. The interview with the King of Connaught and former Over-King of Ireland paved the way for the treaty of submission which later in the year he concluded at Windsor.

Raymond's next business was to intervene between Dermot Macarthy, Prince of Cork, and his rebellious son. The herds of cattle which were replaced in this expedition were a welcome addition to the scanty stores of provisions at Limerick.

While he was thus employed in the south, there came a letter from his wife at Dublin. In those days of aristocratic illiteracy it was usual for the bearers of epistles to have some knowledge of their contents, but the bearer of this letter had not been entrusted with its secret. A confidential clerk was found to decipher the document, which Basilia, doubtless as innocent of calligraphy as her husband, had engaged some trustworthy friend to indite. On the face of it, it only informed Raymond that his wife

had lost a great jaw-tooth which had given her great uneasiness ; but the closing sentence implored him : " If you have any care or regard for me, or even for yourself, return with all speed." The quick-witted knight soon read the riddle. His brother-in-law, the Earl whom he had left very ill at Dublin, was dead. According to Giraldus, the Earl died " about the Kalends of June " (June 1). Giraldus usuall yfalls back on the " Kalends " when he is not quite certain about a date, but this time he is probably nearer the true date than Ralph de Deceto, who puts Earl Richard's death down for Easter Monday, April 5. Ralph is usually accurate, but so early a date does not agree with the other notices of the events of this spring.

Raymond and the few friends whom he could take into his confidence decided at once that it was imperative to evacuate Limerick, and it was handed over to the former ruler, Donnell O'Brien, who swore solemnly to hold it for King Henry, whom he had now accepted as his liege lord. The garrison had scarcely evacuated the place, when the bridge was broken down behind them and the town was set on fire in several places at once.

The hurried return to Dublin, the brief lieutenant-governorship of Raymond, the arrival of Fitz Adhelm as Viceroy, and his discreditable treatment of the Geraldines—all this belongs to the history of Ireland rather than of Pembrokeshire.

The Earl's tomb is shown in Christ Church, Dublin. The identification is not beyond question, but in some one of the churches of old Dublin the last Earl of Pembroke of the line of De Clare was laid to rest.

" Tall, but short-necked, of a florid complexion, with a freckled skin, grey eyes, feminine features, and a weak voice "—it is not an attractive or striking portrait that Giraldus has drawn. There was nothing either attractive or repulsive about Richard Fitz Gilbert. Rarely has a

man so commonplace in character and abilities attained to so prominent a place in history. Even to the epithet Strongbow, by which he has been known for centuries, he has no right. It was his father's designation, and it was never given to the son by his contemporaries.

There is good reason for believing that the Irish Princess was his second wife, and that he had children by a former wife or mistress, one of whom may have been the Alena who about a year before her father's death was married to William Fitz Maurice or Fitz Gerald, the son of Maurice Fitz Gerald, and therefore the cousin of Raymond, who had married her aunt. However that may be, Eva's infant daughter Isabel was the sole heiress of her father's lands and honours. Born in 1173, she was just three years old when he died. In July, 1189, the young girl of sixteen was given in marriage to William Marshal, already one of the most distinguished members of the English baronage, and destined to become the foremost English statesman of that age. Thus the earldom of Pembroke passed to the Marshals, the most famous of all the families which in their turn have held the historic title.

The death of the second Earl of Pembroke was soon followed, perhaps preceded, by that of the second of the Norman Bishops of St. David's. For twenty-eight years David Fitz Gerald had sat in the chair of Dewi Sant. His appointment had been resisted by a minority of the Chapter. Although Bernard had been a faithful and strenuous defender of the rights of Menevia, a capable and fairly successful administrator, they urged that his successor should be a Welshman. In view of the fervid Cambrian patriotism of Giraldus, it is amusing to find that his uncle, who had twice as much Welsh blood in his veins, was looked upon as an intrusive alien. Possibly the opposition of the Canons was stimulated by their knowledge of the personal unfitness of the royal nominee. David proved a weak and inefficient administrator of the

diocese, and his incapacity was not atoned for by any of the more spiritual qualifications for his office, such as were sometimes found in prelates whose amiability unfitted them to cope with the ruffianism of the medieval aristocracy. Had he not been a Geraldine, we should have heard enough about the concubine with whom he lived in the precincts of the holiest of the sanctuaries of Wales. Some at least of his children were born after his elevation to the episcopate. His sons were among the bravest of the knightly filibusters who followed Fitz Stephen and Earl Richard. He was accused of portioning off his daughters with Church livings. His marriage might have been defended or excused by an appeal to the traditions of the British Church and of the See of Menevia, yet one need not be an advocate of clerical celibacy to recognize that in the twelfth century the marriage of a Norman priest was presumptive evidence of his unsuitability to be a pastor of pastors. The deceased Bishop's only claim to the respect of posterity is the care which he bestowed on the education of his nephew.

Charges of the dilapidation of the property of a see and of the alienation of its revenues were the common stock-in-trade of ecclesiastical malcontents. His predecessor, Bernard, had not altogether escaped such accusations. In the case of Bishop David, the facts were too notorious to be denied or explained away. The anonymous and bitterly hostile " Vita Davidis II." gives several instances of his alienation of Church lands. Some land near Llawhaden was handed over to his son-in-law Walter, the son of Wyz, the Flemish founder of Wiston. Two knight's-fees were given away to another son-in-law, Robert Fitz Tancred, also a Fleming. Others of his kinsmen are named as recipients of grants—Arnold Ddu, whose relationship to the Bishop is not specified ; Cadwgan, his maternal uncle, a brother of Nesta, not otherwise

known ; and his own brother, Maurice Fitz Gerald, whom, presumably before the Irish wars, he had made " seneschal of all his lands," and whose share of the plunder seems to have been the largest of all.

While Archbishop Thomas was in exile, there was no ecclesiastical authority to whom the exasperated Canons could appeal. This virtual interregnum of the primateship was not ended before the summer of 1174, when Archbishop Richard returned to England after his consecration by Pope Alexander III. In the spring of 1175 the Bishops and Abbots of the Province of Canterbury were summoned to a Council to be opened at Westminster on May 18, the Sunday before Ascension Day. Now at last the long-suffering clergy had found their opportunity. Bishop David had scarcely set out on his journey to the capital, when the Archdeacons and Canons held a meeting and selected " four of the more discreet of the Chapter," who should attend the Council and formally accuse the Bishop. The articles of impeachment, twenty-seven in number, were duly prepared. Special stress was laid on his seizure of the Diocesan Seal and of the " Book of Possessions," so that " what he willed and as he willed he could seal without the assent of the Chapter."

The Bishop was warned by his friends of the impending attack, and before the deputation could have an interview with the Archbishop he met them in London. Throwing himself at their feet, he besought them to proceed no further with the business. He would give up whatever they wished, and do whatever they wished, if only they would not accuse him before the Primate and the Council. Finally he swore upon the relics of the saints that within a fortnight of his return to Menevia everything he had taken away should be restored. This was just what they wanted. The impeachment of the Bishop was abandoned, and the representatives of the Chapter returned home in triumph. In a public assembly

they reported the success of their mission. The diocesan seal was broken in pieces, and whatever documents had been sealed with it were declared to be null and void *in perpetuum*. "The Book of Possessions, with all the privilegia of the Church, they replaced among the treasures. They caused the whole parish* to enter once more the Church of St. Andrew, whose doors had been closed by the Bishop almost all the days of his life."

The designation of the cathedral as "St. Andrew's" Church is worth noting. The twofold dedication to "St. Andrew the Apostle and St. David" is recognized in the Papal privilegium obtained by Bernard in 1123. Was there an earlier dedication to the Apostle alone, which was not altogether disused until the rebuilding of the cathedral by Peter de Leia? This is at least possible.

The cult of St. David in its later medieval form was a twelfth-century novelty introduced by the first Norman Bishop, and enthusiastically embraced by the new aristocracy of Demetia, Normans and Flemings alike.

The influence of this cult may be traced in the revival of the shadowy claims of Menevia to archiepiscopal rank. Historical foundation for these claims there was none. It requires some charity to believe that there was even a traditional basis for them, and that they were not at first deliberate fabrications. By the year 1176 it had become an article of faith at Menevia that St. David and his successors for several centuries had been veritable Primates of Wales.

To have put forward such claims at the Provincial Synod of 1175 would have been absurd, but in the autumn of that year Hugo, Cardinal of St. Angelo, arrived in England as Papal Legate, and in the spring of 1176 a national Ecclesiastical Council was summoned to be held

* *Totam parochiam. Parochia* is perhaps "diocese." More probably it means the Bishop's domain of Pebidiawc, now spelt Pebidiog, or Dewisland.

at Westminster under his presidency. Bishop David, enfeebled by sickness, and probably broken in spirit by the humiliations he had undergone, could not attend the second Council. The Archdeacons and Canons decided to make a determined effort to vindicate the ancient rights of Menevia. Whatever may have been the Bishop's personal sympathy with the movement, he was himself bound by the oath of obedience to Canterbury, which had been extorted from him at his consecration. If Giraldus's words are to be construed literally, " the Archdeacon and the more discreet Canons " went in a body to London. It is more probable that a deputation was appointed to represent the whole capitular body.

The envoys attempted to secure the good-will of the King by the offer of large bribes to him and his counsellors. This, as might have been foreseen, did no good. Henry, habitually gruff to such petitioners, told them at last that he would never do anything of the sort. He would never give the Welsh an Archbishop of their own to serve as a leader of rebellion.

The Council was opened on Mid-Lent Sunday, March 14, but was broken up the next day by a free fight between the servants and partisans of the rival Archbishops. Roger of York had audaciously seated himself in the place of honour at the right hand of the Legate. His chair was quickly overturned, and, lying on the ground with the chair on top of him, he was soundly beaten and kicked by the clerical retainers of his most reverend brother of Canterbury.

The Council was at an end, and Bishops and Abbots were sent home with the Cardinal's benediction. The advocates of St. David had, however, done what they could. In a public audience of the Legate they had made a solemn protestation of the imaginary rights of the ancient bishopric.

A few weeks later, " about a fortnight before Whit-

suntide" (which fell on May 23), the poor old Bishop died. The few servants who were in attendance on him forthwith divided among themselves all the money, gold and silver, that he had in his house; but the servants of the Crown soon arrived on the scene, and made them all give security for what they had taken. The officers then crossed over to the cathedral, and among the relics of the saints they found a chest of which the late Bishop had always kept the key. Breaking this open, they found two hundred marks or more, "gains ill-gotten and ill-guarded." Of this the Canons had known nothing. As he had died intestate, not a penny of this could ever be recovered for the use of the Church.

A meeting of the Chapter was held to discuss the election of a successor. As far as the Chapter were concerned, there was only one candidate in the running —the Archdeacon of Brecon, nephew to the departed prelate. Bishop David's only claim to the gratitude of posterity was the care he had taken of the education of his nephew, Gerald de Barri, better known as Giraldus Cambrensis or Gerald of Wales.*

Gerald had returned in 1172 from the University of Paris. He was then about twenty-five years of age, and had already won a high reputation for learning. Under the feeble and probably corrupt rule of his uncle, the bonds of discipline had been seriously relaxed, and the young scholar, full of zeal for ecclesiastical order, obtained from Archbishop Richard a commission which gave him extensive powers of visitation throughout the diocese. His vigorous discharge of this duty earned him the archdeaconry of Brecon. The Archdeacon, an elderly man named Jordan, was deprived because he would not at Giraldus's bidding put away his wife, whom the youthful representative of the English Primate denounced as a

* Not Gerald the Welshman, which, with all deference to Dr. Henry Owen, is an inadmissible translation.

concubine. The Welsh Archdeacon, thus accused of immorality, was not likely to forget that the "visitor" himself was the nephew of a married prelate. In after-years his treatment of old Jordan weighed heavily upon Gerald's conscience, and to prove the sincerity of his tardy repentance he resigned the archdeaconry.

To Gerald's influence may safely be attributed the plucky attempt of the Chapter to reopen the old controversy about the lost primacy of St. David's. Only the impulsiveness of youth could have dreamed of success. If Bernard had failed when Stephen of Blois was on the throne, what hope could there be under the stern rule of Henry of Anjou? Yet the dream, if wild, was not ignoble. His enthusiasm in the cause of their beloved Menevia secured for Gerald the popular suffrages when the see had become vacant.

The sitting of the Chapter was a very long one, and the discussion very prolix, but at last they arrived unanimously at the only decision that was really possible. The names of the four Archdeacons should be submitted to the King, and the one whom he selected should then have the unanimous vote of the Chapter. This was equivalent to the nomination of the Archdeacon of Brecon, for the other three were obscure nobodies, whom the King would not think of appointing. Gerald was the youngest of the four—not yet thirty—but his learning, his conspicuous energy, his lineage, princely on one side, noble on the other, marked him out as the fittest of all men to rule over the old Demetian diocese, to be, if Providence so willed, the first of a new line of Archbishops of Wales.

So carried away with the enthusiasm of the hour were the clergy that, when the final vote was taken, as if Gerald's election were an accomplished fact, they burst out into the *Te Deum*—"more impulsively than prudently," says one who could never forget the scene.

When the crowd who had been waiting outside heard the jubilant hymn, their fervent acclamations ratified the choice of the Chapter. It was a proud moment for Gerald, but to him, perhaps to others, the stillness of the night brought grave reflections. What would King Henry say? Without his permission, before he had been even informed of the vacancy, they had dared to nominate a new Bishop. A violation of law and precedent so audacious could not fail to provoke a milder-tempered ruler. So in the morning Gerald came into the Chapter, and, to the surprise of all, renounced the nomination. It was too late. Tidings of Gerald's unauthorized election soon reached the King. The counter-stroke was swift. The lands and rents of the Archdeacons and Canons were promptly sequestered, and Henry swore roundly that, as they had excluded him from the election, he would exclude them all from promotion. Against none, says Gerald, was he so bitter as against the Bishop-designate. Gerald's private property and the other livings he held made him comparatively indifferent to the temporary loss of his archidiaconal salary, but his colleagues were quickly brought to submission by the confiscation of their incomes.

The Norman Kings were seldom in a hurry to fill up a vacant see, and there was a delay of some months before the new Bishop of St. David's was appointed. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of the province were consulted by the King, and they unanimously recommended Gerald as the most suitable person n the diocese. The Archbishop was especially emphatic n this recommendation, but the King was inexorable. After the Council had broken up, he told the Archbishop nd two or three others who remained behind to talk with him that it would be unsafe to appoint to St. David's ne who was closely related to Rhys ap Gruffydd and to early all the chief men of Wales.

This confidential statement of the King's was repeated to Gerald, also in strict confidence, by the Bishop of Worcester. The Bishop wondered at his friend's eagerness to obtain one of the poorest bishoprics in the kingdom. The slenderness of the episcopal income made it difficult to find a suitable man for the post. Eventually the royal choice fell on Peter de Leia, an Italian by birth, and Prior of the Cluniac house of Wenlock in Shropshire. Gerald almost exhausts his copious vocabulary of vituperation in describing the incapacity and misconduct of the man who sat in the chair which he had hoped to fill. Yet eight years later, when Archbishop Richard died, and the Chapter of Canterbury were looking out for "a good and just man" to succeed him, they chose Peter, Bishop of St. David's, though the election was vetoed by the King, the right of election being claimed by the Bishops and Abbots of the province. Further, this poor, spiritless creature, whom the Archdeacon of Brecon speaks of as if he were beneath contempt, left behind a more splendid monument than any other of the long line of prelates—Welsh, Norman, or English. Whatever the founder of the cathedral may have been, he certainly was not a weakling or a fool.

The election took place at Winchester, for the Canons and Archdeacons, cowed by the seizure of their lands and rents, had meekly accepted a sum of money for their travelling expenses to follow the King from place to place, so as to be at hand to make the formal election whenever he should have his nominee ready. With this part of the business Gerald had nothing to do. At Winchester, therefore, in the royal bedroom, before the couch on which their master was lying, they elected Peter de Leia, and with trembling voices sang the *Te Deum*. Peter was consecrated at Canterbury on November 7, by Gilbert, Bishop of London, acting for the absent Archbishop, the Bishops of Worcester and Rochester assisting. He took

the usual oath of obedience to Canterbury. At the Council of London, four months later (March, 1177), he repeated it in the presence of the Archbishop. Gerald alleges that this " profession of obedience " included an additional clause, especially directed against the old Menevian claims, but this assertion is not borne out by the entries in the Profession Rolls.

## CHAPTER VIII

### GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS

GERALD DE BARRI, better known as Giraldus Cambrensis or Gerald of Wales, was the youngest of the four sons of William de Barri and his wife Angharad, the daughter of Nesta and Gerald de Windsor. William's father, Odo de Barri, who hailed from the Glamorganshire Barry, had been one of the early Norman settlers in Demetia, and had died in 1131. Giraldus never forgot that he was a Norman: three-fourths Norman and one-fourth Welsh was the exact analysis of his nationality. Yet he was proud of his descent from the ancient royal house of Wales, and it was on the glories of his mother's kindred that he loved to dilate. The Geraldines, the Fitz Henrys, and the Fitz Stephens, formed a great clan whose bond of union was their common descent from the daughter of Rhys ap Tewdwr. Their relations with their kinsmen, the sons and grandsons of Nesta's brother, Gruffydd ap Rhys, were usually hostile, though prudence often enforced a more friendly policy, and the ties of blood were not wholly forgotten on either side.

One of the most interesting chapters of Giraldus's autobiography is that in which he tells the story of his altercation with Rhys ap Gruffydd, who had spoken deprecatingly of the Geraldines. The Welsh chieftain, whose later title of "the Lord Rhys" indicated his definite renunciation of the royal claims of his house,

had come to Hereford to confer with the representatives of the King. These were the newly elected Primate, Archbishop Baldwin, and the famous Justiciary, Ranulph de Glanville. No date is given—Giraldus rarely gives dates—but it could not have been earlier than 1185.

The Lord Rhys was the honoured guest of the Bishop of Hereford, William de Vere. Bishop William was of the blood of the De Clares, and among the guests at the palace was his kinsman Walter, the son of Robert de Clare, described as "a noble baron." One day when they were at dinner Giraldus came in, and, seeing Rhys sitting between the Bishop and his cousin, could not help congratulating him on his comfortable seat between two members of a family whose hereditary possessions he kept in his own hands. Rhys, who was noted for his skill in repartee, replied with a graceful compliment to the illustrious family of the De Clares, and a gentle reminder that the lands of Cardigan were the hereditary possessions of *his* family. The Bishop, with equal courtesy, eulogized the skill and valour of the Lord Rhys.

But it did not end here. When, after their noontide nap, the distinguished company adjourned to a summer-house, Rhys, still smarting under Giraldus's ill-timed pleasantry, took the opportunity of paying him back before the company. "The Archdeacon and his relatives, the Geraldines, are descended from my aunt Nesta, and they are indeed good and worthy men; but they are known only in one corner of Wales—that is, in the cantred of Pembroke." Giraldus rejoined: "At any rate, the sons of Nesta obtained seven cantreds of Demetia. The eldest, that is, William Fitz Gerald, had Pembroke and Emlyn; Robert Fitz Stephen, Cardigan and Kemes; Henry, the King's son, Narberth and Peulinioc; Maurice, Llanstephan; William Hay, St. Clears; Howel and Walter, Lampeter and Evelfrei, with other lands. Also Nesta's two daughters, Angharad, my mother, and Gledewis, were

married to the two Barons of Roose and Pembroke. Besides these six or seven barons, she had her son David, Bishop of Menevia, who presided over nearly the whole of South Wales with pontifical authority."

Then he went on to remind his hearers how Robert and Maurice, and Raymond and Meiler, had begun by their enterprising valour the conquest of Ireland, and had won thirty and more cantreds there; while the sons of Gruffydd seemed to be unable to live anywhere outside a small part of South Wales, some seven or eight cantreds at most. "They claim the whole as theirs by hereditary right, yet they neither seek other lands beyond the sea, nor can they reconquer their own inheritance." Rhys crimsoned with vexation at these cruel taunts, addressed to the representative of the vanquished dynasty in the presence of a crowd of Norman Bishops and barons, but he had sufficient self-command to content himself with a courteous reference to the great conquest that had been made in Ireland, "if only they can keep it." "This he added," writes Giraldus, "because these two nations, the Welsh and the Irish, sustain themselves with the hope of one day recovering all the lands taken from them by the English." We fear that the writer of those lines would have keenly resented the description of himself as "Gerald the Welshman."

Apparently, the genealogical information contained in this chapter has not been appreciated at its full value by the students of Giraldus. Even his latest biographer, whose researches among the official records of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries have laid all subsequent workers under the deepest obligations, has not availed himself of the clues thus furnished.

It would be interesting to identify the husband of Gledewis either with the "baron of Pembroke," as the order of the names would suggest, or with the "baron of Ros," in which case there would be a reasonable pre-

sumption that he was one of the chiefs of the Flemish colony.

That there were close relationships between the Flemish leaders and the Geraldine clan is certain, although Giraldus, proud alike of his Norman kindred and of his princely Welsh forbears, is careful not to give undue prominence to any ties that linked him or his family with the new-comers from Flanders.

The daughters of Gerald and Nesta both of them bore names that recalled their ancient princely lineage. Especially significant was the name of Giraldus's mother. Angharad was the daughter of Meredith ap Owain, whose marriage with the heroic Llewelyn ap Seissyllt at the beginning of the eleventh century opened up a new and most calamitous chapter in the history of South Wales. Through this Princess, her great-grandmother, Nesta traced her descent from that old House of Dyfed whose records and traditions went back undoubtedly to the sixth century, and probably to the third. That she should have given to her daughter this name, so rich in ancient and patriotic associations, shows that the quondam mistress of the Norman King, the wife of the Norman baron, had not ceased to cherish the memory of the long line of the Princes of Dyfed whose blood flowed in her veins.

Giraldus's Cambrian patriotism had been a puzzle to all his biographers. The most favourably disposed have been tempted to regard it as a thin veneer of sentiment, the pretext rather than the motive of the fight for St. David's chair. It is usually forgotten that the contest, though it bulks so largely in his biography, and though it inspired some of his most important writings, was in reality a comparatively brief episode in a long and active public life. He was already past his prime when he threw himself into the hopeless struggle, but he had reached that stage of life when over many minds the ties of kindred and of ancestry exert a subtle and powerful

influence which has been lacking in earlier years. May not the memory of ancestral traditions, learned at his mother's knee, have had much to do with the fervour with which he espoused the claims of Menevia to the independent primacy of the Cambrian lands ? Whatever memories of his country's past Angharad may have imparted to her youngest son would necessarily be Demetian rather than Cambrian in their colouring, and Demetian rather than Cambrian was the local patriotism in which the mind of Giraldus was steeped. In the oft-quoted passage from the " Itinerary " in which he extols the charms of his birthplace, he pays Demetia just such a tribute as would come naturally from the pen of one whose forefathers had held the chieftainship of Dyfed, when the South-West of Wales was more than the equal of the north-west in political influence and in its claims to the hegemony of the much-divided land.

The charming little preface to his autobiography ends with this sentence : " The first part of this work deals with the birth of Giraldus, the doings of his boyhood and youth ; the second part, with the doings of his manhood and his prime ; the third part, with the doings of more advanced and mature age—full of great labours and perils and persecutions." Accordingly, the first book brings the narrative down to his thirtieth year ; the second to his forty-sixth year. The greater part of the third book is lost, but the table of contents prefixed to the work shows that it brought down the record nearly to his sixtieth year—that is, to the beginning of those calmer but more fruitful days that followed the close of the hopeless contest.

He was born in 1147. Of his three older brothers, Philip, the eldest, and Robert figure in the story of the Conquest of Ireland. The name of the third is unknown. Besides these four brothers, there was a fifth, the son of William de Barri, but not of Angharad. It is often said

that this lad, Walter de Barri, was the son of William de Barri by a former marriage. It is more probable that he was the son of a concubine, but brought up with his half-brothers, like that son of Gerald whom Owen ap Cadogan carried off from the Castle of Pembroke with the children of Nesta. This boy Angharad loved " with the love, not of a stepmother, but of a mother."

In the year of Gerald's birth, his uncle David, the Archdeacon of Cardigan, was made Bishop of St. David's. Her brother's promotion may well have suggested to Angharad the choice of a clerical career for her youngest son, the boy who had been named after his grandfather, Gerald de Windsor.

Giraldus, who liked to think of himself as marked out from his birth for the priestly vocation, tells how, when his brothers were building on the narrow sands of Manorbier castles and walled towns and palaces, he was always building churches and monasteries. His father, looking on at his children's sports, used to call him " my little bishop." One night there was dire alarm at Manorbier. Welsh raiders were about, and an attack on the castle was expected. The danger was real enough, for Angharad's cousins, the sons of Gruffydd, were daring warriors, who had captured many a Norman stronghold. When the young men were seizing their arms and rushing to their places on the ramparts, little Gerald was heard crying, and begging to be taken, not to the safest room in the castle, but to the church on the other side of the valley. To the child it seemed that the safest place was, not within the castle walls, but in the little church on the bleak, wind-swept hill-side, for was that not the House of God? The night passed away quietly after all, but Gerald's childlike confidence in the safety of the sanctuary was remembered as one more foreshadowing of his life-long consecration to the service of the Church.

As he grew older, and could join his brothers in their

rough games, and listen to their talk of warlike adventures, he began to forget these churchly proclivities and to neglect his studies. Then his uncle, Bishop David, came and took him off to live with him, under the tuition of two of his chaplains. Was this after his mother's death—the mother whom he loved sincerely, but to whom, as to his father, he makes such scanty allusion in his reminiscences of his youth? Perhaps he deemed it beneath the dignity of literature to say much about his parents or his home. One pathetic glimpse we have of his later boyhood. One morning, when a hostile expedition was preparing to start for the Welsh territories, Walter, the stepson whom Angharad had reared so lovingly, told his father and his half-brother Gerald of a remarkable dream he had had. His dead stepmother had come to him, and had earnestly begged him, if he valued his life, not to go out on that day's foray. His father urged him not to disregard the warning, but to stay at home that morning. It was all in vain. The high-spirited youth would not have it said that he was frighted by a dream, so, in spite of all admonitions, he rode off with his companions, and before night he was slain by the enemy.

At first Giraldus made little headway under his new tutors, until at last, provoked beyond endurance by his inattention, one of them, to annoy him, declined "block-head" (*durus*), and the other declined "simpleton" (*stultus*). These taunts were more effective than any flogging would have been, and the boy soon shot ahead of all his fellow-scholars of his own country. The Bishop's own sons proved themselves in after-years to be sturdy fighters, but apparently none of them took kindly to books. Whatever ecclesiastical ambition David cherished for his own family centred in his handsome and gifted nephew, who lived with him at Llawhaden, or Lamphey.

After an interval of study at the great abbey of St. Peter's, Gloucester—the abbey which disputed with the Hospitallers of Slebech the ownership of several of the churches of Dungleddy—Giraldus, whose father was now dead, completed his education by three years' study at Paris. The School of Paris was then becoming the most famous in Western Europe. Here again he out-distanced all his competitors, and so brilliant was his academic career that, when the University teachers wanted to hold up a pattern for the imitation of their students, they used to say: "Look at Gerald from Cambria!"

There is a frankness about Giraldus's vanity that disarms criticism, and we need not hesitate in this matter to take him at his own valuation. In the twelfth century learning such as his must have been rare indeed. His pages bristle with quotations from classical authors—Latin of course, for of Greek he knew little or nothing, probably nothing. Greek was at least as rare an accomplishment then as Arabic or Sanscrit is nowadays. It is not merely that he quotes freely. His whole style, and especially that of his numerous Latin poems, is that of a man familiar with classical literature, and one constantly meets with phrases that are reminiscences—often unconscious reminiscences—of the authors whom he had studied in his youth.

The expenses of his residence at Paris were apparently defrayed from his share of the family property. The impecunious Bishop, however attached to his nephew, could not have afforded him much pecuniary help. Whatever spare cash he had was needed for the family, of whose existence Giraldus says no more than he can help.

Giraldus's return to Wales in 1171 or 1172 was probably before King Henry's return from Ireland, and so in that part of his narrative we have the account of an eye-witness. It is possible that he was home when the King

was in Pembrokeshire the previous autumn, waiting for a favourable wind. At this time the position of the Geraldine clan was one of some uncertainty. Undoubtedly they had won great prestige by their exploits in Ireland, but there was an element of uncertainty as to their treatment by the King. The result was, however, on the whole, satisfactory from their point of view, and the knightly filibusters retained the greater part of their ill-gotten gains.

Giraldus's action as an enthusiastic Church reformer has been already referred to. The refusal throughout the diocese of tithes of wool and cheese was what chiefly led him to obtain visitorial authority from the Archbishop—in itself sufficient evidence that as yet he had no sympathy with the claims put forward on behalf of St. David's. A sort of compromise was effected with those who were willing to submit, a third part of the penance enjoined being remitted in their case. The Flemings of Roose and Dungleddy were more obstinate, and, appealing to the royal authority, obtained a relaxation of the interdict laid on them, and immunity from these tithes. When, in the troubled times that followed the death of Henry II., the hand of Rhys and his Welshmen pressed heavily on the Flemings, Giraldus saw in it a Divine retribution for their sin. They who would not give the tithes of their wool saw their wool-bearing sheep and their other property carried off by the victorious Welshmen. For the present the Flemings had the best of it. Giraldus was bitterly mortified, but he managed to score one point. He obtained from the Archbishop letters to the Bishop of the diocese, limiting the exemption from tithes to the inhabitants of Roose only. Thus the inhabitants of Dungleddy were brought back under the interdict, as well as his own parishioners of Angle, who, though they lived in the province of Pembroke, yet, being Flemings, claimed to enjoy the same exemp-

tion as their kindred north of the harbour. The people of Laugharne, too, some of whom were Flemings, and who were very rich in sheep, were very rebellious and defiant. Of course this measure made Giraldus very popular with the clergy, and very unpopular with other people, especially with the Flemings. He seems to have been ultimately driven to make some further compromise with the Flemings outside Roose. The tithing of wool and cheese (did this include butter ?) was obviously an innovation as much as his enforcement of clerical celibacy.

On the latter point neither his judgment nor his conscience was quite at ease—so much is clear from the admissions he makes in more than one of his books—but both innovations were in accordance with the practice of the Churches of the Continent.

His parishioners at Angle, who were not only under the interdict, but excommunicated as well, had made due submission, and a day was fixed for their absolution. The night before the appointed day Gerald was staying at Carew, at his cousin Odi's castle, their uncle, the Bishop, being there as well. In the morning there was a terrible storm of wind and rain, but Giraldus, deaf to all remonstrances, insisted on riding through it for fifteen miles rather than disappoint the penitents who were expecting him. Some of the opposition to his authority was due, as he himself admits, to the proverbial disrespect for a prophet in his own country. Thus, when he came to Pembroke Priory, William Karquit, the Sheriff of the " county," just to show his contempt for the new visitor, ordered his servants to drive off eight yoke of oxen from the priory lands, and scornfully refused to return them. On his third refusal, Giraldus, in presence of the monks and of a large company of the neighbouring clergy, pronounced sentence of excommunication with bell, book, and candle. The sound of the triple peal announcing his exclusion from the com-

pany of the faithful, struck terror into the Sheriff's heart, and next day, repairing with his booty to Llawhaden, he made submission in the presence of the Bishop and Giraldus, and of Giraldus's colleague in the visitation, one Master Michael. After a public scourging, probably a mild one, he received absolution. Yet at the next county meeting he complained of his public excommunication. Others complained that Giraldus had gone with an armed force to take possession of Laugharne Church.

Richard Fitz Tancred of Haverfordwest, "who hated Giraldus and all his kin," was very bitter. He said very plainly what he would have done to Giraldus and all the company that went to Laugharne if he had only known in time, and intimated his readiness to "do for him" at the first opportunity. Words ran high between the assembled magnates, until at last Odi de Carew and Philip de Barri, Giraldus's cousin and brother, who were sons-in-law of Richard Fitz Tancred, told him sharply to hold his tongue and leave off talking nonsense. Did he not remember how, when the Flemings killed another Gerald, Odi's elder brother, at Camrose, twenty years before, the Geraldines slew two hundred Flemings in one day? If this Gerald was killed by him or his men, a like terrible and bloody revenge would be taken.

The comical story of Giraldus's excommunication of the Bishop of St. Asaph at Kerry, in Montgomeryshire, does not exactly belong to Pembrokeshire history; but, occurring just after his uncle's death, the incident put an end to any slight chance Giraldus may have had of succeeding him at St. David's.

Whatever disappointment Giraldus may have felt, he submitted to the inevitable with better grace than might have been expected. His appeals to the Bishop-elect to refuse or evade the oath of canonical obedience to Canter-

bury were as fruitless as he must have foreseen they would be, but they were an expression of sympathy with the claims which the Chapter were making on behalf of Menevia. That he at this time attached much importance to those claims may be doubted, and there is no reason to think that he gave any support to the Canons when they urged them at the Council of the Lateran in 1179. He was then in Paris, whither he had gone soon after the appointment of Peter de Leia. Three years of the study of the canon law and of theology helped still further to equip him for the ecclesiastical duties and the literary labours to which he was to devote the remainder of his life. His lectures, he tells us, were received with great applause. It had been his original intention to go from Paris to the celebrated school of jurisprudence at Bologna, but he was compelled to give up the project. The irregularity of the remittances of his income from his Pembrokeshire property and from his numerous benefices made his return both desirable and difficult. In his distress—for his creditors were becoming clamorous—he repaired to the Church of St. Germain at Auxerre, where there was a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. The very day that he presented his offerings and his prayers at the shrine of the martyr the messengers from England arrived with the needed funds.

On his homeward journey, at Arras he saw from the window of his inn the knights of Count Philip of Flanders riding at the quintain. He was right loyally entertained by the monks of Holy Trinity at Canterbury, but was shocked by the prodigality and luxuriousness of their banquets. He spent a night with the Archbishop of Canterbury at one of his country-houses, and next morning, at the Primate's request, he hurried on to Southwark in time to dissuade his friend the Bishop of Winchester from granting a divorce to his own sister

and her husband, who were mutually anxious for a separation, for which they were willing to pay a large sum of money. The result was a reconciliation between them, and thus the Bishop was saved from a serious family scandal. His friendly visit to the Archbishop had important results for Giraldus. Peter de Leia had been getting on badly with the Welsh clergy, and had been driven out of Wales—" or rather," says Giraldus, " had pretended that he was driven out." Soon after the Archdeacon's arrival at home the Bishop, acting on the advice of the Primate, appointed him his commissary for the administration of the diocese, " in all matters both temporal and spiritual, except those sacraments which are allowed to Bishops only." What followed is best told in Giraldus's own words: " When then he had for a considerable time ruled the church of Menevia wisely and moderately, the bishop, from the English monastery in which he was staying, presumed rashly and inconsiderately, by his letters and messengers, to suspend some and to excommunicate others of the canons of St. David's, and of the archdeacons, though they had been neither sent for nor cited nor convicted, nor had they made any confession. When Giraldus endeavoured to correct these things yet could not, but against his advice and frequent dissuasion the bishop from day to day raged more furiously against them, then, sympathizing with and compassionating his church, he resigned to the bishop the care and custody of it committed to him ; and his chapter firmly adhering to him, he obtained from the archbishop the just absolution of those who had been illegally excommunicated and suspended ; and he prudently and discreetly defended his church against the extraordinary and rash injuries inflicted upon it by the bishop. Also a new official sent by the bishop, to the injury of the church and clergy of St. David's, he caused to be repelled and rejected and dishonoured."

Giraldus pleads that his love and devotion towards his Church was such that he would rather defend her as a private person than remain in power to oppress her or consent to her oppression. The sincerity of his love for his Church cannot be questioned, but it is not wonderful that those who remembered his readiness to appeal to the English Primate, and to act as his representative, should have had little patience with his later championship of the independence and archiepiscopal status of St. David's.

Of the details of the contest between himself and the Bishop he tells us very little. Before long the quarrel grew so bitter that Giraldus lodged a criminal charge against Peter before the Pope, and he was doing his utmost to procure his deposition when the efforts of some of the great men of the diocese brought about a reconciliation; and at a synod held at St. David's about Whitsuntide, probably in 1181, a restitution of all lands unjustly taken, either by the Bishop from the Chapter or by the Chapter from the Bishop, or by one Canon from another Canon, was agreed upon and sworn to. So anxious was the Bishop for a lasting peace that in his restoration of lands to Giraldus he went beyond the terms of the agreement. He went so far in this direction that Pontius, the Archdeacon of Pembroke, and Giraldus's brother, Philip de Barri, privately pointed out to Giraldus the mischief that was being done, urging him, as the probable successor of Peter, to check this impoverishment of the episcopal revenues. Giraldus, however, was superior to such considerations. In his autobiography he complacently appeals to his conduct at this time as a proof of his zeal for righteousness.

Giraldus was now, to all appearance, on the highroad to promotion. The King summoned him to the Council then assembled at Gloucester for the pacification of Wales. This seems to have been in 1184. Henry afterwards prevailed on him to become an attendant (*sequela*)

of the Court, and one of the royal chaplains. It was his sorest grievance against the King that after several years of faithful service, especially in helping to keep the peace in Wales, he got nothing but empty compliments and unredeemed promises.

In 1185, by the King's command, he accompanied Prince John on his ill-starred journey to Ireland. John, escorted by the Justiciary, the famous Ranulph de Granville, came to Pembroke by the coast road, as his father had done thirteen years before. It had been intended that he should visit St. David's, but the sailors being anxious to take advantage of a sudden change of the wind, the fleet sailed on Wednesday in Easter week (April 25), and Menevia was left unvisited—an evil omen, thought Giraldus. The Prince's government of Ireland was an utter failure—the marvel is that his father should have expected anything else from a profligate boy of eighteen—and he returned to England in December; but Giraldus remained behind to collect materials for his "Topography of Ireland" and his "History of the Conquest." Marvellous books they both are. There are chapters in the "Topography" which suggest the idea that Giraldus was the most gullible of mortals, and that the Irish priests and some of the Pembrokeshire knights were past-masters in the art of yarn-spinning.

There are other portions of the book that show Giraldus to have been a close and shrewd observer of natural phenomena. He was certainly a keen observer of men and manners. The "Topographia Hibernica" is one of the most delightful of medieval books, and for the student of Irish history one of the most valuable.

The "Expugnatio Hibernica," the history of the unfinished "conquest," is almost as entertaining as the companion volume, and abounds in vivid sketches of characters and incidents; but it is vitiated by its per-

sistent unfairness to all save the kindred of the author. It is a prose epic to the glory of the Geraldines. Yet we cannot forget that it is the record of the deeds of Pembrokeshire men. The barons and knights who live in its pages, like the heroes of the "Iliad," were men who trod the streets of Haverford and Pembroke—men to whom the shrine of St. David was the most hallowed spot of British soil, and to whom the Presselly Hills, and the banks of the twin streams of the Cleddau, and the broad expanse of the great Haven, were as familiar and as dear as they are to us. Perchance a descendant of the Flemings may half resent the injustice with which his ancestors are treated—the brave knights and soldiers from Roose and Dungleddy who took their full share of the hardships and the perils of the Irish wars, but who, from Maurice de Prendergast and Richard Fitz Godibert down to the humblest foot-soldier, are treated with scant justice—with something like contemptuous indifference —by the enthusiastic chronicler of the exploits of the Fitz Geralds and the De Barris.

In the spring of 1186 there was a Provincial Council held at Dublin. This Council, which was opened on the fourth Sunday in Lent, passed many regulations to correct the slovenliness and the ritual defects characteristic of the Celtic Churches. Among other things, it decreed the use of stone altars instead of wooden tables. All that was after Giraldus's own heart. On the first day the Archbishop, John Comyns, preached on the Sacraments of the Church. Next day Abbot Albinus, afterwards Bishop of Ferns, preached a lengthy sermon in which he eulogized the purity of life of the Irish clergy until they had been corrupted by the new-comers from Wales and England. The sermon was received with murmurs of applause, and followed up by specific charges against the clergy of the Wexford district. The third day the Archbishop put Giraldus in the pulpit. Part of his sermon is

given in the "Topographia." It was a bitter invective against the sins of the Irish clergy. Their chastity was admitted, but the preacher hints his inability to understand how habitual drunkards, such as nearly all of them were, could be wholly free from grosser vices. The frank assumption of immeasurable superiority, the cold-blooded insolence, must have tried the forbearance of the most patient Irishmen, and probably most of the audience would have agreed with the Bishop of Ossory, who told the Archbishop that it was as much as he could do to refrain from "going for" the preacher with his tongue, if not with his fists.

Between Easter and Whitsuntide Giraldus returned to Wales. The composition of his work occupied him for some time. When it was completed, he gave a public reading of it at Oxford. This lasted three days. On the first he entertained all the poor of the town; on the second, the doctors of the different faculties and the most famous students; on the third day, the rest of the scholars with many of the towns-people. This was Giraldus's method of "setting his light upon a candlestick." There was not much fear of his hiding it under a bushel. The date of this great festival is not given. The "History of the Conquest" was not completed till after the publication of the "Topography," but the first edition appeared in the lifetime of King Henry, for it was dedicated to Richard as Count of Poitou.

In the spring of 1188 Giraldus made his memorable itinerary through Wales as the companion of Archbishop Baldwin. They came to preach the Third Crusade, for Jerusalem, captured from the Moslems in the First Crusade, had fallen again into the hands of the infidels. For once the preachers were right in proclaiming the great calamity as the punishment of national sins. If ever there was a disaster due directly to the sins of the Princes of Christendom, it was the fall of the Latin

kingdom of Jerusalem. The heart of Christendom was deeply moved. The loss of the Holy City was felt to be the precursor of other calamities.

Making full allowance for the gravity of the crisis, Giraldus's action in consenting to accompany the English Primate was a deliberate renunciation of any sympathy with the claims of Menevia to independence of Canterbury. The sincerity and unselfishness of Baldwin's crusading zeal was proved by his undertaking at the cost of his life to make the pilgrimage from which Giraldus, a much younger man, was content to purchase exemption. None the less was his preaching tour through Wales a decisive assertion of his archiepiscopal authority over the Welsh Churches of Wales.

The tour was inaugurated on Ash Wednesday, when the Lord Rhys, who had come to welcome the distinguished visitor on his entrance into the Cambrian land, deeply moved by the Archbishop's appeal, fell at his feet and took the sign of the cross. His example was instantly followed by the Bishop of St. David's.

From Radnor, the Primate and his company passed to Hay and Brecon, to Newport, Abergavenny, Cardiff, Swansea, and Carmarthen. At every stage of the journey Giraldus has some object of interest to describe or some racy story to tell. The anecdotes throw every now and then some valuable sidelight on the history of his own time, especially on the warfare which the princely house so closely related to himself waged against the ever-menacing power of the English King, the ever-encroaching rapacity of the Anglo-Norman baronage. Sometimes he recalls with a shudder the cruel vengeance wreaked by the invaders when they had crushed an insurrection of their vassals. A massacre of Welshmen called forth the compassion which he rarely wasted on the Irish victims of his kinsmen's valour.

They were drawing near to Whitland, when the Arch-

bishop was told of a young Welshman who, on his way to meet the preachers of the Cross, had been wantonly slain by archers from the Castle of St. Clears. The good man caused the corpse to be covered reverently with the cloak of his almoner, and himself devoutly commended the soul of the murdered youth to Heaven. Next day at the monastery of the White House the twelve murderers, as a punishment for their crime, were enrolled among the soldiers of the Cross !

The Archbishop was now in the Demetian land. From Whitland the august company went on to Haverfordwest, crossing, Giraldus is careful to tell us, three rivers—the Taf, the Eastern Cleddau, near Llawhaden, and the Western Cleddau at Haverford. Here, in the centre of Dyfed, there was a great gathering of the clergy and the people. At the close of the Archbishop's sermon so few out of the great multitude came forward to take the cross that he exclaimed in sorrow and wonder : " O Lord, what a hard-hearted people is this !" Then he called upon Giraldus, and ordered his own portable cross to be brought forward that the Archdeacon might lean upon it while delivering his sermon. By this time Baldwin had learned that Giraldus was not likely to err on the side of brevity. Giraldus politely suggested that his Bishop, who was sitting by the Primate's side, should first be asked to say a few words. The Archbishop promptly replied : " In this matter we ought to consider, not the dignity of the person, but the grace that God has given him." The sermon was divided into three heads, with an application at the end of each division. When he was engaged upon " thirdly and lastly," so great was the pressure of men coming forward and snatching the crosses that the Archbishop could hardly be guarded from the pressure of the crowd, and the Archdeacon had to pause in his discourse and to speak to the recruits one by one as well as he could.

The day before a knight named Philip Mangunel, a relative of Giraldus's, had told him, "not jokingly, but seriously," that no worthy men of that country would take the cross, because of his preaching or the Archbishop's. Now, as he sat in front of the preacher, Giraldus saw him at each pause of the discourse weeping copiously. At the close he and five or six of his fellow-knights, "worthy and brave men," hurried to the Archbishop, and were signed with the badge of the cross.

The Archbishop often said afterwards that he had not on any one day of his life seen so much weeping as he saw at Haverford. Giraldus remembered how St. Jerome once said that the tears of the people were the praises of the preacher.

The wonderful thing was that, while the Archdeacon spoke only in French and Latin, multitudes of the common people, who understood neither language, wept as much as those who did, and more than two hundred ran together to receive the "sign of the cross." The greater part of the youthful knighthood of Pembrokeshire enrolled themselves that day among the "sworn liegemen of the cross and thorny crown."

Isabel de Clare being still a minor, the earldom of Pembroke was then in the hands of Prince John. The first time the young Prince met the Archdeacon after his return to England, he sharply reproached him with having emptied the county of its fighting strength. "You did it, not for the sake of Jerusalem, but to betray it to your Welsh relations."

The only places in Pembrokeshire where the Crusade was publicly preached were Haverfordwest, St. David's, and St. Dogmael's, near Cardigan; but Giraldus takes the opportunity to say much about his native land—about Manorbier, where he was born; about Pembroke and its castle, of which his grandfather was the first Governor; about the Flemings and their habits; about Tancred and

his son Richard, the Flemish Castellan of Haverford ; and about St. Caradoc, who had died near Haverford sixty years before, and who after his death, in spite of Tancred's opposition, insisted upon being buried at St. David's, and had his way at last, smiting the Flemish knight with sickness after sickness until he yielded. Then there were the unclean spirits who, though unseen, held audible converse with men. These especially favoured the neighbourhood of Pembroke. Among those annoyed by such visitors was Stephen Wyrriot, ancestor of the Wyrriots of Orielton, and of their descendants, the Owen family. Elidur de Stackpoole had a steward, " a red-haired young man," who called himself Simon. No one knew whence he came, but for six weeks he did his work so well that his master did not trouble himself about that, until the steward's persistent absence from Mass excited suspicion. Then it was found that he paid nightly visits to a mill-pond near by to hold converse with his demon kindred. He was the son of a peasant's wife in the neighbourhood, but his father was a demon.

One anecdote is of historical value—that of the robber who, when a prisoner in Haverfordwest Castle, procured his liberty by threatening, unless promised his pardon, to murder three boys, one of whom was the son, and the other the grandson, of the Castellan. The third boy was the son of the Earl of Clare, and the date " in our time " seems to identify the boy with a son of Earl Richard—perhaps the son who figures mysteriously in the stories of the Irish Conquest. We must not forget the blind old woman at Haverford whose sight was restored when she applied to her mouth and eyes a piece of the turf on which the Archbishop had stood when he was preaching to the people.

On the way to St. David's they passed by Newgale, and the Archdeacon recalls how in that memorable winter that King Henry spent at Dublin the storms stripped off

the sands and bared the blackened remains of the submerged forest—a sight which was seen at least once in the nineteenth century.

At St. David's the Bishop, who had accompanied them through their tour, entertained them magnificently. Next morning the Archbishop celebrated early Mass at the high-altar, sorely to the chagrin of the cathedral clergy, who had vainly tried to persuade the Lord Rhys to forbid his visit to their church. Then he hurried off to get as soon as possible to Cardigan, where the Lord Rhys was awaiting him, leaving Giraldus to preach the sermon. Probably he had learnt somehow of his unacceptability to the Chapter.

That night the party slept at the monastery of St. Dogmael's, and the following day they were the guests of the Lord Rhys. The public preaching was on the Pembrokeshire side of the river, not far from the bridge. There were many recruits, and the site of a chapel to commemorate the visit was immediately marked out. It is said that the field is still known as Parc y Capel (the Field of the Chapel).

Of Cilgerran and the Teifi and its beavers he has much to say, and on the northern bank they saw the spot where the Welsh had gained their great victory fifty-two years before. So the stately cavalcade passed from the Demetian land. The peregrination lasted about eight weeks. Chester was reached three days before Easter, and at least a fortnight elapsed before they returned to Hereford, from whence they had set out.

Over three thousand warriors had taken the vow of the Crusade. Among those who drew back were three who had taken the cross at Radnor—Bishop Peter de Leia, Giraldus himself, and the Lord Rhys. The withdrawal of Rhys, whose zeal had at first been sincere and fervent, is attributed by Giraldus to the evil influence of his wife, who, shocking to relate, was his relative—his

fourth cousin. Yet few of those who remained at home had better reasons for doing so.

Barely six years old when his father died, leaving him the youngest of his four surviving sons, he had when still a boy to take his place on the battle-field and at the Council Board. When little more than twenty-three he had become by the deaths of two brothers and the abdication of a third the sole heir of the royal house of Deheubarth, and well had he watched over the remnant of their heritage. In spite of occasional reverses, and of his being once a prisoner in Henry's hands, he had much more than held his own. The alliance with Gwynedd, precarious even in the days of his grandfather, Gruffydd ap Conan, had failed him more than once ; but he himself had been loyal to the cardinal principles of the policy he had inherited from his father, and often the victories of Owen Gwynedd were due to his co-operation. His position was greatly strengthened by his capture of Cardigan and Cilgerran Castles. The failure to reduce Cardigan had been the only drawback to the great victory of 1136.

In 1171, when Henry came to Milford on his way to Ireland, Rhys came to an understanding with him, by which he secured possession of Ceredigion, Ystrad Tywy, and the two north-east commotes of Dyfed. This engagement was ratified on Henry's return the next April, and when the Civil War broke out, Rhys was loyal to the King against his rebellious son. He gradually extended and strengthened his territories in Central Wales, though he failed to retain Meirionydd. But now his sons were giving him serious trouble. Their ravages were a standing provocative to English interference, which had been averted with difficulty in 1184 and 1186 ; while his son Maelgwn burned Tenby in 1187. If his wife was answerable for his breach of his Crusading vow, her conduct may well have been dictated by a prevision of coming perils.

Within fifteen months of Baldwin's visit Henry died, baffled and broken-hearted by the treason of his sons. Then came war again. The old Welsh Prince repeated the triumphs of his earlier years. He ravaged Roose and Pembroke, took Llanstephan and Laugharne and St. Clears. The approach of Prince John with an army saved Carmarthen. A truce, if not a peace, was arranged, and Rhys went to Oxford in October to pay his homage to Richard I.; but Richard's refusal to see him sent him home in a rage, and if war did not break out again at once, there was no lasting pacification. In Dyfed the next year three Welsh nobles were killed by the Normans. In 1192 Rhys's son Gruffydd took Llawhaden Castle, and either that year or the next Wiston was taken by stratagem or treachery, and Llawhaden successfully defended against the attacks of Normans and Flemings. Yet family discord, the bane of the Welsh princely houses, but hitherto absent from the House of ap Tewdwr, was now marring all the fruits of the valour of these sons of Rhys. Rhys himself was imprisoned for a while by two of his own sons in Nevern Castle, and was only released by the stratagems of the one who was known as Howel the Saxon. In 1196 he fought his last campaign, burning Carmarthen, but again failing to take the castle. During all these stormy years Giraldus was far away from the diocese which he longed to rule.

## CHAPTER IX

### GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS—*continued*

GIRALDUS'S silence about the new church that had been built by the man whom he hated and professed to despise is the pettiest of the many pettinesses that disfigure his writings. However enlarged or enriched by later Bishops, the changes and additions do not deprive the Italian priest of the honour of being the founder of the stateliest of the cathedrals of the Principality. Yet there is, apparently, only one reference to the new cathedral in the many volumes which the " elect of St. David's " has left behind him. When King Henry died in July, 1189, Giraldus, who was on the Continent, was sent home by the new King to assist in preserving the peace on the Welsh borders.

When Richard himself was returning from England to Normandy in the following December, he left Giraldus behind him as the colleague of the new Justiciary, William de Longchamps. The King was accompanied by John of Anagni, the Cardinal Legate, who was on his way to Rome. Before they parted at Dover, Giraldus took the opportunity of applying to the Legate on his own behalf and his Bishop's for absolution from their Crusading vows. The letter of absolution which was addressed to the Archbishop assigned the reason that neither the Bishop nor the Archdeacon could afford the expense of the pilgrimage. They had, when they took the vow, expected to go out in company with King Henry. Now that the

King was taken away, they could not make the journey at their own cost. For the Bishop there was an additional reason—his advanced age. Both of them are, however, required to contribute to the expenses of those who will really go to Jerusalem. They are also to give their assistance in every way toward the rebuilding the church of Menevia.

The absolution was to be extended to some of the Bishop's flock who were in the same difficulty.

We need not be surprised at Giraldus's withdrawal from the sacred enterprise. It was more pleasant to be a great officer of State, or, if that failed, to spend a learned leisure in literary work at home, than to share the hardships of a campaign on the Syrian coast. Perhaps, too, his common sense told him that he would be of little use in the camp of Cœur de Lion. Yet what must the good Archbishop have thought of this withdrawal of the colleague whose eloquence had drawn so many to assume the cross, and had melted to tears even the stubborn Flemings of Haverfordwest ? He was destined himself, worn out with fatigue and disappointment, to be buried in a grave in the Sacred Land.

As no request for absolution from his Crusading vow had come from the Bishop of St. David's, the inclusion of his name in Giraldus's application to the Legate was the spontaneous act of the Archdeacon, who thought that it was very much to his own credit. " We see few such deacons nowadays who would not much rather get their bishops sent to a distant country." It was, therefore, a manifest proof that *this* Archdeacon did not pant after or aspire to the succession to his Bishop. As further evidence of his freedom from such unworthy ambition, he tells us how, when Bishop Guy of Bangor died, he flatly refused that see, though it was offered to him by the Justiciary and by the Legate.

On the fall of William Longchamps, John assumed the

regency, and the See of Llandaff falling vacant, it was offered to Giraldus, who refused it as he had refused Bangor. Thus, as he reminds his readers, he had refused four bishoprics—two in Wales and two in Ireland—which Prince John had offered him during his brief vice-royalty eight years before. It had not required much self-denial to refuse the Irish sees, and probably the Welsh bishoprics were not financially attractive.

Soon after his refusal of Llandaff, Giraldus withdrew altogether from the Court and the administration, "for he considered that vain indeed was the attendance at the Court, vain altogether its promises, vain and unworthy the promotions in which merit was not regarded." His original intention had been to return to his old University at Paris, but the outbreak of war made that impossible for a while. The only spot in England that held out strong attractions was Lincoln, where theological studies flourished under the Chancellor, who had been his fellow-student at Paris in earlier years. To the six years he spent at Lincoln he makes hardly an allusion, yet there it was that he did some of his best literary work. To this time are probably to be assigned his biographies of the Bishops of Lincoln.

Giraldus's love of study and of literary work was genuine and deep. Even when he was an attendant at the Court, and busied with administrative duties, he managed to secure time for reading and writing by burning the midnight oil, often sitting at his desk till the dawning of the day. It is remarkable that during all those years of public employment and literary industry the Archdeacon of Brecon and the incumbent of several parishes should have been content to be a couple of hundred miles away from the sphere of his archidiaconal duties and from his pastoral charge. In the six years of his first residence at Lincoln he does not seem to have paid a single visit to South Wales.

But the voice of ambition, if not of duty, was to recall him to the land of his birth. In 1197 the "yellow plague" broke out, and among the victims was the Lord Rhys, who died on April 28. The old chief died under excommunication, the punishment of an outrage perpetrated by his turbulent sons upon the Bishop of St. David's. Bishop Peter, who had no sympathy with Welsh patriotism, had come one day to Rhys's castle at Dinevor to remonstrate with him on the disturbance and injury caused to the Church by his revolt against his lawful Sovereign, the English King. The interview was a stormy one, and that night the young chiefs entered the Bishop's chamber and dragged him out of bed, and out of the castle into the wood, where he was found and rescued by the servants of William de Braose, who was also visiting his father-in-law. William's wife, afterwards the victim of a gruesome tragedy, was an illegitimate daughter of the Lord Rhys.

For such a crime excommunication was the inevitable punishment. Rhys died soon after of the pestilence, and it was with great difficulty that his family obtained the removal of the Church's ban from the dead, and permission to bury him at St. David's. The next year the death of the Bishop gave the signal for the strife which Giraldus's pen has made famous, the fight for the chair of St. David.

On July 16, 1198, Peter de Leia died, and the thoughts of the clergy of the Chapter turned at once to the absentee Archdeacon. The barons of the country agreed with the clergy, and letters and messengers were sent one after another to Lincoln, to tell him that his name was on everybody's lips, and to urge him to go to the Archbishop, who was now the Justiciary, and to secure the acceptance of his nomination. Giraldus's response was most judicious and dignified: "A bishop should not seek, but be sought." "If I were to seek a bishopric for

myself, I should prove myself unworthy of the office. Since I have enough for myself, I have no wish to leave my studies and my quiet and comfortable home here." All that was very wise and proper, yet he could not resist the fascination of Menevia.

He had been nominated with three others, two of them Welshmen—Walter, the Abbot of St. Dogmael's, and Peter, the Abbot of Whitland. The fourth name was that of an Englishman, Reginald Foliot, because it was thought unwise to send up only the names of natives of Wales ; but, says Giraldus, nobody wished him to get it. Archbishop Hubert, the able and hard-headed successor of Baldwin, was inexorable. The King, he said, will not have a Welshman at St. David's, especially one related to the Welsh Princes. The truth was that Hubert had a personal grudge against Giraldus. The Archdeacon had been the principal agent in securing the deposition on a grave charge of a Cistercian Abbot—one William Wibert. Now, Wibert was a personal friend of the Primate, and he, constant alike in friendship and in enmity, was determined that his friend's accuser should not get the bishopric. In the hope of mollifying him, Giraldus wrote a letter couched in his choicest Latinity, and full of edifying sentiments very neatly expressed—altogether a very excellent specimen of epistolary composition, if it were not for a certain flavour of insincerity, which a much less shrewd man than Archbishop Hubert could not have failed to detect. The Primate's brief reply is a delightful specimen of the retort courteous.

To the deputation of two Archdeacons and four Canons whom the Chapter had sent to him, the Archbishop submitted two fresh names—one a Cistercian Abbot named Alexander, the other Geoffrey de Henelawe, Prior of Llanthony. He wished their choice to fall upon the Prior, who was famous for his medical skill. To him he afterwards committed the administration of the diocese

during the long vacancy. The deputation replied that without the consent of the Chapter they could neither withdraw the old name nor admit any new candidate. The King being in Normandy, and the Archbishop having been sent for by his royal master, the six returned home, leaving the business unfinished.

Now Reginald Foliot began to push his own candidature. He was not only an Englishman, and therefore eligible for the royal choice, but also a grand-nephew of the late Bishop. Another candidate, one Abbot Adam de Dori, was also in the field, and he was prepared to offer to the impecunious King a very large sum of money for some forest rights, the bishopric, of course, to be thrown into the bargain. Hubert grew uneasy, so on November 9 he obtained from the King a letter requiring the Chapter to send to him to Normandy by December 15 four of their number with full powers to proceed to an election. It took some time to send a letter from Normandy to St. David's in the twelfth century, especially in November, and in bad weather to boot. Thus it happened that the Chapter did not get the royal letter till December 21. With it came a letter from Geoffrey Fitz Peter, the Justiciary, ordering them, since they could not comply with the King's first command, to send to Westminster by the Octave of St. Hilary (January 21) four or six of their number prepared to go oversea to the King. The same day they also heard from Giraldus, whom they had been urging to come to St. David's to look after his own interests. The result was that he came up to London to meet his three colleagues, for he was himself to be the fourth. It was ultimately arranged that, to save expense, the election should be made in England, but that first one of the Canons, Elidore Fitz Elidore (was he from Stackpoole ?), should go, accompanied by one of the Archbishop's clergy, to obtain the assent of the King to their choice.

Richard had gone to Limoges, and before they could get there they were met by news of his death from a wound received at the siege of a castle. At Chinon in Anjou they found his successor. With John were the two Queens-dowager, Eleanor and Berengaria. John received them graciously, and, recollecting Giraldus's services to his father and himself, he promised to confirm his election. Elidore returned home the joyful bearer of welcome news, and of letters to Giraldus, to the Chapter, and to the Archbishop. There was one point John would not waive. The election must be made in his own presence. But no journey to the Continent was needed, for John came over to be crowned at Westminster on Ascension Day, and after the coronation Giraldus and his fellow-Canons waited upon him in obedience to his previous command. The hostile influence of the Archbishop was now making itself felt, and the King would make no public announcement of his acceptance of Giraldus. Then the Archdeacon, "leaving the Court and England behind" him, returned to Wales without delay. At St. David's, which he had not seen for many years, he was warmly welcomed by clergy and people. Anxious consultations were held, and, that there might be no pretext for charges of undue haste, the election was fixed for St. Peter's Day, June 29, about a fortnight's notice being thus given. On the appointed day the members were all either present in person or else represented by deputies or by letters of proxy. There was again a protracted debate, but it ended in the unanimous election of Giraldus. Such is his own version of the transaction, but it is very difficult to reconcile the picture of complete unanimity with later developments. The election was not in itself a defiance of the royal authority, for the King's permission to choose Giraldus had not been recalled; but the vote was accompanied by an urgent appeal to the Bishop-elect to go to Rome and

seek consecration at the hands of the Supreme Pontiff. This required consideration. It happened that there was a ship in the little harbour ready to sail to Ireland, so next morning, the wind being from the east, Giraldus set out to consult his kinsmen on the other side of the sea. They were profuse in their assurances of sympathy and in their promises of any help they could render, and after a stay of a little over a fortnight he returned to Wales, but only to find the situation completely changed. Letters had come requiring the Canons to present themselves before the Archbishop and the Justiciary on Sunday, August 22, to elect the Prior of Llanthony as their Bishop, and informing them that if they did not come to make the election he should be consecrated all the same.

The Chapter, still wholly under the influence of Giraldus, replied by sending letters to the Bishops of London and Rochester, the Archbishop's representatives during his absence with the King in Normandy, forbidding them to make any appointment or consecration without a canonical election. The Prior and Convent of Llanthony were also warned, as members of the diocese, not to take any part in transactions so flagrantly illegal. Two letters of appeal to the Pope were also drawn up, one claiming the confirmation and consecration of Giraldus, the other protesting against the threatened uncanonical intrusion of Geoffrey de Henelawe. Two of the clergy—a Canon named Martin, and Ithenard, a "vice-Canon" and Rural Dean—were appointed to accompany him to Rome. Thus the gauntlet was thrown down, and the authority of the English Primate publicly challenged.

Before setting out, Giraldus sought the counsel of his brother Philip, to whom he was warmly attached, and who was worthy of his affection and confidence. Philip de Barri did not presume to pronounce on the merits of the controversy, but he clearly foresaw the probabilities of failure, and urged his brother not to enter into such a

contest unless he did so unselfishly and from the purest motives. In that case, said he, "thou wilt get thy reward either here or hereafter."

The appeal to the Pontiff checked, as Giraldus had anticipated, the high-handed action of the Archbishop, but the chances of ultimate success were small indeed. Misfortune dogged his steps from the first. To avoid attacks from the English, he took the road through the mountains, and on Saturday, August 14, he arrived with his companions and servants at Strata Florida, where his own manuscripts and his library, which he had sent for from Lincoln, "to be out of the power of the English," arrived the same day. The next day Ithenard, who was going on in front with part of the money and with the horses which had carried the books, was robbed by the Welshmen in the mountains. To make matters worse, Ithenard fell ill, and had to be left behind. The war between the King of France and the Court of Flanders compelled him to take the roundabout road through Flanders and Burgundy, and he reached Rome about the end of November. Martin had also been left behind ill in the Low Countries; but he had been fortunate enough to find two young priests from the diocese, one of whom was a Canon of St. David's, and these he took with him. The story of his adventures at the Papal Court, full as it is of humorous incidents, all the more amusing because the humour is so often unconscious, cannot be told here.

The letters of the Archbishop, answering by anticipation the charges and claims of Giraldus, reached Rome about December 10; but Innocent postponed the public reading of them till after Twelfth Day. Though the see had been vacant eighteen months, the Pope, one of the ablest that ever ruled the Church, was in no hurry. He knew very well that the matter would be none the worse for keeping. The caution of Innocent III., his appointment of a commission to inquire into the validity of the election, and

his consent to extend its scope so as to include the graver question of the metropolitan rights of St. David's, awakened delusive hopes in the breast of the Archdeacon.

Returning to St. David's to obtain fresh evidence from the archives of the church, he found that the opposition in the Chapter had elected the Abbot of St. Dogmael's, one of the four originally recommended by the Chapter. Giraldus had brought also a letter from the Pope with reference to the canonization of St. Caradoc, who had died at Haverfordwest eighty years before. Unfortunately, owing to the bitter disputes that followed, the business received no further attention, and so the Flemish town was deprived of the honour of having a saint all of its own.

Giraldus arrived at Rome for the second time in March, 1201, to be confronted by the representative of the Archbishop, Andrew, one of the clergy of Canterbury, and by his bitter enemy Reginald Foliot, who represented the opposition-elect, the Abbot of St. Dogmael's. He had a double battle to fight—to maintain the validity of his own election, and to vindicate the metropolitan rights of Menevia; and he did his best to make the latter question the more prominent. According to his own version, the additional proof which he had brought back from the archives of St. David's deepened the impression already made upon the Pope by those which he had found in the Papal registry.

There was no great hurry to settle either dispute, and when successive adjournments had dragged the proceedings on to the end of May, Pope Innocent fixed All Saints' Day (November 1), 1202, for the decision of both issues. Meanwhile Commissioners were appointed to hear evidence in English as to the validity of the two rival elections. They were also to hear evidence and arguments bearing on the metropolitan status claimed for St. David, but they were not to do unless they found that

the majority of the Chapter supported Giraldus's contention on behalf of their church. Innocent III. was too able a man not to foresee the effect of this stipulation.

On both issues the Archbishop, who was a favourite of the Pope, was ordered to pay one-half of the expenses incurred by Giraldus. It was well on in August before Giraldus obtained the necessary documents, without which it would have been useless for him to go home. The great heat of that summer had proved fatal to many of the Welshmen who had come to Rome because of the disputed elections at St. David's and Bangor. The latter bishopric was claimed by the Abbot of Conway, who alleged, probably with truth, that he had been duly and canonically elected, but had been thrust aside in favour of the Primate's nominee, one Robert. Giraldus had given his brother claimant no little help in the intervals of his own business. When the two episcopal claimants set out for home, they had between them only one attendant—an Italian boy.

The majority of their companions and servants were sleeping in Italian graves; others were lying too ill to share the hardships of the journey. Among them was the Archbishop's advocate Andrew, who was sick unto death.

Not till December 14 did Giraldus reach St. David's. Matters had gone from bad to worse in his absence. The Chapter would render no help in his fight for the status of the see. The Archdeacon of Carmarthen, Osbert, an Englishman, had corrupted them with his gifts and promises, while the Abbot of Whitland, a Welshman, had helped in the miserable work. Foliot, who had made himself obnoxious to the Welshmen by his championship of the claims of Canterbury, had found it advisable to keep himself in the background. Probably the feud was none the less bitter because Abbot Walter of St. Dogmael's was Giraldus's first cousin on his mother's side.

Discouraged and bitterly disappointed at home, Giraldus went north-west to Powys and Gwynedd, where, as the champion of Welsh rights, he had a hearty welcome. Then he hurried back to the city of St. David's, where the Chapter and clergy were summoned to meet him on Tuesday, January 21. His avowed enemies would not put in an appearance, and even his friends had lost heart. In vain did he remind them of the promises in reliance upon which he had undertaken the appeal to Rome, and implore them to support him at Worcester, when next Sunday the commission of inquiry would begin its sittings. He offered to pay all the travelling expenses out of his own pocket. In vain did the "princes of South Wales," Maelgwn ap Rhys and his brother Rhys ap Rhys, by messenger and letter, urge them to support Giraldus, threatening vengeance on them if they did not. The Abbot of the Isle of Saints, off the shores of Anglesey, on behalf of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, offered a safe asylum in Gwynedd, and assured them of ample compensation for any loss they might sustain for supporting the Archdeacon. They were thoroughly cowed by the threats of the King and the Archbishop, and Giraldus suspected that Hubert's bribes had been even more effective than his threats. Their refusal to support him practically ended the fight for the metropolitan rights of the see. The dispute with the King and the Primate degenerated into a personal quarrel, in which no higher issues were really involved, and which is redeemed from insignificance only by the courage and determination with which Giraldus for a while maintained the contest against overwhelming odds, and by the touching fidelity of those friends who stood by him to the end of the hopeless fight. He hurried through the forests of Ystrad Tywy to Brecon, and thence to Hereford, reaching Worcester by Sunday, only to find that the judges were not there, and no sittings would be held. Everywhere he heard alarming

reports of the troubles in store for him if he persevered; but he pushed on to London, and interviewed the Justiciary, whom he found, not at the capital, but at Canterbury.

Geoffrey Fitz Peter, though loyal to his royal master and to the Primate, would fain have dissuaded Giraldus from what seemed to him nothing but foolish infatuation. The Justiciary's kindliness misled Giraldus into thinking that he had his sympathies with him. The Archdeacon does not yet seem to have realized that the support of the Welsh Princes would do him more harm than good. It must have helped to chill the enthusiasm that his Pembrokeshire friends may have felt for his cause. On St. David's Day he was back at his cathedral, and then, after preaching a sermon against ingratitude from the words of Isaiah—"I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me"—with pointed application to the undutiful sons of St. David, he solemnly excommunicated Archdeacon Osbert and Foliot. Next day, in the presence of Archdeacon Pontius and the clergy, he took the oath of fidelity as administrator of the diocese under the authority of the Pontiff.

Of course the excommunicated appealed to the Archbishop, and the Archdeacon in turn appealed to the Pope. About Easter there fell a heavy blow: Ranulph, the Sheriff of Pembroke, received orders from the Justiciary to seize the wives and chattels of Giraldus's clerical adherents. Of course the wives were called by another name. The persons named in the Justiciary's writ were "Pontius the Archdeacon, and M——, his son, and R——, the son of Jona, and H——, his son, and Meiler and Samuel and Asser, and G——, Dean [*i.e.*, Rural Dean] of Pembroke." All these are described as Canons of St. David's. In addition to their disloyal adherence to Giraldus, they are charged with keeping wives publicly,

"contrary to God and their Order," and with living "rather as luxurious laymen than as ordained clergymen or canons." They were all Welshmen.

Three times Giraldus, as the Papal administrator of the diocese, convoked a synod: at Carmarthen, at Pembroke, and at St. David's; but the clergy were afraid to come. At last he succeeded in holding one at Brecon, but Foliot and the Archbishop's emissaries prevented any good being done by it. The lost portion of the "De Rebus" contained an account of this gathering.

The adventures of the Archdeacon for the next year and a half have thrown an air of romance over his biography. Hunted about England; seeking encouragement and pecuniary help from Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, who behaved throughout with equal patriotism and good sense; undismayed by the desertion of the clergy of his own cathedral and diocese, and confronting again and again in the ecclesiastical courts his adversaries and the scarcely less hostile judges; repeatedly baffled in his attempts to escape from the kingdom; and evading with difficulty the emissaries of the Archbishop—in South Wales and in England he had some personal friends, but no party. At last he succeeded in crossing over to Gravelines. It was now late in the autumn. After encountering much hardship and many perils, and sustaining heavy losses, which just then he could ill afford, crossing the mountains in mid-winter, he entered the Eternal City for the third time on January 4, 1203.

The Pope welcomed him as cordially as ever, but even under Innocent III. procrastination was the rule at the Roman Court. The case dragged its slow length along for three months. On the second Wednesday after Easter the Pope gave his decision. Both the elections were annulled, and a third election *de novo* was ordered to be held—a very sensible decision under the circumstances. The question of the status of St. David's—episcopal or

archiepiscopal—was adjourned *sine die*. Thus the great suit ended.

In the matter of cash Giraldus did not fare badly. Archbishop Hubert, who was not personally a favourite with Innocent, was ordered to pay Giraldus's costs, which, after taxation, amounted to 60 marks, equal, perhaps, to £600 of our money.

The return journey was even more full of unpleasant adventures than the journey from England, but Giraldus reached Rouen in time to prevent the election of Reginald Foliot. The Archdeacon was now concerned, so he said, only to secure the election of a fit and proper person to the see, but he was certainly bent on excluding his personal enemies, and especially Foliot and the two Abbots. He tells us how he secured in this the co-operation of his old friend the Bishop of Ely; how King John was become more friendly; how he hurried home to Wales, and, as administrator under Papal authority, summoned the Chapter to meet him at St. David's on a certain Saturday in September; and how the Saturday before he came to Haverfordwest only to find a reign of terror prevailing in Pembrokeshire. Archdeacon Osbert and Sheriff Avenel had scattered their prohibitions and threats broadcast. He was cheered by a rather enigmatical dream of his good friend William, his chaplain or curate at Lawrenny. In no sanguine frame of mind next morning he passed northwards through the district of Roose—"Rosina provincia non rosea"—and through "the slower country of Dewisland." On the way the son of ex-Canon Samuel came to request him to send home his brother, a young student whom he had brought back with him from France; for if the young man was found in the Archdeacon's company, his father and all his relations would be plundered by public officials. At St. David's there was no one to meet him, no one to offer him "bit or sup." As he was walking down the steps to the

cathedral, a poor old widow "who was not afraid, for she had nothing to lose," met him with words of sympathy. "Many in St. David's are grieving to-day because they cannot receive you as they ought and as they would like to do."

In the church he found only ex-Canon Samuel and some minor officials, who had been left behind to hear what he had to say, and to answer any questions he might ask.

Th enext day the Archdeacon withdrew to Pembroke, and soon after summoned the clergy of the "county" to meet him at Carew Church on Thursday, September 27. The harmony of the meeting was disturbed by an unexpected intruder—Robert, the son of Richard Fitz Tancred, who was the only one of the "magnates" of the district who was not related to Giraldus by blood or marriage. Even he was the brother-in-law of Philip de Barri, who had married his sister; but this slight connection did not prevent the Flemish knight from striding into the church, and roundly abusing Giraldus as a traitor to the King and kingdom. Worse still, he broke open the stable-doors, and carried off two horses belonging to the Archdeacon.

One of the Chapter alone remained true through all vicissitudes. The one thus "faithful among the faithless only found" was Henry Fitz Robert. Probably he was one of the Flemish house to which Robert Fitz Richard belonged.

From Carew the Archdeacon went to Manorbier to spend a few days with his nephew, William de Barri, the promising son of his beloved brother Philip. His affection for his brother is one of the most touching features of the Archdeacon's character. One of the lost chapters of the "De Rebus" told the story of Philip's death, and another that of his visit to Philip's grave before his second journey to Rome.

The time for the new election was now at hand, and

Giraldus, plucky to the last, went up to take his share in the final stages of the contest. There were several days of negotiations, for Giraldus's opposition could not be ignored. He had the satisfaction of seeing his personal opponents put on one side, and though he failed to carry his literary friend Walter de Mapes, the Archdeacon of Oxford, and had to see Geoffrey de Henelawe elected after all, yet he did not feel wholly beaten. The final election took place on November 10, 1203.

Giraldus resigned his archdeaconship in favour of his brother Philip's son Philip, and was reconciled to the Archbishop, and obtained a good pension for himself. Thenceforth he passes out of Pembrokeshire history, retiring to pursue his literary work at Lincoln. He outlived the new Bishop, and was buried at St. David's about 1220.

He was once told that the Canons, to excuse their defection, used to say that the story of the archbishopric of St. David's was as idle a tale as any of the legends of King Arthur. This made him very indignant; nevertheless the Canons told the truth.

## CHAPTER X

### WILLIAM MARSHAL AND HIS SONS

GIRALDUS was still lingering out his quiet eventide among his books at Lincoln when the most famous of all the Earls of Pembroke was borne to his honoured grave in the Temple Church. Thirty years had passed since William Marshal's fidelity to Henry II. had been rewarded by Henry's son with the hand and magnificent dowry of Isabel de Clare. Three years old at her father's death, Isabel was but sixteen when she was given in marriage to the middle-aged knight who had so long played a prominent and an honourable part in the stormy politics of the vast Angevin dominion. Love can have had little share in that match-making, but William Marshal was just the man to win the regard, and ultimately the affection, of the girl who was the daughter alike of the proud house of the De Clares and of the ancient line of the Kings of Leinster. Tall and stately, "so dignified that he might have been an Emperor of Rome," endowed with that type of beauty which is only enhanced by the transition from youth to maturity, encircled with that halo of military renown which few women can resist, the bridegroom, though he numbered forty-three years to the bride's sixteen, was no unfitting partner for the daughter of Strongbow and the granddaughter of Dermot.

Henry II. died on July 6, and the marriage of Isabel was celebrated in August. At Richard's coronation on

September 3, her husband, hitherto "a landless man, with nought but his knighthood," appeared as Earl of Striguil. The description of his "landlessness" need not be taken too literally, but his marriage had transformed him from a simple knight into one of the wealthiest and most powerful nobles of the land.

In the coronation procession, while his elder brother John bore the spurs, William carried "the sceptre, on whose summit was the cross of gold," thus sharing with him the functions of the marshalship. By his side walked his cousin, the Earl of Salisbury, carrying "the rod with the dove on its summit."

The "Honour of Striguil," which the chroniclers speak of him as receiving with his bride, is probably a general expression covering the whole of her great inheritance. And as Earl of Striguil and Pembroke he was henceforth known, though it was not till the coronation of John that he was formally invested with the earldom, and "obtained the full name and power of Earl." The "Honour of Striguil" was of itself no inconsiderable possession, and in the hands of the new Earl it meant much more than it had meant in the days of his father-in-law.

His name appears in very few of any notices of Pembrokeshire affairs in the reign of Richard, though probably Pembrokeshire as well as the Striguil lands contributed to the Welsh contingent with which Marshal besieged Prince John in Windsor in 1193. Though himself too busily engaged in English and Norman business to spare any time for the personal superintendence or defence of his Pembrokeshire earldom, his interests and those of his vassals seem to have been well and vigilantly guarded by his representatives. Rhys knew when he had to deal with a strong man, and had too much prudence needlessly to provoke the hostility of the Earl. In the turbulent days that followed the death of Rhys, the "county" proper enjoyed comparative peace. The prin-

cipal fighting was on the Tivyside with the Normans, and was always to recover "Aberteifi," the key of all Wales. In one of these unsuccessful attacks, when William de Braose burnt part of the town of Cardigan, but could not take the castle, Philip Mangunel was killed. In spite of his "copious weeping," the Flemish knight had not fulfilled his Crusading vow. He was killed in 1196, eight years after he had sat listening to the pathetic eloquence of his distinguished relative. In John's reign references to Pembrokeshire are more frequent. In 1200 the King, no doubt at the Earl's request, granted the mill at Pembroke Castle Bridge to the Temple, a branch of the Church militant to which the Earl had always been warmly attached.

John, like Richard, warmly appreciated William Marshal's loyalty to his predecessor, even when that had been shown by fighting vigorously against himself. To the Earl, more than to any other man, he was indebted for his peaceable accession, in spite of the prior claims of Arthur, whose right, according to modern conceptions of primogeniture, would have been indefeasible. One wonders whether the great statesman did not sometimes regret in after-years the results of his honourable loyalty to the youngest son of Henry II. He was never suspected of any share in the foul crime by which John rid himself of the possible rivalry of his captive nephew.

Next year John, at the Earl's request, granted certain toll-privileges to the burgesses of Pembroke; and later in the same year he gave the Earl an annuity of three hundred marks for the keeping of Cardigan Castle, which Rhys's worthless son Maelgwn had sold to the English in 1200. The deed of treachery was prompted by his bitter hatred of his brother Gruffydd, who had obtained possession of Cilgerran Castle, a little higher up the river.

In 1204 we have a glimpse of an interesting lawsuit "concerning Haverford." Unfortunately, it is only a

glimpse. Robert Fitz Richard, the defendant in the suit, held Haverford as the Earl's vassal by the services of one and one-third knight's-fees. A knight's-fee, determined not by acreage, but by value, was usually worth twenty pounds annual rental. The plaintiffs were the Flemish knight Richard Mangunel and the Welshman Walter ap Cadivor. For their promise to the King of a palfrey, William de Braose was security. Of these three, Mangunel was certainly, and Walter ap Cadivor probably, a kinsman of Giraldus; while the Archdeacon's friendship for the infamous William de Braose is one of the most curious anomalies in his character, and is difficult to account for, unless there was, through William's marriage, some bond of relationship between them. The defendant was, of course, the Robert who the previous October had insulted and robbed him at Carew. It looks as if this suit were in some way connected with the bitter feud over the election to the bishopric.

This year the Earl was himself present in West Wales. The fluctuations of the border warfare on the Tivyside are not easy to follow, but it seems clear that Maelgwn ap Rhys, who in 1200 had sold Cardigan Castle to the English, had in the following year wrested Cilgerran from his brother Gruffydd. This stronghold, which had been in Welsh hands since its capture by Rhys ap Gruffydd nearly forty years before, was now recovered by the Earl, who took it with ease at the first assault, and contented himself with disarming and dismissing Maelgwn's garrison.

It required all the tact and prudence of the Earl to avoid an open rupture with the worthless tyrant who had thrown away the great Norman duchy by his folly and cowardice—a change which added greatly to the difficulties of those who, like Earl William, had extensive possessions in Normandy which they could retain only by doing homage for them to the French King.

It was not till the spring of 1207 that William Marshal obtained leave from the King to visit his extensive possessions in Ireland, and then he found himself embroiled with Meiler Fitz Henry, who was at the same time his liegeman and the King's Justiciary.

Meiler's intrigues, perhaps not wholly unconnected with the discontent of his Geraldine kinsmen at home, obtained Marshal's arrest in September, and for himself permission to wage war against the Countess and her representatives in Ireland. Apparently, Isabel remained behind when her husband returned to Wales, and the ill-success of Meiler's warfare against her led the King to resume more cordial relations with her husband. In the spring of 1208 the Earl was again in Ireland, where he was loyally welcomed by all his vassals except Meiler, and Meiler made his peace a few months later.

In the spring of 1210 King John, now under the Church's ban, came to Pembrokeshire on his way to Ireland. As yet the interdict had not seriously weakened the authority of the excommunicated King, who reached Haverford on Tuesday, May 31, and next day went on to Pembroke. His Flemish and other vassals went to meet him "at the cross under Pembroke"—that historic locality which has hitherto eluded identification. The Earl, who had come over from Ireland at the King's summons earlier in the year, was present at this muster, as was also his future son-in-law, Gilbert de Clare, and a brother, Richard Marshal, of whom this seems to have been the only mention. Part of the royal army had been sent round to Milford by sea. The exaggeration of the Welsh chronicler, who says that a thousand ships were gathered there, may be accepted as evidence that the fleet was the largest that had ever assembled in the harbour. It was not till the middle of the month that the armada set sail, for it was on either the 15th or the 17th that John landed at Crooks, near Waterford.

Alone among John's expeditions, this one was crowned with complete success. William de Braose, whose friendly acceptance in Ireland had been the proximate occasion of the expedition, escaped to France; but his wife and children fell into the King's hands, and were sent over to England to be starved to death at Windsor before the year was out. The high-spirited lady had provoked John's anger some time before by refusing to deliver up her children as hostages for their father's behaviour, and by accompanying her refusal with a sarcastic allusion to the fate of Prince Arthur.

King John stayed in Ireland about ten weeks, and then from Dublin he turned his face homewards, landing at Fishguard on August 25 or 26. On the 27th he went on to Haverford, and thence to Kidwelly. On the 28th he was at Margam, and on the 31st at Newport. Nothing is more singular in John's character than the alternations of sloth and energy. On his way down he had come from Swansea to Haverford in one day. His return journey from Fishguard through Haverford to Kidwelly was scarcely less remarkable.

The Earl-Marshal had stayed behind in Leinster. The King had held him responsible for the escape of William de Braose, while the Earl's only regret was that he had not been able to save his unfortunate kinswoman and her children. John, with an interdict resting on his kingdom, dared not provoke an open rupture with his powerful vassal, and it was probably to their mutual satisfaction that William Marshal remained in Ireland for the next two years.

Meanwhile an event of some importance had taken place in Pembrokeshire. Six years before there had been a lawsuit pending against Robert Fitz Richard, the Castellan of Haverford; but he had, at any rate, remained in possession, and in 1207 he obtained a confirmation of his hereditary privileges in the port of Milford, and also

of a market for Haverford. He also seems to have been employed in furnishing Welsh sailors of the fleet to be employed in the Irish expedition, and even to have been made a Castellan of Cardigan.* But in 1210 there came a heavy reverse of fortune. "In the same year Robert Fitz Richard lost the Castle of Haverford, with the whole barony."†

Thus the grandson of the first Flemish Castellan of Haverford was ejected from the castle which his family had held for nearly a century. Robert did not long survive his overthrow. He died on May 19, 1211.

There was one to whom the news was welcome. Giraldus records with something like exultation that Robert Fitz Richard died in a foreign land in poverty and want. The Archdeacon dwells with grim complacency on the calamities that overtook the adversaries of St. David. To him their misfortunes were a just retribution from the Divine Judge, who thus vindicated the outraged honour of His servant. Not even the memories of old friendship could soften the rancour of the ecclesiastic. For instance, Pontius, the Archdeacon of Pembroke, had been one of Giraldus's truest friends in earlier years. He had even braved on his behalf the wrath of the King, and had incurred the penalties of outlawry; but at last he recognized the hopelessness of resistance, and made his submission to the King and the Primate. For this treason, as he deemed it, Giraldus had no forgiveness, and when his old friend was soon afterwards smitten with blindness, he said it was a fitting punishment for one who had sinned against light and knowledge.

In the case of Robert he might have remembered that he was the founder of the Augustinian priory of Haver-

* Charter and Patent Rolls, quoted in Owen's "Pembrokeshire"; and "Old Pembroke Families."

† "Annales Cambriæ," sub 1210.

ford, and that his father and himself had been among the donors to Slebech.

It was not till October, 1213, that the Earl recovered into his own hands the Castle of Haverford and the lordship, for which he was to pay one thousand marks. Of this sum, two hundred marks were remitted in January, 1214, when he took over the governorship of Carmarthen and Cardigan. The constitutional struggle by which Magna Charta was extorted from the King was now beginning, and for the few remaining years of his life the great Earl could spare little time for the affairs of the earldom, threatened though it was with grave peril from the revival of Welsh nationalism under the leadership of the Prince of Gwynedd.

The dissensions of England and the weakening of the royal authority gave Llewelyn ap Iorwerth his opportunity, of which he availed himself to the full. The Chapter of St. David's also found their opportunity in the embarrassments of their Sovereign. Geoffrey de Henelawe died some time in the latter part of 1214. The character given him by Giraldus is coloured by the ex-Archdeacon's personal dislike of his charges, which makes it probable that there was more than a substratum of truth in his invectives. The avarice with which Geoffrey was charged might be palliated by the poverty of the see; but unless Giraldus libelled him gravely and wantonly, his morals were rather below than above the low average of episcopal morality in the days preceding the Franciscan and Dominican revivals. His simoniacal attempt to secure for himself the half of the "first-tithes" of Tenby suggests curious reflections on the way in which clerical incomes were wont to be augmented in those days.

His death occurred most conveniently for the Canons. On November 21, John, anxious to secure the support of the Church in his resistance to the demands for constitutional liberties, issued his charter granting full freedom

of clerical elections. The Canons thus found themselves for the first time since the Conquest, probably for the first time for centuries, in a position to please themselves in the choice of a pastor. There had been some talk of Giraldus, but the offer, made even before Geoffrey's death, was accompanied, so he says, with hints of a simoniacal bargain, and was firmly rejected. The King, in a letter written from Guildford on January 16, 1215, urged the claims of Hugh de Foliot, and his recommendation was warmly supported by Archbishop Langton. But the Canons were determined to use their newly acquired liberty. Their choice fell upon Iorwerth, the Abbot of Talley in Carmarthenshire. Iorwerth was a good and simple man of their own nation, with no mixture of foreign blood or foreign breeding—one who would have no abhorrence either of the custom of hereditary succession to benefices or of the marriage of the clergy, which, of course, Giraldus would stigmatize as concubinage. It is evident that Giraldus was hurt that he had been completely ignored in the election, for, notwithstanding the previous negotiations, his name was not mentioned at any of the meetings of the Chapter. Yet it was quite natural that the Chapter, left for the first time with absolute freedom of choice, should prefer a genuine Welshman to one who, like Giraldus, was three-fourths Norman in blood and wholly Norman in his ecclesiastical opinions. Iorwerth seems to have made a very good Bishop.

The year of the Great Charter, 1215, was a troublous time for Pembrokeshire. The long-standing feud in the family of Rhys ap Gruffydd had been healed, and in the early summer, "on the vigil of the Ascension of the Lord," Maelgwn ap Rhys and his nephews, Rhys and Owain, the sons of his brother Gruffydd, invaded Dyfed. The eastern district suffered severely, and Narberth and Maenclochog were burned. Kemes, too, was raided, and

the raiders, their ranks swollen by recruits from the Welsh population, turned eastward, Maelgwn and Owain towards Emlyn and the Upper Teifi, Rhys towards the coast districts, capturing Kidwelly, and sweeping triumphantly through Gower.

In the closing weeks of the year there came a more formidable invader. Llewelyn, flushed with his successes on the eastern frontier of Wales, appeared before Carmarthen on December 8. A five days' siege was sufficient for the capture of the castle, which yielded without an assault. Llanstephan, Laugharne, and St. Clears were demolished. Then the victorious Princes marched toward the Upper Teifi. Newcastle Emlyn was attacked on December 21. On Christmas Eve "the Princes crossed the Teifi with joyful countenances." On the 26th Cardigan Castle surrendered, and Cilgerran the next day.

The campaign had been greatly facilitated by the mildness of the winter, for "there was a gentle tranquillity and fairness of winter atmosphere, such fine weather as had never been seen or heard of before."

No attack was made on the territories of the Earl, whom Llewelyn, himself the ally of the barons, regarded as a friend rather than an enemy. In the allotment of the conquered territories which was made at the great Council at Aberdovey in the following year, there was no attempt to deal with any part of the present county except Cilgerran Castle and its immediate neighbourhood.

In the summer of 1217, Llewelyn, accompanied by Maelgwn and his nephews, came down for the express purpose of conquering the Flemings of Roose. What provoked the attack is not stated, but Llewelyn seems, like other Welshmen, to have hated the Flemings more bitterly than he hated the Normans.

On his march through Carmarthenshire he was met by messengers from the Flemings suing for peace. "Yet the Prince did not give up his purpose, but drew towards

Haverford, and arranged his troops with the intention of attacking it." Young Rhys ap Gruffydd, at the head of a body of his own men of the Deheubarth, had crossed the Cleddau to attack the town first. At this crisis a procession of clergy and monks issued from the gates, headed by Archbishop Iorwerth, who besought Llewelyn to spare the town. The Prince of Gwynedd could not refuse this appeal. Terms of peace were arranged, the Flemings accepting Llewelyn as their Overlord, and giving twenty-four hostages for the payment of the tribute of one thousand marks.

The chronicler is very angry with the Bishop for his untimely intervention, which saved the Flemings from inevitable destruction. "He always did the Welshmen more harm than good." Three years later, in the autumn of 1220, Llewelyn came again at the head of his Welshmen. The Flemings had broken the treaty they had sworn to keep.

The great Earl had died the year before, and there was less reluctance to invade the territories of his son. Narberth Castle, which had been rebuilt by the Flemings, was taken and destroyed on the first day. On the second day Wiston shared the same fate. The third day the town of Haverfordwest was "burned to the Castle Gate," but Llewelyn would not hazard an attack on the castle itself. That night he encamped with his army at "Pul in Ros." Rosepool, four or five miles from Milford Haven, was a convenient centre for the work of devastation. Roose was wasted with fire and sword and all the live-stock that could not be carried off were slaughtered. According to one Welsh account, the animals were driven into the farm buildings before they were set on fire. The men of Pembroke bought off the threatened attack with two hundred marks. The damage inflicted in the five days of this raid on Roose and Dungleddy is said to have exceeded the amount of the ransom paid for King Richard

twenty-five years before. This was the most terrible of all the Welsh invasions of the Flemish land, but was also the last. There was sharp fighting later on along the eastern border, but Haverfordwest and Roose never again heard the war-cry of the men of Gwynedd.

The affairs of his extensive Irish territories engaged the Earl's attention for the next two years. At length he was at liberty to take action in defence of the frontiers of his earldom in West Wales.

In the spring of 1223 the Earl "returned from Ireland with a multitude of cavalry and infantry," landing near St. David's on Palm Sunday, April 9. On Easter Monday he occupied Cardigan Castle without opposition, and Carmarthen Castle on the next Wednesday. Llewelyn's son Gruffydd arrived at the head of a large force to check the Earl's threatened advance on Kidwelly. A battle fought between that town and Carmarthen was stubbornly contested, both armies at nightfall reoccupying their original positions; but want of provisions compelled Gruffydd ap Llewelyn to retreat, and the Earl proceeded with the repairs of Carmarthen and the rebuilding of Cilgerran. The Welsh chronicler complains that the Earl's Irish soldiers plundered almost all the churches of Dyfed.

As Llewelyn claimed to be the representative of the King in the districts of the Teifi and the Towy, the political situation was curiously complicated. Both the Earl and the Prince of Gwynedd were summoned to meet the King and the Primate at Ludlow, and it is significant that William Marshal went round by sea from the Tivy-side, instead of taking the shorter route through South Wales. All attempts at reconciliation failed, and hostilities were resumed. The Earl was assisted by his relatives and friends among the English barons, while Llewelyn had substantial help from the rebellious Lacys of Ulster, ever bitter foes of the Marshals. The English

chroniclers tell of a great victory won by the Earl, with terrible slaughter of the Welsh—probably much exaggerated. The general result of this feudal warfare was in the Earl's favour as far as West Wales was concerned, but Llewelyn's power was unshaken by these local reverses.

Irish affairs occupied much of the Earl's time after his Welsh campaign, and for two years—June 1224 to 1226—he held the office of Justiciary in that country; and more than once in the few remaining years of his life he was called upon to suppress Irish disturbances. But there are no traces of his presence in his Welsh earldom, though no doubt it was from Milford that he usually sailed for Ireland.

It was in the troublous years of the border warfare that one of the Haverfordwest churches was founded, for one manuscript of the "Annales" records that in 1223 "was begun the new work of the greater Church of St Thomas of Haverford." The other "Church of St. Thomas" was the church of the Augustinian priory on the river-bank.

William Marshal was twice married, but had no children by either marriage. Alice de Bethune, daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, whom he married in 1214, died within a year or two of her marriage. In April, 1224, a few days before his appointment as Justiciary of Ireland, he married Eleanor, the young King's sister, a child of nine, who was only sixteen years old when her husband was laid beside her father in the Temple Church. He had held the earldom nearly twelve years—the father dying on May 14, 1219, the son on April 6, 1231. No two men had contributed so much to the accomplishment of the constitutional revolution which is associated with the name of the Great Charter—the son by his energetic co-operation with the party of reform; the father by the wisdom with which, as mediator between the King and

the barons, he controlled and directed the revolution at the moment of its triumph, and by the wisdom and moderation with which he conserved for the nation the fruits of the victory that had been won.

William Marshal the elder was the greatest statesman of his time, and his statesmanship was of the kind which we are accustomed to regard as typically English. His son was a gallant, high-spirited knight and a capable military commander. He had no opportunity of showing how much he inherited of his father's higher gifts as a ruler and an administrator, but he had done enough to make men feel that his early death was a public calamity.

A couple of weeks before his death he had given his sister Isabella in marriage to Richard of Cornwall, the King's brother, afterwards known as the King of the Romans ; but royal alliances brought little save calamity to the Marshals. His own widow became, some six years after his death, the wife of Simon de Montfort, whose relationship to the King seemed only to embitter their political antagonism.

The second son of the great Earl had succeeded to his father's Norman estates, for which he became the liegeman of the King of France. On this ground an objection is said to have been raised to him as the successor of Earl William. His investiture was, however, not long delayed, and, as Henry doubtless foresaw, he took his rightful place as the leader of the English baronage. In the early part of 1232 he was in Ireland. In the spring of the next year he and his brother-in-law, Richard of Cornwall, were fighting Llewelyn in South Wales. Meanwhile the King, who had dismissed and imprisoned Hubert de Burgh, acting under the influence of Peter des Roches, had turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of Richard Marshal, who, as the spokesman of the barons, protested against his infatuated policy.

The influx of foreign mercenaries was becoming a

serious menace to the Earl-Marshal and his friends, and when a Council was summoned to meet at Oxford on Midsummer Day, the barons absented themselves. The King was furious, and the courtiers urged him to proceed to extremities against the malcontents ; but some of his more judicous friends warned him of the danger he was running. Roger Bacon especially, in a sermon preached before the Court, told him some wholesome truths. The King yielded so far as to appoint a conference with the barons, to be held at Westminster on July 11, and accompanied the invitation with assurance of *reforms*. The baronial leaders, wisely distrustful of the plots of the Poictevins, again refused to attend, and accompanied their refusal with plain hints of the possibility of his deposition. Henry, remembering his father's troubles, began " to fear lest the error of the son should prove more fatal than that of the father." Yet, listening once more to the suggestions of his foreign favourites, he soon reverted to the evil policy they counselled. Gilbert Basset, one of the Earl's principal adherents, held a manor which had been granted to him by King John. This Henry now forcibly resumed, and when Basset came to Court to remonstrate against the outrage, Henry threatened to hang him if he did not leave at once. Yet Richard, loyal at heart with the chivalrous loyalty of his house, still clung to the hope of averting civil war, and consented to attend a conference at London in August. The Earls and barons of his party came up to the capital with large bodies of retainers. The Earl himself had got as far as Woodstock, where he was the guest of his sister, the wife of the King's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who was avowedly acting in concert with the baronial party. No one knew her husband's untrustworthiness better than Isabella. who privately warned her brother of the meditated treachery.

" You should know, my dear brother, what plots are

being laid against you by your enemies. If you go to the conference, you will be seized by them, and they will hand you over to the King and the Bishop of Winchester, who will do with you as they have done with Hubert, Earl of Kent." The fate of Hubert de Burgh was, indeed, a standing warning to any who were disposed to rely on the good faith and gratitude of the son of King John. The great Minister, despoiled of his vast possessions, was lying in chains in the royal castle of Devizes, and his friends were only waiting the time when Henry should put the seal to his own infamy by yielding to the importunity of the vindictive Bishop, and consenting to the murder of the man to whom he owed more than to any other man, save William Marshal. The high-spirited Earl was disposed to ridicule the warning, until his sister told him the details of the plot—how and by whom he was to be taken prisoner. Then he realized his danger, and that night he set out on his return to Wales, nor did he draw rein until he had reached the borders of Wales. It was well that he turned back. There was a large gathering at London. Among the Earls present were Chester, Lincoln, and De Ferrier; but in the absence of the Earl-Marshal and Gilbert Basset, and other stalwarts of the party, no business could be done. Yet the meeting bore evil fruit. Richard of Cornwall was already a traitor to the national cause, and now royal blandishments, accompanied by large bribes, began to corrupt the fidelity of more than one of the great nobles. Chester and Lincoln went over to the King's party.

By the advice of Peter des Roches and Stephen de Segrave, the nobles who held their estates by tenure of a military service were summoned to meet the King at Gloucester on Sunday, August 14, with their stipulated quotas of knights and men-at-arms. It was foreseen that the Earl-Marshal and his loyal allies would refuse to obey the summons, and the King forthwith, " without

any trial by his Court and their peers, declared them banished and proscribed, and gave their lands to the Poictevins." Three days later—August 17—a fresh contingent of Flemish mercenaries landed at Dover, under the command of Baldwin de Guisnes. On the arrival of this reinforcement, the King moved his headquarters to Hereford.

Earl Richard, on his side, formed a close alliance with Llewelyn ap Iorwerth and the other Welsh chiefs. A formal "defiance" was conveyed to the Earl by Bishop Anselm, who had succeeded Bishop Iorwerth three years before. An entry in the "Brut" has been supposed to mean that in revenge the Earl and his Welsh allies burned the little town of St. David's; but this interpretation, doubtful at best, is not supported by any other authority. The Episcopate were, as a body, in full sympathy with the baronial party, and Anselm's surname, de la Grace, is presumptive evidence of his relationship to the Marshals, who used that surname until it was superseded by the more famous cognomen derived from the office which had become hereditary in their family. The usual incidents of feudal warfare were now taking place everywhere. The insurgent barons found their townships burned, their woods and orchards cut down, their fishponds destroyed.

The first serious operation undertaken by the King's army was the siege of the Earl-Marshal's Castle of Usk, but the attack made little progress; provisions ran short in the camp, and the raising of the siege became inevitable. Then an episcopal embassy was sent to the Earl, with proposals for an accommodation. To spare the King the mortification of a shameful repulse, the castle which he had unsuccessfully attacked was to be surrendered to him, but should be restored uninjured to the Earl within a fortnight. Meanwhile the King would, with the advice of the Bishops, amend all things in the kingdom that

needed reform. For the fulfilment of these conditions the episcopal envoys became the guarantors.

The conference between the King and the outlawed barons was fixed for Sunday, October 9, at Westminster, but the week before the appointed day an event happened which must have reminded the Earl of his sister's warning two months before. The Bishop of Winchester's importunity had obtained from the King the governorship of the Castle of Devizes, where Hubert de Burgh was imprisoned. Not a word did he say to Henry of the real motive for his request, but everybody at Court knew that his appointment meant the death-warrant of the illustrious captive. A secret warning was conveyed to Hubert, who, in the extremity of his peril, threw himself on the compassion of two of the warders. Nor was his appeal in vain. Soon after dark on Michaelmas Eve one of them took him, manacled as he was, on his shoulders, and, his companion exploring the road in advance, he carried him down from the tower, out of the castle gate, over the deep ditch, and through the town to the parish church. Not satisfied with depositing him safely before the high-altar, the honest fellows, at the hazard of their lives, remained with him in the sanctuary. When the prisoner's escape was discovered, there was great consternation in the castle. The garrison turned out *en masse*, and explored the town with lanterns, until news came that he was in the church. There the pursuers found him at the altar, released from his fetters, and holding the cross in his hands. Disregarding the sanctity of the place, they beat him brutally, and dragged him and his brave rescuers back to the castle. News of this outrage soon reached the ears of Bishop Roger, who hurried over from Salisbury, and demanded that the Earl should be immediately released and brought back to the church. The officers of the castle told him roughly that they would rather see Hubert hanged than be hanged

themselves; and the Bishop, in reply, promptly excommunicated every one of them name by name. Now, just twelve months before Hubert, to escape arrest, had taken shelter in a chapel in Essex, but had been dragged out, bound on a horse, and carried to London. Then the Bishop of London had compelled the King to restore him to the sanctuary, but the Sheriffs of Essex and Hertford had closely blockaded the chapel, until the fugitive was at last starved into surrender. Events took a similar course now. The Bishop of London and the other Bishops supported the demands of the Bishop of Salisbury, which Henry dared not refuse, and Hubert was brought back to the church on October 17; but the Sheriff of Wiltshire received orders to blockade the church until Hubert should die of starvation.

Meanwhile the time had expired for the restoration of Usk, but the King refused to carry out his agreement; whereupon the Earl-Marshal, who was not unprepared for the royal perfidy, marched there with a large force, and with his battering engines soon recaptured the fortress that had baffled the incapable Plantagenet.

The Council had met in London on the 9th, and the Bishops, supported by the powerful advocacy of the friars of both Orders, Dominican and Franciscan, were doing their best to bring the King to a better mind. In answer to their remonstrances that the Earl and his friends had been condemned as traitors "without trial by their peers," the Bishop of Winchester made the memorable declaration, "There are no peers in England as in the kingdom of the French."

Ultimately the Bishops excommunicated, without naming them, all who turned the King's mind to hatred of this natural-born subject of his kingdom, or who disturbed the peace of the kingdom. At this juncture news came of the Earl's recapture of Usk, when the King angrily insisted on the Bishops excommunicating the

Earl-Marshal, but was met with a firm refusal to excommunicate one who was fighting only for the nation's rights and his own. Then the King issued orders to all who held by military service to meet him at Gloucester on November 2. Before that day Gilbert Basset and Richard Suard had rescued Hubert from his precarious refuge, and conducted him under a strong escort to his friends in Wales. Once more the campaign opened inauspiciously for the King. The royal army invaded the Earl's Herefordshire territories, but all the cattle and victuals had been removed before their advance, and want of provisions soon compelled them to fall back on Grosmont, on the Monmouthshire border. The Earl's scouts informed him that the King lodged in the castle, and the main body of the army was encamped outside, and that very careless watch was kept. So on the night of November 11 a sudden attack was made, and the panic-stricken knights and soldiers took to their heels, Bishops, Earls, and courtiers flying naked along the country lanes. There was so little resistance that only two men were killed ; but all the tents, tent furniture and baggage, the horses and arms, the money and provisions, fell into the hands of the victors, who used the captured waggons and carts to carry off the booty. The Earl himself, respecting the presence of his Sovereign, took no part in the attack. The crestfallen King returned to Gloucester, leaving the frontier posts in charge of Flemish and Poictevin mercenaries, who had enough to do to hold their own against the Earl and his Welsh allies.

Richard Marshal's experience in Continental campaigns stood him in good stead in this border warfare, but his contempt of danger led him sometimes into serious peril. On November 25 he was reconnoitring Monmouth with a small party of horse, when the garrison, led by Baldwin de Guisnes, made a sortie in force, in the hope of capturing their redoubtable foe. They might have succeeded, in

spite of his desperate resistance, if a lucky shot from a crossbow had not felled Baldwin at the most critical moment of the fray. Reinforcements coming up, the enemy were driven back into the town, carrying with them their wounded commander.

Of the fighting in West Wales we know little. The confederates were as successful here as on the eastern border, except at Carmarthen, which was besieged for three months by the Pembrokeshire men and the Welsh chieftains, and was relieved at last by an English ship or ships. The Welsh chronicles say that "the ship from England" broke down the wooden bridge over the Towy, and that many of the besiegers were taken prisoners, and more were drowned. This reverse was followed by the break-up of the confederate army, and the return of the Welsh clansmen to their homes must have occurred towards the close of the year.

That the Earl-Marshal, after the disaster at Carmarthen, had found it necessary to pay a visit to his western earldom, and was now returning to the eastern frontier, is the most probable explanation of his presence, the Thursday night before Christmas, at Margam Abbey in Glamorganshire. Here he met the Provincial Minister of the Franciscans, who had come to seek him on an errand of peace. Ten years before, on September 10, 1224, Brother Agnellus of Pisa had landed at Dover with eight companions. One of these, Brother Richard of Intworth, was a man of middle age and in priest's Orders; whereas Agnellus was barely thirty years old and was only a deacon; but as Warden of Paris he had won gold opinions by his wisdom and sanctity, and Francis, who usually, like his master, chose young men for the apostolate, appointed him to be head of the English mission. The success of their work, especially among the poorest classes, had amply compensated them for their privations and self-sacrifice. Their genuine piety and their voluntary

poverty commanded the respect of great nobles, who were disgusted with the worldliness and self-seeking of the prelates of the Church. The King himself paid to them and their Dominican brothers no little deference, though they were unable to counteract the evil influence of his foreign favourites. The interrelations of religious and political movements present some of the most difficult problems with which students of medieval and modern history are confronted; but there can be little doubt that the revival of religious life, of which the Franciscans were the principal instruments, was a potent factor in the formation of the constitutional party, which under the leadership of Simon de Montfort, a friend of the Franciscans, won a victory all the more real and permanent because it was an apparent defeat. The war of Henry III. and Earl Richard was an earlier phase of the same conflict—intermediate between the victory of Runnymede and the martyrdom of Evesham.

Brother Agnellus came not as an envoy of the King of England, but as a servant of the Prince of Peace, anxious to stay the horrors of the Civil War. He must have felt his mission to be a forlorn hope, for the only terms which Henry would offer were that the Earl should have "his life and limbs, with so much of Herefordshire as would give him an income suitable to his rank."

This meant the forfeiture, not only of his Pembrokeshire earldom, but also of his Irish territories. Even these terms would be granted only on condition of his putting himself at the King's mercy.

It is pathetic to read the reasons by which the good man sought to persuade the Earl to submission, but to which he himself obviously attached but little weight. He only gives them as what he had heard in conversations with the King or the Justiciary or the leading members of the Council. Never was there a diplomatist who more signally betrayed his distrust of his own argu-

ments. Like Giraldus's historic discourse at Haverfordwest, the friar's appeal was a sermon in three divisions. It was the duty of the Earl to submit himself to his Sovereign, whom he had wronged, and thus to set others an example of loyalty. It would be *prudent* for him to submit, because of the far greater resources of the King and of the little reliance he could place upon his confederates. It would be quite *safe* for him to trust the mercy of the King, who cherished for him only the kindliest feeling.

The Earl had no difficulty in disposing of all these arguments. It was the King, not he, who had been the aggressor. The formal defiance sent through his own kinsman, the Bishop of St. David's, had completely released him from his feudal allegiance, and the flagrant breach of all the terms of the subsequent truce left him no alternative but open and relentless war. Of the King himself the Earl spoke with studied respect; but his chosen counsellors were men whom no covenants or oaths could bind—witness their shameful perjury towards the Earl of Kent. Above all, as violators of the liberties contained in the Great Charter, they were excommunicate and perjured men. As to his example, a bad example indeed he would be setting to all men if he were to submit to the King's will, and thus desert the cause of justice and of right. "And now, though I have specially enumerated my own grievances, I say the same on behalf of all my friends and allies, on whose behalf as well as on my own I complain, and without whom I can take no steps whatever towards a permanent settlement." Thus, on that December evening in the Glamorganshire abbey, did these two men—the saintly Italian friar and the high-spirited, patriotic Anglo-Norman noble—discuss the issues of the strife into which England was being plunged by the folly and faithlessness of her King. For the time the mission of Brother Agnellus had failed.

At Gloucester the King was holding the Christmas festivities with a sadly diminished Court, for many of the nobles, who had lost their best furniture and their wardrobes in the panic at Grosmont, had gone home, not particularly sorry for a plausible excuse for absence from the mismanaged war. It was a terribly cold winter. From Christmas on into February there was no snow, but a frost so severe that it killed roots 4 feet deep in the soil. Yet there was no cessation of the feudal war. On the morrow of Christmas, John of Monmouth, who commanded the royal forces in that quarter, attempted to surprise the Earl-Marshal, but fell himself into an ambuscade. His men were routed with great slaughter, and the Earl followed up his victory by a devastation of his enemy's lands, so ruthless that it reduced him from affluence to poverty. In the West of England Richard Suard conducted a series of raids on the estates of the leaders of the hostile party; the King's brother, Richard of Cornwall, the Justiciary Segrave, and the Bishop of Winchester, were the principal sufferers. Towards the middle of January the Earl-Marshal and Llewelyn ap Iowerth wasted with fire and sword the whole country from the Welsh border to the walls of Shrewsbury, and part of Shrewsbury itself was reduced to ashes.

While all this was going on, the unwarlike King and the Bishop of Winchester lay helpless at Gloucester, until at last they withdrew to the ancient capital of Wessex, leaving the western districts to be harassed by the insurgent bands. Yet when the Bishops urged him to make peace with one who was only contending for justice, he replied angrily that there should be no peace until the Earl came, with a rope about his neck, to acknowledge his treason and to implore forgiveness.

At a Parliament at Westminster on February 2, Henry bitterly reproached some of the Bishops, including the Bishop of Chester, because of their friendship with the

Earl. High words followed, the Bishop of Chester being especially vehement. Eventually overawed by the dignified rebukes of the Primate-elect, Edmund Rich, the King humbly asked for time to consider the reversal of his policy. Some time in February a truce was concluded —not a day too soon, for the war was spreading to the eastern counties. The whole weight of the national Church was now thrown into the scale, and there was no danger of Papal intervention in support of the Poictevin faction.

The new Primate was consecrated on Sunday, April 2, and that day week another Parliament was held at Westminster. The hesitation of the King was overcome by a threat of excommunication. The Bishop of Winchester was sent home to his diocese, and Peter de Rivaux was dismissed from the treasurership. The Poictevins were everywhere dismissed from their offices and removed from the castles they garrisoned. Negotiations for peace with Llewelyn and Earl Richard were entrusted to the Archbishop with the Bishops of Chester and Rochester. The victory of the constitutional party was complete, but it came too late to save the life of the man by whose courage and clear-sightedness it had been won.

On the suspension of hostilities in February, the Earl, accompanied by his brother Walter, had crossed over to Ireland, where the intrigues of the Court faction had caused serious disturbances. When the tide of war had turned against them in England, the Bishop of Winchester and his friends had set themselves, with the connivance of the King, if not with his active concurrence, to organize an anti-Marshal confederacy, for which there were ample materials among the Irish baronage. The patriotic loyalty of the Marshal family had made them many enemies. The war of Meath, so gallantly waged by William Marshal in the interests of the Crown ten years before, had left bitter memories. Of the sinister league

now formed, the most powerful members were the De Lacys; and allied with them was Maurice Fitz Gerald, the Justiciary, who cherished an hereditary hatred of the great house whose rapid advancement had thrown the Geraldines into the shade. The conspirators sought, with some success, to enlist on their side Irish chieftains, and they had already petitioned in advance the splendid inheritance of the descendants of Strongbow.

The chronicler represents the Earl as entangled from the time of his landing in a web of intrigue and treachery, but his military operations were completely successful. Limerick, the most important stronghold of the west, yielded after a four days' siege; and as he advanced towards Dublin castle after castle fell into his hands. The confederates then opened negotiations through the medium of the Templars, to whom the Earl justified his conduct in taking arms against his King. Other matters, including their request for a truce, he proposed to discuss in a personal conference with the De Lacys and Fitz Gerald.

This it was agreed to hold the following morning on the Curragh of Kildare. So far all had gone well, but treason was now at work among his followers.

Since his arrival in Ireland, his most intimate companion and counsellor had been Geoffrey de Marisco, who had more than once held the office of Justiciary and Viceroy, which his uncle, Archbishop Comyn, had held in the previous generation. Geoffrey, now an elderly man, was the brother-in-law of Hugh de Lacy, and, though he was the Earl's legal adviser in Irish business, had been from the first in the secret counsels of the anti-Marshal faction. His part in the conspiracy was, as a pretended friend, to dissuade the Earl from coming to terms with his opponents. The Earl was disposed to grant the truce and to agree to reasonable terms; "for I fear lest, if I deny them justice, a worse thing may happen to me." Unfortu-

nately, the perfidious advice of Geoffrey prevailed over his own better judgment, and when they met early in the morning, Richard insisted on the restoration of his castles as the preliminary to any truce or negotiation.

The Justiciary and Hugh de Lacy accepted this refusal as a challenge to battle. They had brought to the place of conference a larger force than the Earl, and they had good reason to count on the treachery or cowardice of many of the Earl's followers. While they were advancing in full confidence of victory, Geoffrey de Marisco coolly told the Earl that he could not fight against his brother-in-law. Then Richard realized the baseness of the treachery by which he had been lured to his doom. Bitterly reproaching the traitor, he prepared for the unequal conflict which his knightly honour would not allow him to decline.

Walter, his favourite brother, had come with him to the conference, and now, as the presentiment of approaching death weighed upon his mind, he ordered the attendants to escort the lad to a castle of his own in the neighbourhood, "that our family may not be utterly extinguished in this fight. As for myself, I cannot now avoid the battle without dishonour." Just before the onset he addressed his soldiers in a few burning words, bidding them remember how he had taken arms "for the cause of justice and for the laws of the English nation." The Earl led the charge himself, opening up through the hostile ranks with his own sword a passage for his men. The little band of fifteen knights who had come over from South Wales followed him gallantly. If they had been loyally supported by their commanders, the victory would have been won; but the fidelity of the Earl's Irish vassals had been corrupted by the emissaries of the Court. Many of them surrendered to the enemy at the first shock of battle; others, though unwounded, fled from the battle-field to take shelter in the nearest churches and monasteries,

leaving the Earl and his faithful followers to their fate. Heavy as were the numerical odds, the unequal contest was maintained for several hours. The fighting centred round the person of the Earl. The barons of the opposite faction—De Lacy, Fitz Gerald, and Richard de Burgh—shrank from confronting him themselves, partly from dread of his personal prowess, still more because they feared the odium of his murder. Stirring tales were told of Richard's exploits on this his last battle-field. Confronted by a knight wearing the armour of De Burgh, and unwilling to shed the blood of his old friend, he cried out: "Fly, traitor, lest I kill thee!" "I shall not fly from thee," replied the stalwart Irishman, to whom the baron had lent his armour; but as he seized the Earl's helmet, one blow of Richard's sword severed both his hands. Another knight, who came full tilt to avenge his mutilated comrade, was cut in two from the neck to the saddle by the same terrible blade. At least six knights and many a foot-soldier fell by the Marshal's hand that day. He fought as brilliantly as he had fought before the gate of Monmouth, but this time there were no succours at hand. The crowd of Irish kernes pressed upon him more closely, striking with their battle-axes at his horse's legs. At length the steed, exhausted and bleeding, fell under him. Quickly disengaging himself, Richard sprang up to renew the fight. It was soon over. A man crept up behind him armed with an anlace, the weapon that served the Irish peasant alike for dagger and for carving-knife. Discovering an opening in the Earl's armour, he thrust the blade up to the hilt into the lower part of his body.

The victors flocked to gaze upon the prostrate form of their gallant foe. He was placed, breathing but unconscious, on a litter, and carried to his own castle of Kilkenny, which Fitz Gerald had captured a short time before. Here the sorely wounded Earl was kept in strict

confinement, with only one young fellow of his own retinue to wait upon him. Contrary to all expectation, he began to recover strength, and was able, with the help of his faithful attendant, to move a little about his prison room. Good care was taken that no news should reach him from England. A friendly letter from the King had arrived before the fatal Saturday on the Curragh, but the Earl, then in the west, had not received it.

The turn that affairs were taking in England made the conspirators the more anxious to secure the fruits of their victory, and they plied their illustrious captive with demands for the surrender of his Irish castle and lands as the price of his reconciliation with the King. At last they showed him the royal order to seize him and send him to England alive or dead. The shock of this discovery was too great for his enfeebled frame. "He grieved so much that he no longer sought to be cured of his wounds."

To complete their work, his enemies introduced a surgeon who, under pretence of cauterizing the wound, thrust the heated iron into his body so deeply that an acute fever followed. Thus, having made his last confession, and, having received the Sacrament of the Body of the Lord—the Viaticum for the last dread journey—he passed away, his eyes fixed upon the cross which he held in his dying hands. It was Palm Sunday, April 16, a week after the meeting at Westminster of that Parliament which witnessed the victory of the cause for which he had given his life. No English noble of that age was more highly esteemed than Richard Marshal—"a man endowed with all honourable qualities, well instructed in liberal arts, most vigorous in the exercise of arms, and one who kept God before his eyes in all his works." And this tribute of a contemporary annalist is borne out by all we know of his too brief career. They buried him in the Church of the Franciscans at Kilkenny, of

which he is the traditional founder, and which he was believed to have himself chosen for his resting-place.

After Easter King Henry had left London for Gloucester, where he was to meet the episcopal envoys whom he had sent into Wales. On the way he stopped overnight at Woodstock, and there he was found by the messengers who had come from Ireland with the news of the Earl-Marshal's death. Then at last he realized the enormity of the crime of which he had been the timid rather than the unwilling accomplice, and with bitter weeping bewailed the death of the man who had not left his peer behind him in all the English land. The royal chaplains offered Masses and sang requiems for the soul of the murdered Earl, and next day a lavish distribution of alms attested the King's desire to purchase the forgiveness of Heaven, and to hide from his people's eyes his own share in the deed of shame.

The restoration of his friends to their lands and honours was made by Llewelyn an indispensable condition of the peace, and on May 20, the Sunday before Ascension Day, Gilbert Basset, Richard Trewent, and their friends, were publicly reconciled to the King. The same day Gilbert Marshal presented himself before the Council, and, by the mediation of the Archbishop, received the investiture of the whole of his inheritance in England and in Ireland. That day fortnight, on Whit-Sunday, at Worcester, he was knighted and formally installed in his hereditary office of marshalship. At the same assembly Archbishop Edmund read aloud before the King and the Bishops and nobles of the realm the treacherous letter sent by the King and his counsellors to the barons and chieftains of Ireland. The brothers of Richard Marshal were not deceived by the King's simulated grief. Henceforth the memories of the April morning on the Curragh of Kildare, and of the death-scene in the chamber at Kilkenny, made it impossible that there should be

aught but ill-dissembled hate between the Angevin King and the surviving sons of William Marshal. Nor was the crime forgotten by the nation. Next year—1231—Henry Clement, Clerk to the Justiciary of Ireland, came to London on business for his master. Boasting indiscreetly that it was he who had brought about the death of the Earl-Marshal, "that traitor and bloody enemy of the King and the kingdom," he was slain by an unknown hand. The King, who was in London at the time, taxed Gilbert Marshal with the murder, the Earl completely rebutting the charge. In 1240 Maurice Fitz Gerald solemnly purged himself by oath of the guilt of Earl Richard's death, and was formally reconciled to Earl Gilbert; yet, in spite of his "purgation," few people believed him innocent. Five years later King Henry, attributing the ill-success of his Welsh campaign to Fitz Gerald's tardiness in sending assistance, removed him from the justiciarship. He bore his dismissal with the patience of a broken-hearted man, for since the death of his son, not long before, he valued little the transitory glories of earth. The same year—1245—Geoffrey de Marisco, "outlawed from England, disinherited from Ireland, expelled from Scotland," died in France, in poverty and misery. His ruin was due to his supposed complicity in an attempt to assassinate the King at Woodstock in September, 1238. The assassin accused William de Marisco, Geoffrey's son, of instigating the attempt. William, already outlawed under the improbable charge of murdering Henry Clement, established himself at Lundy Island, and maintained himself by piracy. The island fortress, impregnable to direct attack, was at last betrayed by some of the garrison, and De Marisco executed with great cruelty at London in July, 1242.

He denied to the last any share in the plot against the King, and his father's guilt is, at any rate, incredible.

Yet the old man's misfortunes excited no compassion, for it was looked upon as the retribution inflicted by Heaven for the treachery which the justice of earth had left unpunished. Among the victims of the Civil War was the Provincial Minister of the Franciscans. His journey to Margam was but one of many labours undertaken by Brother Agnellus in the cause of peace that terrible winter. The cold and exposure told fatally upon a constitution already weakened by the austerities which he daily practised ; for among all the followers of the gentle saint of Assisi there was none more faithful to his teacher's ideal of poverty and privation. At length he succumbed at Oxford to an attack of dysentery. The watchers by the bedside told how, in the last days of his life, the prayer ' Veni, Jesu dulcissima," was ever on his lips. So holy had been his life that men were prepared to believe of him, as of St. Francis, that his body bore in death the impress of the five wounds that pierced the body of the Crucified.

The story of the House of the Marshals has the pathetic grandeur of a Sophoclean tragedy. As one after another of the five brothers passed away and left no heir to the name and honours of their line, it seemed to their contemporaries as if they were pursued by some inexorable destiny. It was said that their mother, Isabel de Clare, had foretold the extinction of the house. A tale characteristic of the age attributed the doom of the family to the seizure by their father of certain Irish manors belonging to the bishopric of Ferns, and to the refusal of William Marshal the younger to restore them to the Church.

The Bishop, a Cistercian monk of eminent sanctity, had solemnly repeated at the tomb of the great Earl the excommunication he had pronounced long before, consigning him to eternal woe if the manors were not restored to the See of Ferns with full compensation.

The boy-King (he was only twelve), deeply moved by the doom thus passed upon the man who had been to him as a father, besought Earl William to give back the lands, and thus liberate his father from the infernal prison-house. "I do not believe," replied the young Earl, "it is impossible to believe, that my father took away those manors wrongfully. What is acquired in time of war becomes a lawful possession. If that frantic old Bishop has pronounced an unjust sentence, let his curse return on his own head. I will not diminish my inheritance with which I have been invested."

When the reply was reported to the Bishop of Ferns, he pronounced on the contumacious family the curse contained in Ps. cix.—one of the "cursing Psalms"—"In one generation shall his name be blotted out." This, he added, the King himself should see ere he himself reached the noontide of his life. It was held to be a confirmation of the story, and a conclusive proof of the damnation of William Marshal, when, twenty-one years after his death, at the dedication of the new Temple Church, his body was found; and it was reported, by those who took a furtive peep within the bull's hide in which it had been wrapped, that, like King David, he had "seen corruption."

To the medieval monk no sin was so heinous, no breach of the moral law so unpardonable, as the refusal to surrender to the Church what she, justly or unjustly, claimed as her own. Laymen of unperverted moral sense might be excused if they wondered whether, in the eyes of the Supreme Arbiter of events, such a trivial offence could outweigh the great services of the father, the steadfast patriotism of the sons, the stainless life and heroic self-sacrifice of Earl Richard. In 1240 Gilbert, from whom King Henry had not dared to withhold any portion of his vast inheritance, was still living. Originally intended for the Church, he had actually taken minor

orders and received two English livings ; but these minor orders were not indelible, and he relinquished his clerical vocation, marrying in 1230. Such share as he took in the administration of the Irish estates of his family was of a non-military nature, and it is intelligible how Richard looked upon Walter as the hope of their house, instead of the childless Gilbert, who had not yet been even knighted. His accession to the earldom changed all this. In 1235 he married as his second wife Margaret, sister of Alexander II. of Scotland. This royal alliance still further strengthened the influence of the Marshal family. The King being still unmarried, the heir-presumptive was his brother Richard, the husband of Isabella Marshal. The brother-in-law at once of the heir-presumptive of England and of the King of Scots, and the hereditary chief of the constitutional party among the English barons, the Earl of Pembroke was also the guardian of his nephew, the Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, whose possessions in England were little less extensive than his own. Not even in the days of his father's regency had the prestige of the great house been higher. But clouds began to gather. The King's marriage in 1237 brought a new peril to England, for the Queen's relatives flocked over to devour the wealth of the land.

Gilbert was supported by his brother-in-law in his opposition to the new favourites—an opposition which was carried to the verge of civil war. The groundless charge of the murder of Henry Clement had revealed the sleepless hatred of the King for the house to whom he owed so much, and whom he had wronged so deeply. At the Christmas festivities of 1232 which were held at Winchester, Gilbert was grossly insulted by the King's household. In answer to his complaints, Henry reviled the memory of Richard, "that bloody traitor who had met his death by the judgment of God." Gilbert and Walter withdrew in great anger from the Court. Next June the

birth of Henry's son, afterwards Edward I., so far changed the situation that Isabella Marshal's son, born two years before, was no longer the heir to the Crown. Early in the following year Isabella herself died in childbirth. Her death was a national misfortune, and proved to be the turning-point in the fortunes of the Marshals. Her husband Richard had been at best an unsafe ally, but her influence as his wife, and also as the mother of the Earl of Gloucester, was a potent factor in every political quarrel. Her brother Gilbert, who loved her warmly, realized the change her death had wrought. His reconciliation with the King, which is said to have cost him heavily in bribes both to Henry and to Richard, was no doubt a measure of expediency suggested by the altered situation, as was also the reconciliation with Maurice Fitz Gerald that followed. The previous November both Richard and Gilbert had taken the Crusader's vow, but Gilbert's vow was expressly made conditional on his reconciliation with the King. Richard now prepared to set out for the east, but the critical state of affairs in Wales forbade the departure of the Earl of Pembroke. Llewelyn ap Iorwerth had died at Conway on April 11. Even before his death the old man's failing strength had been unequal to the task of controlling the turbulence of the Welsh clansman. His successor was not his eldest son Gruffydd, who was illegitimate, but his legitimate son David, whose mother was the Princess Joan, the illegitimate daughter of King John. In May, David, accompanied by "the barons of Wales," did homage to his uncle at Gloucester. In the same month the English, not unmindful of their usual practice, sent Walter Marshal with a large army to fortify the Castle of Cardigan. The military operations were of a precautionary nature rather than actual hostilities. At the same time, Walter, on behalf of his brother, took possession "of the lands pertaining to the Honour of Carmarthen."

Apart from the charter which, following the example of his father and his eldest brother, he gave to Haverford, the only incident connecting Earl Gilbert with domestic affairs in Pembrokeshire are a gift of land to the leper-house at Tenby and his grant to Gilbert de Vale of the mill at St. Ishmaels, and also of the stream of Corsley, to make a fishery for eels, with the stipulation that in constructing the weir he is not to damage the Earl's Moor.* To this grant his successor Walter added some adjoining land.

Notwithstanding his "reconciliation" with the King, the Earl was still the leader of the national opposition to the foreign favourites. Feeling was once more running dangerously high against the intruders. Of these no one was more obnoxious than the Queen's uncle, Peter of Savoy, to whom the King had given the earldom of Richmond. In the spring af 1241 a tournament was arranged between Earl Peter and Roger Bigod, the Earl of Norfolk. This tournament was anticipated as a trial of strength between the two parties—the Englishmen and the foreigners. Earl Roger, whose mother was a Marshal, had the support of his uncle Gilbert and the principal English nobles. The King threw all his weight into the opposite scale, and by dint of threats and bribes won over to the Court party Gilbert Basset and many others. So when, a fortnight after Easter, the time came for the tournament, which was to be held at Northampton, the party of the foreigners appeared to be the stronger and more numerous. Great was the exasperation of the national party, and bitter was their resentment against the turncoats. Then King Henry, becoming alarmed,

* The Corsley stream has not been identified. Was it the stream that flows under Mullock Bridge? That would naturally belong to the Earl, while it lay conveniently near to the Dale estate. Weirs for eel-catching were not uncommon in Pembrokeshire. George Owen mentions those on the great moor on the Upper Cleddau, below Llanstinan.

sent his almoner post-haste to Northampton to forbid the tournament.

As the summer came on, Earl Gilbert was making preparations to follow the Earl of Cornwall to Palestine. In imitation of his prudent brother-in-law, he procured from the Pope for a substantial consideration the privilege of collecting money from those who had taken the vow of the Crusade, but were anxious to purchase exemption from its fulfilment. But he was not destined to go to the East. Once more calamity was impending over "the good house that loved the people well." On June 27 the Earl and his brother Walter and some other nobles were holding a tilting match just outside Hertford. To evade the royal prohibition of tournaments, so King Henry afterwards alleged, this "spearplay was called a fortunium"—the popular name for local tilting-matches, as distinguished from the more stately tournaments. Now, Earl Gilbert, who was an undersized man, was anxious to prove himself the equal of his brother nobles in knightly skill and strength, and the more so because, having been originally brought up for the Church, he was supposed to be inexperienced and awkward in military exercises.

After the early midday meal he entered the lists well equipped and mounted on a fine horse—an Italian charger—and his horsemanship surprised and delighted the spectators. At some point in the proceedings, when he had occasion to rein in his horse, suddenly both reins broke off, just at the junction with the bit. The horse, throwing up his head, struck his rider a violent blow on the chest. Just at that moment the crowd of soldiers who had escorted him to the lists were scattered over the field. The Earl, blinded by heat and dust and sweat, and weighed down by his heavy helmet, could do nothing with the excited steed, which he had not ridden before that day. Half fainting, he began to reel in the saddle.

At last he fell, and, one foot being fast in the stirrup, he was dragged over the ground for some distance before he could be released. Battered and bleeding, and groaning heavily, he was carried to a monastery in Hertford, where he died the same evening. A post-mortem examination showed that the cause of death was rupture of the liver. There were some who asserted, perhaps with truth, that his bridle had been treacherously cut before he entered the lists. The next day his body was brought to London, his brother Walter heading the funeral procession, and he was laid beside his father and his elder brother in the new Temple Church. His second wife, the sister of the Scottish King, had borne him a son, but the infant had predeceased him, and so the third son of William Marshal, like his brother, had gone down childless to a premature grave.

Even a less superstitious age might have been impressed by the doom that seemed to rest upon the Marshals, but some portion of their misfortunes should be attributed, not to the wrath of Heaven, but to the ingratitude of their King and the malignity of the Court faction.

The King lost no time in seizing the castles of the deceased Earl. The day after the funeral, within forty-eight hours of Gilbert's death, orders to that effect were sent under the King's own hand to John of Monmouth. Gladly would Henry have confiscated the inheritance of the Marshals, but such an act might have had dangerous consequences; and on October 27 Walter, who had behaved throughout those critical months with equal firmness and discretion, received the investiture of the family estates and honours, including the marshalship. The following January he married the widow of John de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, but the union was as fruitless as his earlier marriage with the sister of Simon de Montfort. So far as he took part in public life, he was faithful to the traditions of his family, allying himself with the constitu-

tional opposition as represented by the Earl of Cornwall and the Earl of Hereford. He accompanied Henry on his unsuccessful expedition to Gascony in 1242. His ill-health would account for the fact that his name does not appear for these years in Welsh chronicles, beyond a statement that he was at Haverford in 1243. It was probably then that he gave the town an additional charter. On the same visit he gave orders for the repair of the dilapidated fortifications of Tenby, and also for the building of an almshouse there and for the rebuilding of the town church. His death in the autumn of the same year prevented the carrying out of these plans.

Carmarthen and Cardigan Castles had been retained by the Crown for a while as security for the loyalty of the district, but had since been restored. With them had been restored an old house of the De Clares. Earl Walter died on November 24, 1245. They brought him down the beautiful valley of the Wye to Tintern, where his mother, the Lady Isabella, had been laid to rest twenty-five years before. He had held the earldom just five years and one month. Among the few memorials of his connection with Pembrokeshire is his gift of lands to the Monkton and Castlemartin churches, the deed being witnessed by Gilbert de Vale, who signed as Seneschal of Pembroke. Once more the King made haste to lay his hands on the castles and lands of the Marshals, but his precipitancy was needless. Anselm, the last of the five brothers, a young man of great promise, was already nearing his end. He is reckoned among the Earls of Pembroke, but he never received investiture, dying at either Striguil or Chepstow on the Sunday before Christmas. He was buried at Tintern by his mother and his brother. Thus the earldom passed from the House of the Marshals, and the one glorious chapter of its changeful annals was closed.

## CHAPTER XI

### AFTER THE MARSHALS

HOW Henry III. must have congratulated himself on the disappearance of the Marshals, and the division and subdivision of their great inheritance!

The framers of the deed of partition had to deal with the complicated interests not only of the four sisters but also of their co-heirs and representatives, while the estates and jurisdictions to be divided were scattered over England, Wales, and Ireland.

One consequence was the severance of the Pembroke earldom from the earl-marshalship with which it had been temporarily associated. Matilda, the eldest daughter, had outlived her second husband, the Earl of Warrenne, and to her, as "Marescalla," the King delivered the Marshal's staff. But her marshalship was of short duration. Little more than two years after the burials of Walter and Anselm, Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and his three brothers bore their mother into the choir of Tintern. To Roger now passed the hereditary dignity of the earl-marshalship. From the Bigods it passed through the Mowbrays to the Howards. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl-Marshal of England, is the representative of his ancestor, the great Earl of Pembroke.

Isabella's share went to her children by her first husband, the Earl of Gloucester. Of her children by her second husband, the King's brother, three died in infancy. The

only one who survived her was the Henry of Allmaine who was assassinated in Italy by his cousin (on the father's side), the son of Simon de Montfort.

Eva, whose husband, William de Braose of Brecknock, had been hanged by Prince Llewelyn, had died, after ten years of widowhood, in the same year as her sister Isabella, leaving four daughters. One, Isabella de Braose, was now the widow of David, the short-lived successor of Llewelyn. In her share of her mother's portion was included Haverford Castle (which, however, was retained by the Crown), and a Haverford rental of £61 16s. 8d. Cilgerran fell to her sister Eva, who had married William de Cantelupe.

Sybilla Marshal had married William de Ferrars, who two years later succeeded his aged father as seventh Earl of Derby. Her husband, who, like his father, was a martyr to gout, was "a discreet man and skilled in the laws of the land. He died in 1254 from the effects of an accident to his carriage when crossing the bridge at St. Neot's. Sybilla, like Eva, had no sons, and her portion was divided between her seven daughters, all of whom were married at least once, and some twice or three times. There was no "old maid" among the many granddaughters of William Marshal. Wealthy heiresses were not likely to escape being led to the altar in the thirteenth century. One of Sybilla's numerous sons-in-law, a Mortimer of Salop, had certain rights in "Flemingstrasse in the County of Pembroke." This looks as if there were a Flemings' Road in the county proper, which could not well have been the Via Flandrica that crosses the lower spurs of the Presselly range. Probably there were in Pembrokeshire other instances of joint ownership among the "Marshal co-heirs," whose name was legion.

The bulk of the Pembrokeshire possessions went with the earldom of Pembroke, and the lordship of Wexford to

Joanna, who is sometimes said to be the second of the five sisters, but who was more probably the youngest. Her husband was Warene de Munchensi. Among all the nobles of England, he was one of the noblest and the best. "Especially was he zealous for the peace and liberty of the kingdom."

The Munchensi estates lay chiefly in the eastern and south-eastern counties. Joanna and her husband paid an early visit to their new earldom in the west, and carried out at Tenby part of her brother Walter's plans, including the restoration of the church, on which they "bestowed great store of plate and jewels"; but this seems to be the only trace of their presence in Pembrokeshire. Warene died in 1255, leaving behind him a sum, colossal for that age, of more than two hundred thousand marks. There was no minute subdivision of the Munchensi wealth, or of Joanna's portion of the Marshal estates, for their surviving children were only two—one son, who was a minor at his father's death; and one daughter, Joanna, who had been married eight years before to William de Valence, the half-brother of King Henry. It was to the daughter and her husband that the earldom of Pembroke passed, and in the possession of their descendants it remained until the twelfth year of Richard II.

In the same year—1255—died Bishop Thomas Wallensis,* who had sat for seven years in the chair of Dewi Sant. To his predecessor Anselm the episcopal office had brought much sorrow and anxiety. Anselm was the nephew of William Marshal, and therefore the first cousin of Earl Richard, to whom he had been the unwilling bearer of the King's defiance on the eve of the civil war. The racial and feudal strife, the disorganization of society, the poverty of the clergy, embittered the lives of the

* That is, "Thomas the Welshman"; *cf.* Giraldus Cambrensis = "Gerald of Cambria."

Welsh Bishops. Anselm had not been reduced to actual mendicancy like his brethren of Bangor and St. Asaph, but it was believed by his flock that he had died of grief. He had been a faithful guardian of teh cathedral church, which owed to him its first Lady Chapel—a great effort in so poor a diocese. It was the damage done to the church he loved by the great earthquake of February 13, 1248, that broke the old man's heart—so men said, and he certainly did not long survive it. Thomas Wallensis had been a lecturer at the University of Paris, and had accepted the archdeaconry of Lincoln, which was very gratefully offered to him by Grosseteste. Now he once more accepted an unsolicited preferment. There was little to attract him in a see so slenderly endowed, but he could not refuse a call to labour in his beloved native land, where "he might comfort his wretched fellow-countrymen by his presence, his counsel, and his help." King Henry raised no objection to the appointment; it was only over wealthy bishoprics that the devout monarch made difficulties. The chronicler hints that the Chancellor's severance of his tie with Lincoln was made the more easy by the fact that the six years' controversy between the Chapter of Lincoln and their Bishop had ended in a complete victory for the great prelate. Very rarely do the best of men act from motives altogether unmixed. Bishop Thomas's tenure of the see was somewhat less troubled than that of his predecessor. He pursued the same policy of assimilating the constitution of the Chapter to that of the Chapters of English cathedrals—a policy which had been initiated by Iorwerth and continued by Anselm, and which was carried farther by the next Bishop, Richard de Carew. Richard, whose name is sometimes given as "de Caron"—a form which has not the probability held to attach to the more difficult reading—was, it may be presumed, a South Pembrokeshire man; for Caron Pill is the name of a creek of Milford

Haven adjoining Lawrenny, and within a few miles of Carew. The election of Richard, who was already one of the Canons, seems to have been the spontaneous act of the Chapter, at whose request he received consecration from Pope Alexander IV. The Papal missive announcing the consecration speaks of him as the son of a clerk in minor orders. In the "Annales Cambriæ" he is described as "an excellent theologian and philosopher." The historian has named the sixty-five years 1215-1280, covered by these four episcopates, the "Period of Civil Disorder."

Scanty as are the materials for an ecclesiastical record of this period, they convey, on the whole, a favourable impression. The Bishops seem to have been honestly endeavouring to do their duty under great difficulties. The care they bestowed on the cathedral; the additions made to the fabric, notwithstanding the great outlay necessitated by the two catastrophes of 1220 and 1248; the promulgation of new statutes by Iorwerth and Thomas Wallensis; the founding of the precentorship by the former, and of the treasurership by the latter; the assignment of parochial revenues to the Chapter and to the residentiary canonries—all tell the same tale.

Within the Church the antagonism of Celtic and Latin ideals was fast disappearing. The cult of St. Thomas of Canterbury was embraced as heartily by the Welshman as by the Norman or the Fleming. The enthusiasm awakened by the translation of his remains in the year of the jubilee of his martyrdom, 1220, found its expression in Pembrokeshire in the dedication of the large church built on the hill outside the south gate of Haverford, and in the building of the St. Thomas Chapel of St. David's Cathedral. It was an age of religious revival throughout Western Europe—the age that gave birth to the Franciscan and Dominican Orders. There was, however, no Franciscan house in Pembrokeshire, the nearest "Grey Friars" being at Carmarthen; while the Dominican

house at Haverford was the only establishment of the Black Friars in West Wales. Their house stood outside the town on the river-bank, the name being preserved in the Friars' Lane, at the southern end of Bridge Street. No trace of the Dominican buildings remains, but about a quarter of a mile lower down the river there still stand the picturesque ruins of the stately cruciform church of the Priory of Haverford — an establishment of Augustinian Canons dating possibly from the last quarter of the twelfth century, and therefore half a century older than the Dominican settlement.

At Whitland the Cistercian abbey, founded about 1142 by Bishop Bernard, had taken the place of the famous monastery of Ty Gwyn ar Daf (the White House on the Taf). In the same way St. Dogmael's represented Llandudoch. Probably the Priory on Caldey Island had also a Celtic predecessor. Both St. Dogmael's and Caldey were founded either by Martin de Turribus or by his son Robert. They belonged to the reformed Benedictines of the Tironian Order. The still older Priory of Monkton, founded by Arnulph de Montgomery during his brief tenure of Pembroke, was a Benedictine house of the original type. All the early Norman foundations in South Wales—*i.e.*, down to 1100—were Benedictine. To this type reverted the originally Tironian house of Pulla or Pill, near Milford. The visitor approaching the busy little seaport by rail catches a glimpse of a solitary arch rising above the cottage roofs of the little village, which still bears the name of Priory. This fragment, which narrowly escaped destruction a few years ago, is all that remains of the Priory of Pill. Its foundation in the last quarter of the twelfth century was the work of a Flemish landowner, Adam de Rupe or de la Roche. The French surname adopted by Adam and his brothers disguised, as it was intended to do, the Flemish origin of the family ; for they were the sons of Rodbert, one of the

sons of "Godibert the Fleming of Roose." Their uncle, Richard Fitz Godibert, had been the pioneer of the Irish conquest, for he was the only knight who accompanied Dermot on his return to Leinster in 1167. Their father Godibert had shared largely in the territorial spoils divided among the conquerors. He had been one of the "three barons"—his brother Fleming, Richard Fitz Tancred, being another—who had given to the Preceptory of Slebech "the whole vill of Rosemarket, with its church, mill, and lands." Adam's possessions were very extensive. Besides the site of the priory and lands in Roose and New Moat, his donation included the churches of Steynton, Little Newcastle, Roch, and New Moat. Of these Steynton and Little Newcastle still retain their original dedications—Steynton to St. Cenydd, Newcastle to St. David. His great-grandson, Thomas de la Roche, a contemporary of Bishop Richard, added to his ancestor's donation lands at South Hook, Herbrandston, Denant, Dredgman Hill, and elsewhere, with the churches of Hubberston and Nolton.

As Haverford Priory had been founded probably a few years before Pulla, by Robert Fitz Richard, the son of Richard Fitz Tancred, both the monasteries of Roose were monuments of Flemish liberality. So also was the one monastic house of Dungleddy, the Commandery of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John at Slebech. Whether Slebech was founded by Wyz, who died in the reign of Henry I., or by his son Walter, may be open to question, but that it was a Flemish foundation, and that the greater part of its endowments were given by Flemish landowners, there is no doubt. Fierce disputes raged between the monastery of St. Peter's, Gloucester, and the Priory of St. Mary's, Worcester, over Wiston Church and other churches of Dungleddy, which the Gloucester fraternity claimed on the strength of the original donation of Wyz, while his son Walter supported the claims of Worcester.

By the year 1157 that controversy had been ended in favour of the Worcester priory, but it remained for the successful litigants to maintain their rights against the Knights of St. John. Walter, who had supported Worcester against Gloucester, was now in favour of the Knights against Worcester. As Walter had married Bishop David's daughter, one is not surprised to find an able but not overscrupulous prelate taking the side of the Knights—so far, at least, as to confirm them in the possession of Wiston and four other churches. Perhaps he was trying to compromise matters by allotting to the Knights half of the twelve churches in dispute. Then the Pope commissioned Bishop Bartholomew of Exeter to decide between the claimants, and his decision was in favour of the Knights. Probably the £7 per annum payable from Slebech to the Prior of Worcester, according to the "Valor Ecclesiasticus," represented the compensation awarded to the priory by Bishop Bartholomew for the cession of their claims on the churches of Dungleddy.

What the gift of a church to a monastery meant is shown by the return made in 1388 of the income and expenditure of the Slebech Commandery, where the annual value of thirteen benefices is set down at £218, and payments to the curates who did the work at £29 10s., leaving balance of £188 10s. in favour of the Order.

The encroachments of the monastic Orders had virtually destroyed the parochial system throughout a great part of Pembrokeshire. To Slebech were annexed the parishes of Slebech, Minwere, Martletwy, Boulston (with Picton Chapel), Rudbaxton, Prendergast, Wiston, Clarbeston, Ambleston, Walton East, Rosemarket, Amroth. Haverford Priory held the three town parishes—St. Martin, St. Mary, and St. Thomas—Haroldston St. Issels, Dale, St. Ishmael's, Llanstadwell, Camrose, Lambston, Reynalton. Pulla or Pill owned Roch, Steynton, New Moat, Little Newcastle.

To Monkton—more correctly called Pembroke Priory—belonged the three town churches—St. Mary and St. Michael within the walls, and St. Nicholas (Monkton) outside—also Castlemartin and Manorbier.

To St. Dogmael's were attached St. Dogmael's, with Llantood and Monington, Eglwyswrw, Bayvil, Moylgrove, Maenclochog, Llandilo, Fishguard, Monachlogddu, and probably one or two others. Add to these the churches granted to the Chapter, or attached to certain canonries and prebends, and one begins to wonder how many Pembrokeshire parishes there were that had escaped appropriation either by the monks or by the cathedral clergy. In Dungleddy, for instance, of the six churches not in the hands of one or other of the Orders, four—Uzmaston, Spittal, Llawhaden, Bletherston—were annexed to the cathedral or to cathedral appointments; and the only exceptions, if they were exceptions, were Llanycefn and Llysyfran.

It was an age of religious revival and reform, but, as it has frequently happened, the energies of the reformers were largely misdirected.

There was no nunnery in the county; there was only one in the diocese—at Llanllyn, in Cardiganshire.

The towns Pembroke and Cardigan were growing in size and importance. In the matter of incorporation by charter, the priority must be conceded to Pembroke. The charter of Henry III., dated Reading, May 16, 1256, recites the provisions of the charter of his grandfather, Henry II., which confirmed the privileges enjoyed by the towns-people of Pembroke in the time of his grandfather, Henry I. It also confirmed the privileges conferred by King John. These included a fair to be held on "the Eve, the Day, and the Morrow of St. John"—*i.e.*, June 23, 24, and 25. The earliest Haverford charter was given by William Marshal. To the Marshals the town was indebted for six charters—two given by the

great Earl, two by his eldest son, and one each by Gilbert and Walter.

The "liberties" of Haverford were of the well-known Breteuil type—a statement which holds good to some extent of Pembroke as well. The baron who gave a charter of this kind to a township was not so much making a concession of privileges to the existing population as offering attractive terms to those whom he hoped to induce to settle on his land.

"The name of Henry I. is associated with the early privileges of Haverfordwest and Pembroke, but it seems unlikely that they were boroughs of his making. In the rare cases in which the King placed a new borough on his own estate with a view to its enrichment, he did not, it would seem, offer the low amercement."*

The oldest extant charter of Haverford, the earlier of the two granted by William Marshal the elder, makes no reference to any older charter or to any franchises already enjoyed by the inhabitants. It enumerates the usual Breteuil privileges. The burgess-ship may be acquired by unchallenged residence for a year and a day. The right of sale or mortgage is secured. Distress may be levied for debt, either on the debtor or his surety, anywhere in the county of Pembroke. Amercement in the Hundred Court shall not exceed twelve pence. The same sum is to be paid by the heir of any burgess for the relief of his inheritance, and if the heir be a minor, he shall be in charge only of his relatives "unless his father be a usurer." If an article bought openly and for a suitable price is afterwards discovered to have been stolen by the vendor, the purchaser shall lose only his purchase-money, without any other fine or loss. A burgess taken by the bailiff shall be released on finding surety, unless he has been arrested for homicide. If a horse is found in the lord's meadows, it shall be redeemed by a fine in money. If

* Miss Bateson, in *English Historical Review*, 1901, p. 104.

the lord or his chief bailiff go to Parliament or to the army the burgesses shall go with him with as much force as they can, "saving the custody of the town." There is also the clause giving the right of using timber from "our forest of Narberth—dead wood to burn, green wood to build."

The Earl's second charter grants to "our beloved and faithful burgesses of Haverford" the privilege of having "a merchant guild for the convenience of them and of their town." They are to be free of mill-toll, and also of stallage in Pembroke.

Five months after his father's death, on September 8, 1219, at Striguil Castle, Earl William signed a short charter confirming his father's grants to Haverford.

His second charter—undated, like those of his father and brother—was a second confirmation, with amplifications of the old Earl's charter, with one significant addition: "Also we will that no Merchant be in our land who is not resident in our Boroughs, and that ships coming with merchandise into Milford go not elsewhere in our land to sell their goods unless at Pembroke or Haverford." This was an extension to the Flemings' town of privileges which, according to the tenor of the older Pembroke charter, were granted to Pembroke alone. Gilbert's charter exempts the burgesses of Haverford from "toll pontage and passage and all customs" throughout our whole land, as well in England as in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland and elsewhere, wheresoever our power extends. The Pembroke charter of Henry III. offers several difficulties. That part which professes to be a recital of the charter of Henry II. bears a suspicious resemblance to the Haverford charter of the great Earl-Marshal. Neither the form nor the substance can be easily reconciled with its supposed royal origin and early date. The most probable conjecture would seem to be that the draft submitted to Henry III. for confirmation of a charter of the King's grandfather was substituted for the charter

of the Earl, the most important provisions of the latter being embodied in the draft. This would be the more easily done if King Henry II. had really given to Pembroke a charter or concession of some kind.

Among the witnesses to the charter of Henry III. is "William de Valence our brother." To William de Valence and his wife, Joan de Munchensi, Tenby was indebted for its first charter, which is known to us through the confirmation of their son Aymer and the inspeximus of Laurence de Hastings. This charter, like the charters of its sister towns, contains some of the provisions—such as the twelve-penny amercement and relief—which are recognized as characteristics of the Breteuil charters, but it does not contain the "year and a day "qualification for either burgess-ship or ownership. It is undated, but is evidently later than the Pembroke document, dating probably from the early years of Edward I.

Like Pembroke, Tenby had its great fair, but on the eve, the day, and the morrow of the Assumption of the Virgin. So, at least, say the charters; but three hundred years later, when George Owen drew up his list of "Faires in Pembrokeshire," neither of these fairs was in existence. The only Pembroke fair was that on St. Peter's Day (June 29), founded by a grant of King Henry; while Tenby had two fairs—one on July 20 (St. Margaret's Day), and the other on September 8 ("the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin"). The first may have been connected with St. Margaret's Chapel on Little Caldey. Probably several of the fairs enumerated by the Elizabethan antiquary were older than the thirteenth century, as, for instance, the "great fair" at Eglwyswrw on the Monday after St. Martin's Day. Its Welsh name, Ffair Feigan, or Meigan's Fair, indicates that it was originally held in honour of St. Meigan, and therefore was older than the Norman conquest of the district. In that case the date was probably changed, as well as the dedication,

for St. Meigan's Day was September 25. To George Owen's list, which includes village festivals as well as cattle-fairs, should be added a group of fairs at the lower end of Roose—Dale, Marloes, St. Ishmael's*—each of which is held on the festival (O.S.) of the patron saint of the parish church. Dale furnishes a curious parallel to Pembroke in the disappearance of its later charter-fair and the survival of the older village festival. Sir Robert de Vale, the last of the male line of the De Vales, obtained from Edward I. in 1295 a grant of a Wednesday market, and of a three days' fair to be held on the eve, the festival, and the morrow of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross (September 14). Next year he obtained for his Manor of Redwalls, in Morvil parish, a Monday market and a three days fair in June—the eve, festival, and morrow of the Translation of King Edward the Martyr (June 20); but in George Owen's time neither of these was held, and the Henllys fair, granted in 1284 to John de Langton, had also disappeared. There is no evidence of any fair at Haverford at this early date, though there was a weekly market dating from King John's grant of a market to Robert de Haverford in 1207. The Saturday market at Pembroke was recognized and privileged rather than founded by the royal charter. Something more than a charter was needed to maintain either a weekly market or a fair. The failures at Dale and Morvil are not surprising, but it is more instructive to note the ill-success of the Lords of Kemes to establish a permanent market in their own borough of Newport. As far back at 1215 Nicholas Fitz Martin had granted "the burgesses of Newburgh" a liberal charter, which purports to be in the first instance a confirmation of his father's grant to the

* Dale and Marloes were the only fishing-villages of Lower Roose. St. Ishmael's, about three miles from each of the others, is always spoken of as "the village." The writer is not certain whether Herbrandston (hiring) fair on Old Michaelmas Day should be put in the same category.

little town. The charter secured them "the twelvepence relief"; common of pasture, and of water from the town fosse; easement of wood for their buildings and for fuel; the usual securities against petty feudal exactions; a bailiff to be chosen by the common consent of the lord and the burgesses; finally, "all the liberties and good customs of Pembroke." The reference to Pembroke liberties as the model of municipal freedom confirms the inference that the "liberties of Haverford" had either not come into existence or were too recent to be appealed to. It was another Nicholas Fitz Martin—probably his son—who in 1278 granted the "Market Charter," a very interesting document.* It assumes the form of a compact between the lords of Kemes and the representatives of the different districts of the barony. One provision was an undertaking by the representatives of the community to assimilate the weights and measures, dry and liquid, throughout Kemes to the standards in force in Newport. The tentative character of the compact is apparent, especially in the provisions relating to the market regulations and market tolls.

So complete, after all, was the failure that in George Owen's time the only market at Newport was a very small affair, held on Sundays "before service, even about sunrisinge."

When Nicholas Fitz Martin and the men of Kemes entered into this treaty, the Welsh peril, so terribly real to the Normans and the Flemings of an earlier day, was already a thing of the past.

Sixteen years after the death of Llewelyn the Great, his grandson, Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, now become the sole ruler of the diminished principality in the north-west, had once more rallied the greater part of the Welsh people under the banner of Gwynedd.

* Miss Bateson, in the *English Historical Review*, has noted its "curiously burghal form."

He had been compelled to hand over to Prince Edward the Four Cantrevs, the "middle land" between the Conway and the Dee.

In the early autumn of 1256, Edward, then a lad of seventeen, came to take possession of his new territory. The tyranny and rapacity of his rule drove chiefs and people to despair, for the Prince at this period of his life bade fair to combine the vices of his father and of his grandfather—the revolting cruelty of John with the thriftlessness of Henry. On his return to Chester the storm burst. Llewelyn could no longer resist the appeals of his former subjects, and his arrival in Penfeddwlad, "the middle country," was the signal for a general revolt. In a week the whole country, save the two castles of Deganwy and Diserth, was lost to Edward. It was the first week of November, and Llewelyn utilized the remainder of the year in securing Cardigan and Carmarthen, both of which Edward was preparing to organize as English counties. Edward's lands in Ceredigion he gave to Meredith ap Owain, who had become his ally; and the lands of the Towy Valley he restored to Meredith, the son of Rhys the Hoarse, who had been ejected by the intrigues of the English, aided by some of his Welsh neighbours, especially by his nephew, Rhys the Little, who supplanted him at Dinevor. In January, Llewelyn, accompanied by his allies, the two Merediths, waged a successful campaign in Powys against Gruffydd ap Gwenwynwyn. During the absence of Meredith ap Rhys in Powys, the men of Pembroke and South Carmarthen took the field under Stephen Bauzan, the Seneschal of Pembroke; Patrick de Seyes or de Canton, the Seneschal of Carmarthen; and Nicholas Fitz Martin, the Lord of Kemes. Bauzan (the name is spelled various ways, sometimes Baucan) was a Lincolnshire knight, a favourite with the King. He had held his office for many years, his name appearing among the witnesses to Earl Gilbert's charter

to Haverford at least seventeen years before. Patrick, who was also Lord of Kidwelly, seems to have been one of the North Pembrokeshire De Cantons or De Cantentons. To Nicholas the revival of the Welsh power meant grave peril. With them went the Lord of Carew, who is unnamed, but who may safely be identified with William de Carew, the grandson of Giraldus's cousin Otto, and therefore a descendant of Fitz Tancred, the Flemish Castellan of Haverford.

On February 5 they were at Whitland Abbey, where they robbed and ill-used the monks, who, like their brother Cistercians of Strata Florida, were warm sympathizers with the Welsh cause. They accomplished little more, for by that day fortnight Llewelyn had arrived from Powys with his victorious army. He laid waste Kidwelly and Gower,* burnt Abertawe (Swansea), "and subdued to himself all the Welsh of those lands." Before Easter he had returned to Snowdon laden with the spoils of the Saxons. A few weeks later the war broke out again. Rhys the Little had returned from his banishment, having "collected vast aid and strength of the barons and knights of England," and had been joined by Bauzum and Fitz Martin, with the contingents of Pembrokeshire and Kemes. On May 30, Wednesday of Whitsun week, the combined forces encamped at Carmarthen, and next day, in spite of a stubborn resistance, they pushed up the Towy Valley as far as Llandilo Fawr. There they encamped for the night, well satisfied with their day's work. By this time Meredith ap Rhys and Meredith ap Owain had mustered the clansmen of Ceredigion and Ystrad Towy, and on Friday morning the woods and glens resounded with the war-cries of the Welshmen. In the desperate fighting that followed, the odds were heavy

* The peninsula to which we now limit the name is only a part of the much larger district to which it is applied in the Welsh chronicles.

against the invaders. All day long the mail-clad English cavalry were assailed by the missiles and arrows of their half-hidden foes, and only the tardy shadows of the summer evening brought respite from the unequal strife. Rhys and his allies had counted on making Dinevor Castle their base of operations, and to their disappointment in meeting enemies where they had expected to find friends the English attributed their defeat. Still clinging to the hope of winning over the garrison of his old home, Rhys stole away before day on Saturday morning, with a handful of his men, to Dinevor, only to be made a prisoner as soon as he passed within the gates. Thus forsaken, the English leaders held a hurried council of war, and it was decided, instead of falling back on Carmarthen, to push north-westwards over the hills towards the Tivyside and Cardigan. It was a counsel of despair. A glance at the map will show the impossibility of such a line of retreat. At sunrise the fighting recommenced. Every mile of the road had to be fought for, and the victorious Welshmen pressed hard on their retreating foes. At Coed Llether (Llangathen Woods) the English lost all their provisions, their baggage-horses, and their palfreys. The end was now approaching. About midday, " when they had got so far as Cymmerau,"* a furious onslaught of the Welshmen overwhelmed the shattered remnant of the army.

Of all the knights, only two are said to have escaped with their lives—one being Nicholas Fitz Martin, who was taken prisoner. Long was the carnage of that day remembered both by victors and by vanquished. Thirty-three years later Edward I., bestowing some lands on the Canons of the Carmarthen priory, annexed as a condition to the grant that Divine service should be duly offered for the

* Cymmerau (confluence of streams) has been identified with a piece of low-lying ground to the north of the road from Carmarthen to Llandilo, about four miles west of Dinevor.

souls of Stephen Bauzan and Richard Gifford, and those who fell with them in the service of their King. The next day (Trinity Sunday) two hundred English—six of them women—were massacred in Gower, in an outbreak on the arrival of the news from Dinevor.

The Merediths followed up their victory by an attack on Eastern Pembrokeshire, and the castles of Llanstephan, Narberth, and Maenclochog were destroyed. That more decisive results were not achieved is accounted for by the royal invasion of North Wales that summer, the repulse of which taxed all the strength of the reconciled nation. Next spring—1258—Llewelyn " subdued Kemes," which apparently means an extension of the Welsh authority over Nicholas Fitz Martin's lord-marchership. This explains the invasion of Kemes on April 1, the Monday week after Easter, by " the men of Pembroke and Roose," when two " nobles " of Kemes were killed. These names are given as William Techo and Henry Goeth, which, at least in their semi-latinized forms, are unrecognizable. But the men of Kemes and Dewisland inflicted a signal defeat on the raiders, recovering the booty they were carrying off and capturing abundant spoil. Among the " innumerable English " who fell on that day was Henry Wogan, the Constable of Narberth. This luckless raid had anticipated the expiration, on St. Alphege's Day, (April 19), of the winter truce between the two nations. After that date there came dismal news to the Court from Pembrokeshire. The Welshmen had invaded the English districts, bent on rapine, fire, and slaughter. Many were killed ; those whose lives were spared were subjected to shameful usage. William de Valence, the *de facto* but not titular Earl of Pembroke, complained bitterly to the King.

" Spend some of your own treasure, my dear brother," retorted the King, " of which you have so much, to avenge our injuries." William preferred abusing the baronial

leaders as the secret instigators of these troubles in Wales. When he went on to call Simon de Montfort "an old traitor and liar," the exasperated Earl could be scarcely restrained from inflicting personal chastisement on his libeller.

At this juncture, as so often before and after, the progress of the Welsh cause was checked by treachery—the unexpected treachery of Meredith ap Rhys, who went over to the English side.

The lands of the traitor were ruthlessly devastated, and he himself was severely wounded in a fight at Carmarthen Bridge.

In the first week of September a conference was arranged, to be held at Cilgerran, between David, Llewelyn's brother, and the Welsh chiefs, on the one side, with Meredith and Patrick de Seyes on the other. A treacherous seizure of the Welsh leaders at the beginning of the conference led to a fierce fight, in which the Welsh, though taken by surprise, were victorious.

Patrick was killed, and Meredith escaped with difficulty to Cilgerran Castle. Soon after he fell into Llewelyn's hands, and it was not till the Christmas of 1259 that he purchased his liberty by the surrender of Dinevor and Newcastle Emlyn.

The barons' war, in which Llewelyn took the side of the constitutional party, postponed for some years the catastrophe which Llewelyn, like his grandfather, must have felt to be inevitable.

For the half-century following the death of the last two sons of William Marshal the titular earldom of Pembroke was in abeyance. There was an earldom, but no Earl, though the title was sometimes loosely and inaccurately given to the persons in whose hands were vested for the time being the estates and jurisdictions attached to the earldom.

Joan Marshal, to whom, in the division of the great

inheritance, these were allotted, did not long survive her brothers. Of her two children, John predeceased his father, and probably his mother as well; for the eagerness of the King to secure Joanna for his half-brother indicated that she was already regarded as the sole heiress of her mother's share of the Marshal inheritance. By his second wife, Dionysia, Warenne de Munchensi had a son, William, who was but a child when his father died, and was made the ward of his brother-in-law, William de Valence. William de Munchensi was soon released from the wardship of De Valence, and attached himself to the baronial party. Though little more than a lad, he took an active part in the wars of 1264 and 1265, and was taken prisoner at Kenilworth two days before the fatal day of Evesham. He again took up arms as one of the disinherited in 1266, and, though formally reconciled to the King in January, 1267, he accompanied Gilbert de Clare in his occupation of London three months later. In the settlement, highly favourable to the "disinherited," which was finally arranged at the Parliament of Marlborough in the same year, De Munchensi was included, but several years passed before he received his full pardon. As the heir of his wealthy father, William was "a noble knight of great wealth in land and money," but of the Marshal inheritance he had no share, and such connection as he had with Pembrokeshire affairs was due to his relations, usually unfriendly, with his half-sister's husband, the holder of the earldom, though not the titular Earl.

The suggestion that in the dedication of St. Florence, which connot be traced beyond the middle of the century, we have a trace of the influence of William De Valence, is at least a plausible conjecture. The troubles of the baronial wars account for his absence from his territory in West Wales. In exile from 1258 to 1262, he then returned to Court, and was in England till the outbreak

of war in the spring of 1264. In the early successes of the royalists, De Valence had taken an active part, and at the Battle of Lewes, on May 19, he held a command in the royal army. From the lost battle-field he escaped with his brother-in-law, Earl Warenne, to Pevensey, and thence to the Continent. Three weeks later Pembroke Castle and the estates of the earldom were committed to the charge of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester. The Countess, who had stood bravely by her husband in the trouble of earlier years, was now unable to share his exile. The baronial leaders compelled her to quit Windsor Castle, and ordered her to seek some religious house or other suitable place till her confinement should take place.

After nearly twelve months of exile, the two Earls returned to Milford Haven about the beginning of May, with one hundred and twenty knights, and took possession of Pembroke Castle and the lands of the earldom. Gloucester was now on the verge of an open rupture with De Montfort. Three months later the victory of the royalists was complete, and De Valence, as part of his share of the spoils, obtained for a while the forfeited estates of his brother-in-law, William de Munchensi, and also the wardship of Haverford Castle during the minority of Humphrey de Bohun.

With the end of the Civil War the power of Llewelyn ap Gruffydd was broken, and the passing of the Welsh peril brought security to West Wales.

The peace between England and North Wales was unbroken for the last years of Henry III. and the first years of his son, but the possibility of a reawakening of the Civil War and of a renewal of the old alliance between the baronial party and the Prince of Gwynedd was never wholly absent from the mind either of the Kings of England or of the Welsh Prince. It was this that lent a sinister significance to the revived proposal of a marriage

between Llewelyn ap Gruffydd and the daughter of Simon de Montfort. In the autumn of 1275 Eleanor de Montfort, escorted by her brother Amaury, set sail for North Wales, but upon that journey they were seized by "the gate-keepers of Haverford, and sent prisoners to King Edward." This statement in the "Brut" is somewhat puzzling. It is certain that the capture of the De Montforts took place at sea not far from the Cornish coast. Possibly the Welsh manuscript has been inaccurately deciphered, or the word rendered "gate-keepers" may be intended to describe a vessel sent out to watch for the undesirable visitors. Three years later, after the war of 1277, Llewelyn was allowed to complete his ill-fated nuptials.

For that war and the final struggle of 1282 Pembrokeshire furnished its contingent as any other English county might have done. Otherwise the peace of the old Demetian land was undisturbed.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE WARS OF EDWARD I. AND THE EDWARDIAN SETTLEMENT

THE war of 1277, which contributed so much towards the final subjugation of Wales, is correctly described in the "Brut" as an attack by three armies. That commanded by the King in person moved from Chester by Flint and Rhuddlan. In the middle of March, the Earl of Lincoln and Roger Mortimer secured the lands of the Upper Severn and the Upper Wye, pushing back the Welsh bands beyond the Valley of the Upper Dee. The third army he sent to Carmarthen and Ceredigion, led by Pain, son of Patrick de Chaworth. Their attacks were not, however, simultaneous. Pain de Chaworth had commenced operations in the autumn of 1276. The "Annales" tell us of some fighting between the men of Ystrad Towy and of Kidwelly, and the Lord Harvey de Chaworth was killed in the autumn. The entry is made under the date 1275. It is at least possible that the time meant is the autumn of 1276. Harvey was probably the brother of Pain.

Cilgerran, the scene of his father's disgraceful defeat and death sixteen years before, was at this time in the hands of the King's bailiffs, acting for young John de Hastings, to whom it had come as part of the Braose share of the Marshal inheritance, his mother, Eva de Cantelupe, being the granddaughter of Eva Marshal and

William de Braose. Haverford, also included in the Braose share, had fallen to his mother's first cousin, Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford.

In January, 1277, Pain was at the head of a considerable force which included a small body of paid horse, chiefly knights and troopers from Devon and Somerset, with sixteen knights and thirty troopers of the royal household—one hundred and twenty-three paid lances in all. The bulk of the army would consist of the contingents of the Lords of the Marches—William de Braose of Gower, Geoffrey de Camville of Llanstephan, Guy de Brian of Laugharne, and, of course, there were Pain de Chaworth's own men from Kidwelly and Carnwyllion. There were contingents also from Kemes and from William de Valence's territory, though it is not clear that either he or Nicholas Fitz Martin was present. The King's brother, Edward of Lancaster, had been appointed Lord Marcher of Carmarthen and Ceredigion. His place was supplied by his Constable, John de Beauchamp. There are no details of the campaign, but by April 11 Rhys ap Meredith, Lord of Ystrad Towy, had been brought to submission. Dinevor Castle was surrendered, though Dryslwyn, between Dinevor and Carmarthen, was left in his hands. The paid cavalry seem to have been now disbanded, their term of eighty days having expired, but recruiting still went on among the Welsh friendlies. With Dinevor as their base of operations, Llandovery and Carreg Cennen were occupied.

In June Edward of Lancaster came to take the command in person. The place of the disbanded horse was supplied by the retinues of Edward and his uncle, William de Valence, and by the knights whom the Lords Marchers summoned from their English fiefs. Thus Nicholas de Kemes brought three over from Devonshire. The army crossed over to Cardiganshire, and marched northwards as far as Aberystwyth, which was occupied on July 23,

and the building of a strong castle was begun forthwith. Fighting there had been little or none, but the country was ruthlessly plundered, and a few weeks later Rhys ap Maelgwn fled to Gwynedd. By this time the resistance of Gwynedd itself was collapsing, and Llewelyn was compelled to submit to the severe but not unreasonable terms imposed by his conqueror.

One important sequel of the war was the introduction of the shire system into Carmarthen and Cardigan. Edward of Lancaster was compensated with estates in Derbyshire, and Bogo de Knoville was made Justiciary of South Wales in June, 1280. At Easter, 1281, Bogo was succeeded by a far abler administrator—Robert de Tibotot—who had been one of the Commissioners to arrange the peace of 1277. Tibotot was the son-in-law of Pain de Chaworth, who had died in 1278. Kidwelly and Carmarthen were now fortresses of the second line. Dinevor, Carreg Cennen, and Llandovery were now the fortresses of the first line, and Llanbadarn — *i.e.*, Aberystwyth Castle—was taking the place of Cardigan. Thus Pembrokeshire found itself relieved from the perils of the marchlands.

When, after four years and a half of peace, Llewelyn's last war, the death-struggle of Gwynedd, began in the spring of 1282, there was a brief time when it seemed as if the old frontier was once more to be re-established. The war opened with David's successful surprise of Hawarden on March 21, and then the fiery Prince, seeking to atone for his treason of five years before, hurried southwards. On March 26 Llandovery and Carreg Cennen were captured and partially destroyed. It is difficult to believe that David had traversed Wales in four or five days, and the attack may have been the work of the local chieftains, for whom the news from Hawarden was the signal for revolt. That day fortnight, April 9, the new castle of Aberystwyth was taken and com-

pletely destroyed. The town was burned and its rampart levelled, but the lives of the garrison were spared "because the days of the Lord's Passion were at hand." David may have been at Llandovery—he certainly was at Aberystwyth—and now all Ceredigion and Ystrad Towy had risen, Rhys ap Meredith alone remaining loyal to his English Overlord.

On the first receipt of the news from Hawarden, the King had appointed Robert de Tibotot as the commander for South Wales, the Earls of Hereford and Gloucester, De Bohun and De Clare, being ordered to support him. The force under his command included, as before, many knights and troopers from the south-western counties. William de Valence was associated with him in the labour of organization, and the burden of the work fell chiefly on them, especially on Tibotot, even after he had been superseded in the chief command by the Earl of Gloucester, who had insisted on that post as his feudal right. The Earl was in the Towy Valley by the end of April, and there were several weeks of skirmishing, with fairly heavy casualty lists; but no progress was made towards the accomplishment of the two principal objects on which the King's orders continually insisted—the reconquest of Llandovery and the recovery of Aberystwyth and the rebuilding of the castle. At length, on June 11, a strong force moved from Dinevor upon Carreg Cennen. There were sixteen hundred foot from Kidwelly, Llanstephan, and Kemes, some fifty horse from the body of paid cavalry under Plukenet, and there were also the retainers of William de Valence and other Marcher Lords: De Valence's eldest son was present with his father's retainers. Carreg Cennen was occupied, and a small garrison placed in the half-ruined fortress. Some days were spent in raiding, and on the 17th the force was returning to Dinevor with considerable booty, when near Llandilo it was suddenly attacked by the Welsh. The English were

badly beaten, and among the killed was William de Valence the younger. The battle was decisive of the campaign. The English were reduced to a weak defensive. The main body of the forces was concentrated at Carmarthen, the greater part of the county being abandoned to the rebels, while the horse, greatly reduced in number, were divided between Dinevor and Cardigan. The King realized the significance of the defeat; the fresh feudal levies from the south-western counties were ordered to South Wales, and the incompetent Gloucester was succeeded in the command by William de Valence. In July Llewelyn came south, and the effects of his presence and of the Battle of Llandilo were felt from the Wye to the Teifi. William de Valence was a capable soldier and administrator, and was vigorously seconded by Tibotot. For a while they could do little more than arm small parties of Welsh "friendlies." Thus Daubiny, the Governor of Cardigan, employed a small scouting force of some thirty Welshmen. Meanwhile the lands of Rhys were ruthlessly harried, and even the Teifi Valley suffered considerably. The reinforcements from England arrived gradually, and by the beginning of August a respectable force was got together at Carmarthen.

There were over two thousand foot, the greater part from Kidwelly, Gower, and Gwent. The Pembrokeshire levies were probably included in the six hundred from Cardigan. The army marched up the Towy "to look for Llewelyn," but the Prince was elsewhere, and in his absence the expedition met with little opposition. From Llangadog they turned westward to Lampeter, then to Tregaron, and down the Ystwyth Valley to Llanbadarn, returning along the coast to Cardigan, which they reached by September 6. Cardiganshire was apparently pacified, and the levies who had served the feudal period of forty days were dismissed, though small parties of Welsh friendlies were kept together by pay, Daubiny employing

them to patrol round Cardigan and up the Teifi. Carmarthenshire was still disturbed, but towards the end of October Llewelyn was recalled to the north, where Denbigh had fallen and David was hard pressed by the royal army. After his departure Carmarthenshire became almost as quiet as Cardiganshire had been since the beginning of September. The end of the war seemed to be at hand, and through the mediation of Archbishop Peckham terms of peace were being discussed, when, on November 6, the men of Gwynedd gained a great victory on the banks of the Menai, and the whole aspect of the war was changed. On receipt of the news, King Edward, judging that Llewelyn would probably return to the south, issued fresh writs recalling the feudal contingents from Devon and Somerset to the support of William de Valence. But Llewelyn turned to the south-east, and with his defeat and death at Orewin Bridge, on December 11, the reviving hopes of the Welsh were extinguished for ever.

There had been another outbreak in Cardiganshire; Daubiny's garrison was reinforced more than ever in December by five hundred foot from Kidwelly under Tibotot's brother-in-law, Patrick de Chaworth, who lost his life, probably, in a skirmish. In January De Valence, under orders from the King, collected a force of fifteen hundred paid foot from Gower and Kidwelly, Cardigan, and Kemes. Once more Kemes is named without mention of the rest of Pembrokeshire. There was no serious resistance. Aberystwyth was reached by the 14th, and the whole county was permanently reoccupied, the principal Welsh chiefs surrendering.

In the spring David made head for a little, but his new stronghold of Bere, in the wild country below Cader Idris, was invested in April by the combined forces of L'Estrange from Montgomery, and of William De Valence from Aberystwyth. The Shropshire men arrived early in April. William de Valence came a little later, reaching

the camp before Bere with fourteen hundred foot. David had himself withdrawn from the castle to the hills, and two flying corps were despatched to scour the country in pursuit of him, and another detachment of five hundred and sixty foot was sent to co-operate with the royal troops from Anglesey, which had penetrated as far as Harlech. There remained for the siege two thousand foot, of whom one-third had come with De Valence, who seems, however, to have held the chief command. On April 25 Bere surrendered. After another month of operations against the remnants of the insurgent bands, in which a party of horse from Cardigan took part, William de Valence returned to Aberystwyth, where, leaving a small but sufficient garrison in the castle, he disbanded his little army. In June David was captured and handed over to the conqueror " by men of his own tongue."

During the last war of independence the chair of Dewi Sant was occupied by an Englishman. Richard de Caron had died at St. David's on Monday, April 1, 1280, and the following Thursday, St. Ambrose's Day, he had been buried " near the altar of the holy cross." His successor, Thomas Beck, Chancellor of the University of Oxford and Archdeacon of Dorset, was a native of Lincolnshire. Elected on June 3 and confirmed on July 6, it was not till October 6 that he was consecrated at Lincoln. There was a further delay before he " sang his first mass " at Strata Florida on Candlemas Eve, and it was not till St. David's Day that he was formally installed in his cathedral. That year the Archdeacon of St. David's was elected Bishop of Exeter, and was succeeded in his archdeaconry by Robert de Haverford, who had held the treasurership since 1277. Thus we catch a glimpse—apparently the last glimpse—of the Flemish house which had ruled over Haverford for a century or more.

Thomas Beck's brother Anthony, afterwards Bishop of Durham, was one of King Edward's most trusted

Ministers. He himself had held high office in the State. As Keeper of the Wardrobe he had disbursed the greater part of the money required for the Welsh war in 1277. In 1279 he was Lord Treasurer and Keeper of the Great Seal. He was thus the first Bishop of the new type which recurs so often in the later annals of the see, and in no age more frequently than in the next one hundred and thirty years. Bishop Beck was one of the statesmen to whom, in the spring of 1284, King Edward entrusted the preparation of the famous ordinance for the administration of the conquered territory, known as the Statute of Rhuddlan.

The ecclesiastical reorganization of Wales was taken in hand by Archbishop Peckham, who that summer made a visitation of the four Welsh dioceses. Thorough man of business as he was, the Primate fixed beforehand the day on which he would visit each cathedral church, where, according to canonical rule, the metropolitan visitation of a diocese was required to begin. In the case of St. David's the day fixed was July 10—" the Monday following the Translation of St. Thomas "—and of this Bishop Beck was duly informed in a letter written on April 16, and received by him on the 25th. But the difficulties of travelling in Wales compelled the Primate from the outset to depart from the established custom. For St. David's he began with Lampeter, where he was received by the Bishop in person. This was in the first week of July, and earlier than the day fixed in the Archbishop's letters written in April, from Towyn. On the 8th he wrote to the Bishop of Llandaff from St. Dogmall's, and on the same day to the King from Newport. On either Sunday, the 9th, or Monday, the 10th, the Bishop and Chapter and a great concourse of clergy received the Primate at the cathedral with every mark of respect, but when he rose to begin the business of the visitation, Bishop Thomas interrupted him with a formal protest on behalf of himself

and the Chapter. They were willing to receive the Archbishop as the Primate of the realm, but not as their Metropolitan, for his visitation in that capacity would be an infringement of the ancient metropolitan rights of Menevia, which, though in abeyance, had not been taken away. The suit begun by Giraldus a hundred years before had never been decided. Rome had not spoken, and the cause was not finished. The Bishop was bound by his duty to his see to reserve to himself and to his successors the right of resuming the suspended litigation.

It must have sorely tried the Archbishop's patience to listen to all this from a prelate whom he had himself confirmed and consecrated, and who had taken the oath of obedience in the form in which it was usually taken by the suffragans of Canterbury. His reply reminding the Bishop of the circumstances of his appointment and his installation, and closing with the ever-ready threat of excommunication, put an end for ever to the vague hopes founded on the absurd legend of the lost archbishopric.

Before proceeding with the business, the Primate obtained from the Bishop a letter certifying that the instructions which he had received in April relative to the visit of his Metropolitan "had been carried out fully in every particular." This "certificatory letter," which appears among the Peckham letters under the date of July 9, was of course an act of submission to the Primate as Archbishop.

The Archbishop remained at St. David's till Tuesday, for his letter of that date to the Bishop of Bangor was written there.

Probably he went on to Haverford on the Wednesday, for on Thursday he wrote a letter to the Prior and Canons of the Augustinian priory there, enumerating the reforms which he had found to be urgent. The finances of the priory were very badly managed. Two brothers of tried fidelity and diligence should be appointed treasurers, they

should receive all the rents and other incomings of the priory, and from their hands every official, from the Prior downwards, should receive whatever was required for the expenses of the establishment. These treasurers should render an account to three or four of the elder brethren three times a year—at the beginning of Lent, after Whitsuntide, and at Michaelmas. Appointments to all offices should be made by the Prior, on the advice of the elder Canons. Meat was to be allowed three times a week—on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Of course this rule could not be enforced on the sick. All meals were to be taken and finished in the common-room, unless a special permission should be given for some good reason. The Prior should not withdraw himself from the common-room for the sake of any guests, "except for such persons of high rank as may be able notably to help or injure the monastery." No secular person of either sex was to be admitted to the cloister, infirmary, refectory, or any other part of the buildings, "excepting only those excellent persons to whom this cannot be denied without scandal"; and even these were requested to use their privilege sparingly, for the sake of example. Swearing was especially forbidden, "for an oath is unbecoming to religious life." The discipline of the priory had become very lax, but there was evidently no gross scandal calling for drastic measures.

On Friday the Archbishop was Bishop Beck's guest at Lamphey. The only important monastic house south of the Haven was Monkton Priory, which, it will be remembered was an "alien priory," a branch of the Benedictine abbey of Seez in Normandy. The Prior, one Ralph, presumably a Norman, was known to be guilty of habitual incontinency, "besides other enormous and incredible offences." His evil reputation was a scandal to the whole country-side. The Primate promptly deposed him with orders to return to Normandy forthwith. He must

not return within ten years to the place which he had disgraced by his impudent wickedness. It was a decided stretch of authority, but justifiable under the circumstances. The Archbishop's letter to the Abbot of Seez, desiring him to arrange as quickly as possible for the appointment of a new Prior, is dated, not from Lamphey, as were two other letters written the same day, but from Pembroke, as if it had been written at the priory, while his indignation was still at white-heat. The next Sunday he wrote from Carmarthen to Anthony, the Subprior, putting him in charge of the house until the arrival of Ralph's successor.

The Primate's visitation of Pembrokeshire thus lasted about ten days. Three weeks later he drew up at Brecon injunctions for the better discipline of the diocese, and especially of the cathedral body.

The Canons, whom he had found to be few in number and "very few in residence, must attend more regularly to their duties." "Those only shall share in the fruits of residence who attend at the services of the church by night as well as by day." Infirmity of body or legitimate employment elsewhere are to be the only admissible excuses. Those who, when they are at St. David's, absent themselves from the services are to be fined *pro rata* for their absences, and the money thus withheld from them to be applied to the maintenance of the fabric of the cathedral."

The imposition of fines for offences against either ecclesiastical or the Divine law had become so general that they were looked upon as payments for licences to sin. Clerical celibacy must be rigidly enforced, on pain of deprivation, in case of contumacy a month's grace and no more being allowed. Other offences of the parochial clergy were to be punished by fines, but these must not be ruinously heavy. There were lay-offenders upon whom it might be difficult or inexpedient to inflict public corporeal punishment, and who could not endure the

rigours of protracted fasts. Let such be fatigued by toilsome pilgrimages, and burdened with fines in the form of alms. The idleness of the Welsh is to be corrected in every possible way, for idleness is the mother and source of all vices. Finally, every effort is to be made to check the practice of selling goods on credit at exorbitant prices.

The Archbishop who had thus set himself the task of reforming the Church in Wales was neither a great Bishop nor a great statesman, yet he was one of the most remarkable of the successors of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

His appointment he owed to a Papal provision. When Robert Kilwardby, in 1278, exchanged the primacy for a Cardinal's hat and an Italian bishopric, King Edward urged the claims of his Chancellor, Robert Burnell, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The Pope, Nicholas III., after some months of hesitation, finally annulled the election of Burnell, and, to prevent the inconveniences of a prolonged vacancy of the see, nominated and consecrated his brother Franciscan, John Peckham, the English Provincial. Peckham, whose reputation for learning stood high, was then at Rome, having been appointed first theological lecturer in the schools recently opened in the Papal palace. He was about forty years of age, perhaps even younger. Never had St. Francis a more loyal disciple. Soon after his appointment as Provincial he journeyed on foot to the General Chapter at Padua, although the length of the journey would have been held by the most scrupulous Franciscan to justify his hiring a horse, or at least a mule. His asceticism was of the strictest. He kept, it was said, seven Lents in the year. These fasts covered practically the whole of the year, from Epiphany to St. Francis's Day, October 4, with the exception, of course, of the forty days between Easter and Ascension Thursday, when fasting would have been an infringement of ecclesiastical order. From All Saints' (November 1) to Christmas he abstained from all food prepared with milk. This

rigid self-denial he continued after his promotion to Canterbury.

On the archiepiscopal throne he still retained his membership of the Franciscan Order, for by Papal authority he was constituted "Conservator" of its privileges in England.

To the King he showed no unworthy subservience, withstanding him to the face if necessary, yet with genuine English loyalty co-operating zealously with him in his general policy. If the kindliness of his heart prompted him to moderate the ruthlessness of Edward's measures, he threw himself with all his heart into the task of crushing the independence alike of the Welsh nation and of the Welsh Church. His most glaring fault was the meddlesome fussiness that marred his administration of his English province, and which is traceable in the little that is recorded of his dealings with Pembrokeshire. His visitation has been correctly described as marking the triumph of the Latin Church over the Celtic. In Pembrokeshire that triumph had been wellnigh completed in an earlier generation, and so his visit left fewer traces than in other parts of the diocese. It was in Cardiganshire and Breconshire that the confiscation of parishes for the benefit of collegiate foundations was chiefly carried out.

In the late autumn of the same year—1284—King Edward and his Queen, Eleanor, came to Pembrokeshire. The King had spent the summer in North Wales, superintending the reorganization of the administration and the not less important work of castle-building. In September he set out from Flint on a tour through the conquered lands accompanied by several of his principal officials, among them William de Valence and Robert de Tibotot. His slow progress brought him to the northern shore of Cardigan Bay in November. On the 10th he was at Aberystwyth, and on the 22nd he came to Cardigan.

On Sunday, the 26th, "the morrow of St. Catherine," the King and Queen arrived at St. David's. As the southern and larger half of the county had been English ground for nearly two centuries, and the northern half had been subject to the Crown for about a century, there was little to be done here compared with what was needed in Gwynedd or in the adjoining counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan. There were no boroughs to be founded here, such as had received their incorporation from him in North Wales, but there was some important municipal business to be transacted. According to the "Annales," "the town of Haverford recovered, through the King's justiciaries sitting at Haverford as a court of law, its liberties, of which the Lord William de Valence had long despoiled that town, and so despoiled had retained it in his own hands."

The claims of William and his wife to the earldom and its appurtenances were fruitful of legislation extending over many years, and in its later stages giving rise to certain dramatic incidents. The exact form of the claims which William de Valence had successfully enforced for a while, but which were now set aside, is not easy to determine. The investigation is complicated by the persistence of the Christian name Humphrey in the genealogy of the great De Bohun family. There are ten named in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Humphrey V., second Earl of Hereford and first Earl of Essex, deserted Simon de Montfort's party in the Civil War, and was taken prisoner at Lewes. His son, Humphrey VI., remained faithful to the great Earl, was taken prisoner at Evesham, and died very soon after the battle. The younger Humphrey's wife was Eleanor de Braose, daughter of Eva Marshal and granddaughter of William Marshal. As her part of the Braose share of the Marshal inheritance he had obtained the lordship of Haverford. On his death the wardenship of his youthful heir was granted to William

de Valence. That the opportunity thus offered to the ambitious and rapacious brother of the King was used to the utmost there can be little doubt.

In 1287 John Giffard was rewarded for his services, which probably included the final victory over Llewelyn at Orewin Bridge, with extensive grants in the region of the Upper Towy ; and these were regarded by Humphrey de Bohun, the Earl of Hereford, as an infringement of his rights as Lord of Brecknock, while the loyal Rhys ap Meredith also resisted them. But Rhys's greater grievance was the almost viceregal authority over Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire entrusted to Robert de Tibotot.

In 1285 Rhys married Ada de Hastings, sister of John de Hastings, Lord of Abergavenny, whose mother, Eva de Cantilupe, was a first cousin of the Earl of Hereford ; and that year and the next passed quietly. In 1287, when Edward was absent in Gascony, the explosion came.

Sunday, June 8, is given as the date of the revolt, which rapidly assumed formidable proportions.

Robert de Tibotot's vigorous measures justified the King's confidence in his capacity. After one raid to Aberystwyth the westward progress of the revolt was soon checked.

Tibotot's force amounted to about two thousand foot, of whom nearly half came from North Pembroke and Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire. It is strange that one reads nothing about any contingent from the " county " or from Roose. North Pembrokeshire seems to have been included in Tibotot's jurisdiction, at least for military purposes. From all sides, from Carnarvon and Merioneth, from Chester, Montgomery, and Hereford, the royal forces converged towards the Towy Valley. The command was taken by Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, who reached Carmarthen early in August. By

the 15th an army eleven thousand strong, of whom two-thirds were Welsh, was gathered round Dryslwyn Castle. The siege was conducted with great determination, and the defenders were equally resolute. The pay-rolls attest the heavy losses of the besiegers. The premature fall of an undermined wall cost the lives of many knights, among them William de Munchensi, who thus fell within a few miles of the spot where his nephew, the younger De Valence, had fallen five years before. The castle was taken before September 8, and the other fortresses having fallen earlier, the army was disbanded and the regent returned to London. But though his men had submitted, Rhys had escaped. Seven weeks passed without disturbance, and then, on Sunday night, November 1, Rhys surprised the Castle of Emlyn, part of his wife's dower, which Tibotot had retained in his own hands. This time Tibotot was left to grapple with the insurrection, with little help from other quarters. The rebels were besieging Dinevor, which Tibotot relieved on December 2. By the end of that month Emlyn was closely invested, and by January 20 it had fallen. Rhys was still at large, and his connection, through his wife, with several of the Lords Marchers probably accounts for the immunity he enjoyed so long. In 1290 he was captured by the English, was carried to York, was tried there before the King in person, and was executed as brutally as David ap Gruffydd had been four years before.

In 1294 came the revolt of Madoc, which gave the King more trouble than he had at first anticipated. Throughout Wales, and certainly in South Wales, the war assumed the character of an agrarian revolt. It was the frantic outburst of an exasperated peasantry. The men of Glamorgan, who had been quiet during Llewelyn's wars, were now in arms. It is insignificant that Welsh friendlies were very sparingly employed. Their place was taken

by foot-soldiers from Gloucestershire, Wilts, and Somerset. Of the details of the fighting we know next to nothing. It is tantalizing to read that the leader in West Wales was " a young man of the name of Maelgwn, under whom the Welsh of the West did much harm in the neighbourhood of Pembroke and Cardigan." One would give much even for a meagre chronicle of the doings of Maelgwn Vychan and the peasants of Dyfed who rallied round him. William de Valence, now about seventy, was once more in command, and his wife's kinsman, the Earl of Norfolk, was also in the field. The insurgents carried on a guerrilla warfare with considerable success from October, 1294, to the following April. Llanbadarn—*i.e.*, Aberystwyth—was closely blockaded, and would have been starved into surrender if it had not been revictualled by Bristol ships. But when the King had broken the back of the revolt in Gwynedd, and Anglesey had been cleared of the rebels, he marched southwards through Merionethshire, and the relief of Criccieth and Harlech was followed by that of Llanbadarn. The Cardiganshire revolt was now collapsing, and without further serious fighting the King reached Cardigan by the 2nd, and Emlyn a day or two later. From Emlyn he passed through Upper Carmarthenshire and into Breconshire, his little army of some two thousand five hundred strong being reinforced by between four hundred and five hundred foot, some from Carmarthen, the rest from Radnorshire. Entering Breconshire by Llanddeusant and Llywel, he turned southeastwards to Merthyr Tydfil, where he spent the 14th and 15th. With characteristic promptitude he accepted the submission of the insurgents, against the wishes of the Earl of Gloucester, and for the purpose of the settlement took the administration of the county into his own hands for a few months. On the 16th he reached Brecon, on his way to Powysland. By the 21st he was at Welshpool, and the last day of the month saw him back again

at Conway. In July, after a brief visit to Anglesey, he quitted North Wales, reaching Worcester on the 21st, just eight months after he had left it to open his campaign the previous November. After his departure, Madoc, who seems to have been an illegitimate son of Llewelyn, made another effort to renew the war, but it failed, and his surrender finally ended the hopeless strife.

The completeness of his victory made Edward less cruel in his treatment of the vanquished. Madoc forfeited his liberty, but not his life. The only exception to his conciliatory policy was the fate of Maelgwn Vychan, whose doom was that of his uncle David. The barbarity with which he was treated may well have been due to the ferocity of the revolt in West Wales. So completely was the rebellion stamped out, that four years later Cardigan and Carmarthen Castles were left in charge of two, or at most three, men : the Constable, a watchman, and a doorkeeper. Robert de Tibotot, who had gone with an expedition to Gascony some three months before the revolt, returned to Wales in 1298, and resumed the old office of Justiciary of South Wales, but died the same year. His successor was Walter de Pederton, but in 1300 the office was merged in the justiciaryship for Wales.

Two years before Tibotot's return from Gascony, his old colleague, William de Valence, died at Bayonne, and was brought home to be buried in Westminster Abbey There had been much litigation between the Earl and other claimants of the Marshal inheritance. An intelligible account of the practical issue and of the fluctuations of the lawsuits would require a lengthy monograph. On the whole, the course of the suits was adverse to the Earl and his wife, whose rights rather than his own were the subject of contention. The most formidable of his antagonists was Queen Eleanor, whose death in 1290 does not seem to have seriously affected the legal scuffling

which was carried on by her representatives. Among the matters at stake were certain farms known as the Hoatens or Hotens, lying between St. Ishmael's and St Bride's Bay. The port of Milford was also a subject of contention; in fact, the chief disputes seem to have arisen out of the uncertainty attending the reduction of the old barony of Haverford to its more modest dimensions, as a part and not the whole of Roose. In the course of these protracted disputes there were some tragic or serio-comic incidents, the representatives of the litigants resorting to actual violence to hinder the action of their opponents. Among those who figured in these squabbles was Hugh de Cressingham, whose name is chiefly remembered for the sword-belt which William Wallace made of his skin after his death at the Battle of Stirling Bridge in September, 1297. Cressingham, who was as much hated in Wales as in Scotland, appears as the representative of Queen Eleanor, while Sir John Wogan, with whom, as one of the King's Justices, he was sometimes associated, was usually the representative of the Earl. Sir John Wogan was the earliest distinguished representative of a family which was for centuries to play a leading part in Pembrokeshire, and around whose history there has gathered more than the usual accretion of legend and fable. That the family was Welsh, that the original form of the name was Gwgan, and that they owed their greatness to the marriage of an ancestor with the heiress of the Flemish family of Wyz, the founders of Wiston—so much is clear, but little more. Sir John Wogan is said to have been the son of Matthew Wogan of Wiston, by his wife Avicia, daughter of Walter Malephant of Upton, who fell in battle on the banks of the Teifi. His own wife was Joan, daughter and sole heiress of Sir William de Picton, the first of the several marriages by which Picton Castle passed to owners bearing other names while it still remained in the ownership and tenure of the descen-

dants of its first proprietor. Sir John Wogan is believed to have been introduced to Edward I. by William de Valence, when the great King came to Pembrokeshire in 1282.

It was in Ireland that he won his great reputation. His first official visit, a brief one, was in 1285, the year after the King's visit to Pembrokeshire. In the next ten years he held various important offices, chiefly in Wales, and in 1292 was appointed one of the Justices of the four newly-formed northern counties. In 1295 he was sent to Ireland as Chief Justice, or Viceroy. Arriving in October, one of his earliest acts was the conclusion of two years' truce between the Burkes and the Geraldines. It was in that year that the first really representative Parliament had assembled in England. In 1297 Sir John Wogan called together the first real Parliament of Ireland. There were in the island at that time ten districts known as "counties," and five known as "liberties." Each of them returned two knights to the Parliament. In 1302 the Viceroy convened another Parliament, and a third in 1310. At his fourth Parliament, held at Kilkenny in 1311, burgesses from the boroughs seem to have taken their seats beside the knights of the shires. The first of these Parliaments was long remembered for the great work it did in abolishing the right of private war, and by recalling the absentee landlords to their rights and their duties.

One great achievement of Sir John's viceroyalty was the reconciliation of the Burkes and the Geraldines, and the consequent preservation of the peace for many years. "He kept everything so quiet," says an Irish historian, "that we hear of no trouble in a great while." In the words of a modern historian, "Ireland at the close of this thirteenth century was particularly happy in its Viceroy, Sir John Wogan, to whom Edward I. entrusted the chief government of the island for a much longer period than was usual."

More than once he was called to Scotland to assist in the work of subjugation. To him was entrusted the odious task of the suppression of the Templars in Ireland, which he carried out very successfully. A rebellion disturbed the last year of his viceroyalty—1312. In July he suffered defeat in the field, but the voluntary submission of the rebels enabled him to close his administration with great success, and very soon after he returned to Pembrokeshire.

Ten years before he had founded a chantry in the Chapel of St. Nicholas at St. David's, where prayers were offered for himself and for the souls of King Edward and Bishop Martyn. This and the Chapel of St. Edward, which he established there in memory of his royal patron, have helped to keep his memory alive in his native county.

# Book III

## CHAPTER I

### THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

SIR JOHN WOGAN, in whose veins mingled the blood of Fleming and Welshman and Norman, was a fitting representative of the new era—of the later medieval Pembrokeshire, as distinguished from the Pembrokeshire of the Fitz Geralds, the De Barris, and the Fitz Tancreds. In that new age the earldom was to play a less important part than in the days of the Earls of the Marshal house. William de Valence, to whom Wogan owed his introduction to the royal service, ended his stormy and somewhat disreputable career the year after his friend's appointment to the Irish vice-royalty. With King Edward he had been on about as good terms as were possible between men so contrasted in their character and aims, yet alike in their self-will and masterfulness of temper. The protracted and bitter litigation over their conflicting claims in Pembrokeshire made cordial relations between them impossible; but the King continued to avail himself of his uncle's services in administration and in war until age unfitted him for active military employment. Even then he took his part in public business, and it was in the King's service that he went to Gascony, where he died at Bayonne in June, 1296. There seems, indeed, to be a doubt whether the old man died a natural death or was killed in a skirmish

with the French. They brought him to the land of his adoption, and he was laid beside his royal kindred in the great abbey.

His only surviving son took his place among the leaders of the English baronage, but the Countess Joan survived her husband ten or eleven years, and it was not until her death that Aymer de Valence assumed the title of Earl of Pembroke.

Aymer had taken a leading part in the Scottish wars, and his exploits figure frequently in Barbour's national chronicle. His success in these campaigns against the Bruce was somewhat chequered, but Edward, the most competent of judges, must have formed a high opinion of his cousin's capacity and trustworthiness, for he made him his lieutenant in the Scottish Marches, and named him as one of the nobles whose task it was to watch over his son, and to exclude Gaveston from the Court and the realm.

Between Aymer and the new King's favourite there was a deep antipathy, and the tall, dark-complexioned Earl resented the nickname of Joseph the Jew fixed on him by Gaveston's caustic wit.

Through the early part of the reign he usually acted with the anti-Gaveston or Lancastrian party, yet without altogether breaking with the King. It was to him that Gaveston surrendered at Scarborough on May 19, 1312, and it was in his custody that the prisoner was leisurely journeying towards Wallingford, when in the temporary absence of Aymer he was seized by the Earl of Warwick, and carried off to Warwick Castle, where Lancaster, Hereford, and Surrey were awaiting his arrival. For a moment the fate of the captive hung in the balance. Some of those present shrank from so flagrant a violation of the capitulation of Scarborough ; but a voice replied, " If you let the fox go, you will have to hunt him again," and he was hurried off to execution. The Earl of Pem-

broke had hated Gaveston, but he deeply resented the stain thus cast upon his reputation by the murder of one who had trusted to his honour, and this resentment bore fruit in later years. Henceforth he acted more frequently with the royal party, but whatever may have been his merits as a soldier, his statesmanship was not worth much. At Bannockburn he acquitted himself well, and to his presence of mind was attributed the King's escape from that disastrous field. It was in the year following Bannockburn that Thomas Wogan was tried at Oxford for the killing of John Drinkhill (= Dreenhill) at Nolton-in-Roose, when it was apparently held that the King had no jurisdiction, for there, as in the country of Pembroke, the King's writ did not run. With the history of Pembrokeshire Earl Aymer had little to do, although he obtained the town and castle of Haverford, which he held by a tenure distinct from his tenure of the earldom.

It has been ingeniously suggested* that in the fact that he held both Hertford and Haverford we have the clue to the origin of the " west " so unaccountably attached to the name of the old Flemish borough. The Earl's officials, when the Pembrokeshire town was added to the Earl's possessions, which already included Hertford, introduced the " west " to distinguish between the two towns whose names in colloquial usage were scarcely distinguishable. " Harfat " is probably a close approximation to the early popular pronunciation of Haverford. This theory, if it is not conclusively established, is the most satisfactory of all the explanations that have been put forward.

It was not till the tenth year after the tragedy of Blacklow Hill that Edward was able to avenge the death of his friend. In the winter of 1321 Civil War broke out once more under conditions more favourable to the King. The suspicion that Lancaster was engaged in treasonable

* By Dr. Wall of Pembroke.

intrigues with the Scots alienated the sympathies of the nobility and of the people. The fortune of war went against him. On March 16 he was defeated and captured at Boroughbridge, the Earl of Hereford being among the slain. On the 22nd he was tried in his own Castle of Pomfret by a court over which the King himself presided. The trial was a farce, and the execution followed on the sentence as quickly as at Warwick ten years before. Six Earls sat on the mock tribunal—among them Pembroke and his kinsman of Norfolk, and the former was liberally rewarded out of the spoils of his old ally. Lancaster may have deserved his fate, but the sudden fall of one so great and powerful moved the heart of the nation, and the reaction began which, within five years, sent Edward to his horrible doom at Berkeley. Before that day of reckoning came Earl Aymer had passed away. He had escorted Queen Isabella to France, and there, not far from Compiègne, he died on June 23, 1324. Some said he was murdered, others that he was killed in a tournament, others that he died of apoplexy. Whatever the exact manner of his death may have been, many saw in his sudden removal the Divine retribution for his share in the judicial murder of Earl Thomas of Lancaster.

Like his father, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent tomb marks the resting-place of one who, while he fell far short of the mental and moral stature of his predecessors in the earldom, was probably a better man and a more loyal patriot than the great majority of his baronial contemporaries.

Married twice, perhaps three times, he left no children. His last marriage was of brief duration, though there is no foundation for the legend that Mary de Chatillon was maid, wife, and widow in one single day. She was a great-granddaughter of Henry III., and during her fifty years of widowhood employed her princely income in works of piety and mercy. The great inheritance passed to

the representatives of his sisters Isabel de Hastings and Joan Comyn. Isabel was the elder, and the earldom of Pembroke with its adjunct, the lordship of Wexford, was inherited by her youthful grandson, Lawrence de Hastings, whose father, John de Hastings, Lord of Abergavenny, had predeceased his uncle. During the long minority of the first Earl of the House of Hastings, the custody of the earldom was given to Elizabeth de Burgh, the Lady of Clare, one of the three sisters and coheiresses of Gilbert de Clare, the young Earl of Gloucester, who fell fighting bravely in the English vanguard at Bannockburn. No better choice could have been made: Elizabeth, though she retained the name of her first husband, Hubert de Burgh, son of the Earl of Ulster, was at the age of thirty a widow for the third time, and through thirty-nine years of widowhood enjoyed a high reputation as a lady of unblemished character in a corrupt age, and as a munificent patron of piety and learning. Clare Hall at Cambridge was her foundation. Her brother was "intellectually and morally the noblest member of his great house," and Elizabeth was worthy of him.

Aymer de Valence during his administration of the earldom had known only one Bishop of St. David's. Thomas Beck's death in 1293 had been promptly followed by the election of one of the Canons, David Martyn, a descendant of the conqueror of Kemes, and on his mother's side a grandson or great-grandson of the Lord Rhys. Martyn's fitness for the part was proved by his subsequent administration of the diocese, but at the time his election was disputed, and, as it occurred during an interregnum of the Papacy, the settlement of the dispute was necessarily delayed. The Pope whom the Cardinals ultimately agreed to select was Celestine V., the hermit Pope who incurred the anathema of Dante by his "great refusal." His abdication paved the way for the election of Cardinal Cajetan, the dauntless old man who, as

Boniface VIII., strove to emulate the glories of Hildebrand and Innocent III. In spite of the King's warm support of the nominee of the Chapter, perhaps because of it, there was a further delay of nearly two years, which Boniface at last terminated in characteristic fashion, consecrating Martyn as his own nominee, without reference to the previous choice of Chapter or King. Martyn's episcopate covered the last decade of Edward I. and the whole reign of Edward II., ending only in the second year of Edward III. This episcopate of thirty-one years, locally uneventful, yet prosperous, was, with the single exception of Bernard's thirty-two years in the twelfth century, the longest in the annals of the see, until the record was broken by the thirty-four years of Connop Thirlwall. David Martyn was succeeded by the Archdeacon of St. David's, Henry de Gower. According to at least one authority, Gower was a native of Yorkshire, but his ownership of a patrimonial estate near Swansea is fairly conclusive evidence that he derived his surname from the Glamorganshire peninsula. His nineteen years of pastoral rule were made famous by the building of the magnificent episcopal palace at St. David's, and of the mansion of Lamphey, which became what Llawhaden had been in earlier days, the favourite residence of the Bishops. Lamphey had, indeed, been a Bishop's house even before the Norman conquest of Dyfed, but the mansion, whose ruins still attract many visitors to one of the most beautiful of South Pembrokeshire villages, was the work of Henry de Gower. Gower's successor, John Thursby, was a Lincolnshire man, a Prebendary of Lincoln who already held the office of Master of the Rolls before his consecration in 1347. In 1348 he became Lord Chancellor, but in 1349 he was translated to Worcester. His reputation for learning stood very high. The years of his episcopate were those of the Black Death. It may be inferred from the silence of the records and of

tradition that the awful scourge did not ravage Pembrokeshire.

Reginald Brian, who followed Thursby at St. David's, and who succeeded him also at Worcester, when the Lord Chancellor was promoted to the archiepiscopal throne of York, was the first Bishop of St. David's who owed his appointment to a Papal "provision." The practice of "provisions," introduced by Clement V. in the early part of the century, enabled the Pontiff to provide for the succession to sees or benefices not yet vacant.

When Brian was promoted to Worcester, Thomas Fastolfe, or Falstaffe, one of the Norfolk family of that somewhat uncertain patronymic, was also installed by a "provision." Fastolfe had been Archdeacon of Norwich. Brian is gratefully remembered by historians for his care of the cathedral records. Fastolfe was buried in the cathedral in 1361.

In the first half of the fourteenth century several well-known Pembrokeshire names become prominent for the first time. The De Vales of Dale are succeeded by the Corbets, who, however, are less prominent in Pembrokeshire annals than in those of Shropshire and Gloucestershire. The Wisemans, once a leading family in the south-east, are believed to have come with Earl Aymer on his return from the Scottish wars. Their name survives only in that of Wiseman's Bridge, near Amroth.

The Laugharnes, who probably derived their origin and their name from the little seaport on the Carmarthenshire Taf, are found at Haverford, where Richard Laugharne was collector of customs in wool in 1304. Like the Hapsburgs, the Laugharnes were "fortunate in their nuptials." They intermarried with several of the older families, among others with the Russels, whose property lay about Hayscastle and Brimaston. The marriage that brought them the inheritance of the De St. Brides took place in the next century. The Sherbornes of

Angle, who came in with William de Valence; the Cradocks of Newton Noyes, whose earlier home was in Ystrad Towy; the Banagers of Bangeston; the Jocelyns of Prendergast, who were the predecessors of the Cathernes; the Perrots of Eastington and Scotsborough; the Harolds of Haroldston (St. Issells)—these were among the leading Pembrokeshire houses in the reign of Edward II. and Edward III. Before the end of the latter reign, Haroldston had passed to the Perrots, through the marriage of Peter Perrot of Eastington with Alice, the daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Harold. The Barets of Philbeach and Gelliswick, hardly less important in the genealogical history of Pembrokeshire, make their first appearance about the beginning of the century.

Like their neighbours of St. Bride's, with whom they were largely intermarried, they came from the neighbourhood of Laugharne, or perhaps from Carmarthen.

Their earliest appearance is as tenants of Guy de Brian, who held of the King the barony of Laugharne, and of the Earl of Pembroke the barony of Walwyn's Castle. This was the Guy de Brian whose *Inquisitio post mortem* in 1307 is one of the most valuable documents of the Edwardian period. The barony was one of the three which were carved out of the original lordship of Haverford and the Islands, the other two being Haverford and Roch. The undivided lordship must have been of very brief duration, if, as is held by some of the best authorities, the division dated back to the time of the Flemish settlement. This theory is, however, difficult to reconcile with the course of events in the thirteenth century. The relation of the baronies to the earldom and to the Crown certainly present a problem which the contemporary legal authorities found it difficult to solve. The Walwyn's Castle barony included all the western part of Roose—that is, all that lay west of Steynton and Lambston and south of Nolton. The Brians were usually absentee

landlords. In the *Inquisitio* their "habitable house" is said to be in ruins. This statement strengthens the impression made by the striking resemblance of the existing earthworks to the ground-plan of a Norman Castle. Probably here, at the *caput baroniæ*, there was once an actual castle, which, however, did not get beyond the timber and wattle stage, through which most of the stately Pembrokeshire strongholds passed in their earliest days.

The genealogical tree of the Brians presents an almost unbroken series of Guys, relieved by an occasional William. The son, grandson, and great-grandson of the Guy of the *Inquisitio* all bore his name. The first, who was Governor of Haverford in 1330, became insane the following year, and the barony was entrusted by the King to his son, famous afterwards in the French wars as the royal standard-bearer. In his later years he was made one of the Knights of the new Order of the Garter. The veteran warrior outlived both his royal master and his own son. The youngest Guy died in 1386, leaving only two daughters, between whom the family possessions were divided on the death of their grandfather in August, 1390.

Two years later the hitherto undivided inheritance of the De la Roches of Roch Castle was partitioned between the representatives of the four daughters of Thomas de la Roche, who was lord of the barony in the reign of Edward II., and whose descendants in the male line had now become extinct. One of these daughters had married Sir David de la Roche of Langum. The Roch barony included Roch parish and the three adjoining parishes of Nolton, Camrose, and Trefgarn. The possessions of the family were, of course, far more extended, and their favourite residence seems to have been not at Roch but at Pill. In the Priory of Pill they were usually buried. Langum Church was the burial-place of the younger branch, whose much less extensive property lay chiefly

in the southern part of Roose, with a castle and some land at Maenclochog. This estate was, of course, considerably augmented by the acquisition of the fourth part of the property of the older branch.

As if to mark more emphatically the passing of the old order, a few months before the death of old Guy de Brian, there was borne to his grave the last Earl of Pembroke who represented the blood of the De Clares and the Marshals. There had been three Earls of the House of Hastings.

Technically their earldom was a new creation. Though Aymer de Valence had died in 1324—the year before his nephew John, Baron Hastings—and though John's son Lawrence had succeeded his father in the baronies of Hastings and Abergavenny, it was not till February, 1339, that Lawrence was created Earl Palatine of Pembroke, as the representative and successor of his great-uncle. In November of the same year he received his first summons to Parliament, but in that summons, as in all later summonses addressed to himself or to his two successors, the title Earl Palatine, conferred in the patent of creation, was omitted. He was styled simply Earl of Pembroke.

The Hastings lineage and record were not unworthy of comparison with those of their kinsfolk the Marshals. Lawrence's great-grandfather, Henry, seventh Baron Hastings (seventh by tenure and first by writ), had fought by the side of De Montfort at Lewes and at Evesham, even as his grandfather, William Hastings, had been among the patriot band at Runnymede. Faithful to his leader's memory, to the last he was the captain of the "disinherited" in the Isle of Ely. Next year (1268) he died. His mother was a niece of William the Lion of Scotland. His wife was a Cantelupe, a granddaughter of Eva Marshal and William de Braose. Her son John, who was only six years old at his father's death, inherited in 1273 from his maternal uncle, George de Cantelupe,

the barony of Abergavenny. Two years later, when barely thirteen, he was married to Isabel de Valence—a marriage which much increased the importance and prestige he already enjoyed as a wealthy and powerfully connected noble. Fifteen years later the throne of Scotland became vacant by the death of the Maid of Norway, and John claimed, as the heir of his grandmother, a share of the Scottish dominions, but acquiesced in the decision of Edward, that the kingdom was indivisible and must be assigned to Baliol.

Lawrence held the earldom nine years and a half. He had served with great distinction in the Continental wars of Edward. He was in Flanders in 1339, at the Battle of Sluys in 1340, accompanied the King's Scottish expedition in 1341, and served in Brittany in 1342 and 1343. In 1345 he accompanied his cousin, the Earl of Derby (afterward Duke of Lancaster), to Gascony, and remained there until December of the following year. In 1347 he rendered valuable services in maintaining the naval blockade of Calais.

Like his grandfather, he had married in his childhood, his wife being Agnes Mortimer, the third daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March; but his son John was only one year old when he died, on August 30, 1348.

During John's long minority his estates were managed by his mother. In 1369 he was given the Garter vacant by the death of the Earl of Warwick, and the same year he accompanied the army sent to reinforce the Black Prince in Aquitaine. His achievements were less brilliant than those of his father, and at least once he was badly beaten by the French. After the siege of Limoges, where the Prince tarnished his reputation by his permission of a cruel massacre of the inhabitants and the garrison, he returned to England, and took part in the Parliament of 1371 as the leader of the anti-clerical party. Pembroke was the intended son-in-law of Edward III.,

and it is not improbable that he was supported by John of Gaunt, for the anti-clerical party was the Court party of that day; but the Princess Margaret died after her betrothal, and the young Earl, whom Edward had been wont to call "our very dear son," married the daughter of Sir Walter Manny, who was so nearly related to his betrothed bride that a Papal dispensation was needed for the validity of the marriage. His attitude towards the Church provoked the bitter hatred of the clerical party, who saw in the misfortunes that followed the Divine retribution for his crimes. Returning to Aquitaine as the King's lieutenant, he attempted to relieve Rochelle, but, encountering a much stronger Spanish fleet, he was totally defeated in a two days' battle. It was a naval disaster almost without parallel in the annals of England. On the second day (June 23) the Earl was taken prisoner, and for nearly three years he remained a prisoner in Spain, enduring much rough usage at the hands of his captors. At last his release was arranged for the sum—enormous for that age—of one hundred and twenty thousand francs: fifty thousand to be paid down on the day of his release—that is, of his arrival at Calais—the remainder within six weeks after his arrival in England. But the captive was not destined to reach his native land. There were rumours of poison administered before he left Spain. It is more probable that the young man's health was broken by the unnecessary hardships of his long imprisonment. He died on the road from Paris to Calais, April 16, 1375. It was not till after protracted negotiations that Duguesclin's claim to the promised ransom was settled by the payment of the first instalment, on the ground that the Earl's release must be dated from the time when he left his custody. One painful anecdote of his captivity is worth noting. When he arrived at Santander after his defeat, he met there the famous Owen of Wales, the brilliant adventurer who had been

identified with the Owen Lawgoch—Owen of the Red Hand—of Welsh tradition. Owen, who, anticipating the exploits of the Irish exiles of a later day, devoted his life to the service of the hereditary enemy of England, could not refrain from insolently taunting the illustrious prisoner, asking if he was come to do him homage for the lands which he wrongfully detained from him—estates which probably existed only in the fertile imagination of the Welshman, whose tall talk was intended for the benefit of the French or Spanish listeners. Owen was for several years a source of grave anxiety to the English Government, who knew that one of his cherished projects was the invasion of Wales at the head of a French expedition. At length, in 1378, he was assassinated by an English spy who hailed from Wales and bore the Pembrokeshire name of Lamb.

John, third and last Earl of the Hastings line, was three years old at the time of his father's death, and he was still in his eighteenth year when he was killed at a tournament at Woodstock on December 30, 1389.

The earldom was now extinct, but it seems that the rival claimants to the barony of Hastings—Sir Edward Hastings and Lord Grey de Ruthin—claimed also the estates and revenues of the Earl, if not the title. Of these two, the Lord Grey would seem to have had the better claim to the earldom, his ancestress being the daughter of Sir John Hastings and Isabel de Valence; while Sir Edward Hastings was descended from Sir John in the male line, but from a son of his second marriage. The earldom was seized by Richard II., and virtually annexed to the Crown. Its subsequent fortunes as an appanage usually held by a member of the royal house are blended with the story of the dynastic rivalries of the thirteenth century. During the minorities and absences of the last two Earls, and in the abeyance of the earldom that followed the young Earl's death at Woodstock, the most

important personage in Pembrokeshire was the Bishop. The brief episcopates of the middle of the century were followed by one of exceptional length.

Bishop Fastolfe's successor, Adam Houghton, held the see for twenty-seven years—from 1361 to 1388. With the possible exception of Bishop Gower, he is the best remembered of all the medieval Bishops. The tradition that he was a native of St. David's or of its immediate neighbourhood is not compatible with the English origin which his name indicates. But there is no reason for doubting the tradition preserved by George Owen, that he was born at Caerforiog, near Solva, and was "descended of worshipful parentage." In the "Black Book of St. David's," which was drawn up in 1326, "Master Adam Hoton" heads the list of jurors for the Upper Bailiwick of Pebidiog, and he also appears as the holder of 3 acres of land at Wolfscastle. The name is probably Flemish (compare Hoton, the name of a group of farms in Lower Roose, and Houghton, in Burton parish, near Pembroke Ferry). The prefix "Master" appears in the "Black Book" in only two other cases. Thirteen years later the future Bishop appears as the precentor of the cathedral—an office which he held till 1350. It is natural to attribute to his warm affection for his native place his co-operation with John of Gaunt in the founding, in 1365, of the college or chantry of St. Mary. That the profligate young Plantagenet should have interested himself so deeply in such an undertaking we may safely attribute to the personal influence of Bishop Adam.

The same kindly interest in the welfare of the people of Pebidiog may be traced in his statutes, which regulated, among other things, the rate of wages and the price of beer within the area of the episcopal lordship. Students of Pembrokeshire antiquities owe to him some gratitude for his charter to Pembroke, with its careful recital of the ancient privileges of the town. This document was dated

in 1368. Its confirmation by Richard II. after the Bishop's decease was perhaps, as Mr. Laws has suggested, intended to allay the uneasiness naturally excited by the characteristically arbitrary fashion in which the young King had set aside, in his own favour, both of the claimants of the inheritance of the Hastings family. He had been nearly sixteen years in the chair of Dewi Sant, when, to the general surprise, he was called to the Woolsack. The three preceding holders of the chancellorship—William of Wykeham, Thorpe, and Knivet—had been men of mark. Thorpe and Knivet had each of them previously held the office of Chief Justice. Houghton's appointment is inexplicable, unless it was due to the influence of the King's mistress, Alice Perrers—an influence which was not wont to be exerted gratuitously. Her husband, William de Wyndesor, held the Castle of Manorbier, to which he seems to have advanced certain not very intelligible claims as a descendant of an elder brother of Gerald de Windsor. In the early years of the reign there had been sharp litigation between two members of the De Barri family—a quarrel which divided the Pembrokeshire gentry—the Roches being at the head of one faction, and the Carews at the head of the other. On the whole the advantage seems to have remained with the Carews and their friends. About this time (1377) the name of De Barri disappears from Pembrokeshire.

A few days after his appointment the new Chancellor opened the last Parliament of the reign with a speech which, as was usual with clerical Chancellors, took the form of a sermon. The discourse, with unconscious humour, illustrated the applicability of the text to the occasion and the orator. The Bishop had, unfortunately, selected as his motto St. Paul's ironical allusion to those "who suffer fools gladly." This was on January 27. On June 21 King Edward died. The Chancellor was abroad on an embassy to France. On his return the

Great Seal was once more delivered to him, the young King acting under the orders of his uncle, John of Gaunt. In October the new Parliament was opened by the Chancellor with a sermon which was even more unfortunate than his previous effort, an unquotable blunder of the preacher convulsing the distinguished audience with merriment. He retained his office until the meeting of Richard's second Parliament at Gloucester in 1378, when his ill-success as a spokesman of the Crown led to his dismissal, greatly to his chagrin. He had been Chancellor one year and nine months. He lived ten years longer, dying in April, 1389.

The Chapter duly elected Richard Milford, but the Pope insisted on appointing John Gilbert, the Bishop of Hereford, who had previously been Bishop of Bangor. Apart from the despotic fashion in which he was intruded into the office, the choice was a good one; Gilbert, who had been Lord Treasurer a second time after his translation to St. David's, was a far abler man. He had been a Dominican friar, and on his death in 1390 he was buried at the Dominican house in Haverfordwest.

## CHAPTER II

### THE REVOLT OF OWEN GLENDOWER

IN September, 1394, Richard II. came to Haverfordwest on his way to Ireland. Since 1210 no King of England had crossed the Irish Sea. Since 1284 no King of England had come to Pembrokeshire. Richard sailed from Haverfordwest at the end of the month, landing in Ireland on October 2. After a stay of seven months he returned to England in May, 1395.

Four years later, in May, 1399, he came again to Milford Haven on his way to Ireland. Great preparations had been made for this expedition, the especial object of which was to avenge the death of the Earl of March, the heir-presumptive of the English Crown, who had been killed in an affray with the Irish in the previous summer. As early as February 7 orders had been issued to the ports on the eastern coast, from Colchester to Newcastle, that all ships above 25 tons should rendezvous at either Bristol or Milford the week after Easter. The press-gangs were at work to supply the needful number of mariners. The oppressive requisitions levied everywhere served to exasperate still further a nation that was already ripe for rebellion. Richard himself was not without his misgivings, in spite of this apparent completeness of his triumph over his domestic enemies, but no forebodings seemed to trouble the gay crowd of courtiers who were gathered round him. "The place," writes the French chronicler, "hath a good market, and there we passed ten whole days pleasantly waiting for the north

wind, that we might depart. Trumpets and the sound of minstrels might be heard day and night. Men-at-arms arrived from all quarters. Vessels took in their lading of bread, wine, cows, calves, salt meat, and plenty of water. Excellent and beautiful horses were put on board. Everyone made ready his baggage, and on the eleventh day the King having taken leave of the ladies, set out gallantly accompanied."

The "good market" could only have been that of Haverfordwest, then, and for centuries afterwards, by far the best in the county. It was there that, as on his previous journey to Ireland, the King waited for the favourable wind.

The gay pageantry was but the opening scene of a gruesome tragedy. Richard sailed from Milford for Waterford on the last day of May, accompanied by many peers and Bishops, and carrying with him the regalia and his treasure. On Sunday, June 1, he landed at Waterford. Two months later, at the end of July, he returned to Milford. News had reached him at Dublin, about the middle of July, of the return of the banished Bolingbroke and of progress of the rebellion. He was advised to cross over to North Wales at once with as many men as possible, but instead of acting on that advice he sent over the Earl of Salisbury to raise North Wales and Cheshire, while he himself, with the bulk of his army, took the Waterford route. This delay, though, as the dates will show, much exaggerated by the chroniclers, proved fatal. When he landed at Milford he found that rebellion had become revolution. He was too late to save his supporters at Bristol, where Bolingbroke had forestalled him. Wiltshire, Bussy, and Green had been beheaded, and Henry was posting on for Chester by forced marches. Richard realized at once the full significance of the blunder. To move his unwieldy, undisciplined army rapidly through Wales was impossible. But his own conduct is inex-

plicable, unless he was convinced that no reliance could be placed upon the loyalty of either officers or men. So much is clear. One story says that his men were already deserting in large numbers.

It was a large army that Richard brought back with him. The lowest estimate, twelve thousand, is far too low; probably the highest, thirty-two thousand, is not an outrageous exaggeration; but there was neither organization nor discipline, and all ranks were honeycombed with disaffection. There is a story, which is confirmed by other references, that on the second or third morning after his arrival the King, rising early for his morning devotions, looked out of the window of his lodgings, and found that four-fifths of his men had deserted in the night. There were anxious consultations that day among the King's friends. Some urged him to take ship with four or five hundred men on whom he could depend, for Bordeaux, his birthplace, which was still in the allegiance of the English Crown. Others dissuaded him from a step which would be regarded as a confession of guilt and a virtual abdication, and these urged him to hurry to the north without delay, and put himself at the head of Salisbury's army of the loyalists of North Wales and Cheshire. This advice, perhaps the best under the circumstances, the doomed monarch accepted. That night he stole away, accompanied by a few trustworthy adherents, and by some who were not trustworthy. Among the former were his half-brother, the Duke of Exeter; his half-brother's son, the Duke of Surrey; and Despencer, recently created Earl of Gloucester. Among the latter were two Bishops, Guy of St. David's, who was at least quite prepared to desert him, and Henry Beaufort of Lincoln, who, as Bolingbroke's half-brother, could not be expected to show any ardent loyalty. There was a third Bishop, Thomas Marks of Chester, who was faithful to his master to the last, and forfeited his bishopric,

and for a while his liberty, though he ultimately made his peace in some fashion with the King *de facto*.

With some twenty followers all told, Richard, disguised as a Franciscan friar, took his way through Carmarthen towards the north. The task of disbanding the remnant of the army was left to the Duke of Albemarle, the Constable, and to the Earl of Worcester. Albemarle is better known as the Earl of Rutland, who, traitor in turn to both of his royal cousins, Richard and Henry, atoned for his treasons by his glorious death at Agincourt. The Earl of Worcester, like his brother, the Earl of Northumberland, and his nephew Hotspur, was hand and glove with Bolingbroke. "The King is gone; let us look to ourselves," was the order of the day. "There was most wonderful confusion, in packing up and loading waggons; everyone soon made ready his baggage to depart. They carried off all that belonged to the King: robes, gold, fine jewels, and pure silver, many a good mantle and whole ermine, good cloth of gold and stuff of foreign pattern." The responsibility for this wholesale spoliation of the treasures and wardrobe of the most luxurious of English Kings the chronicler lays upon Worcester, who was Steward of the Royal Household, and also administrator of the earldom of Pembroke on behalf of Queen Isabel. The only comfort to his loyal heart was that the plunderers were themselves stripped of their plunder, and of their own belongings as well, by the Welshmen of the districts they passed through. "Many knights and squires who went over to Ireland with ten or twelve horses came back on foot stripped of everything." But the loyalty of the Welshman proved of no little service to Richard of Bordeaux, as it had been to Edward of Carnarvon seventy years before. The revolution was accepted quietly in West Wales, but the French King claimed Pembroke and Tenby Castles as part of the dower of Queen Isabel, and a French fleet was assembled at

Harfleur early in 1400, under the Count of St. Pol, for a descent on Pembrokeshire. The English Government took steps to guard the threatened districts, and Sir William Beauchamp was put in charge of Pembroke, Tenby, Cilgerran, and other places on the coast of Wales. The French demand could not, of course, be seriously discussed, and nothing serious came of the threat of invasion, until the success and persistence of the Welsh rebellion under Owen Glendower led the French King's Ministers to attempt a diversion against the "ancient enemy" on the side of Wales. That Owen Glendower was descended on his mother's side from a Pembrokeshire stock, and that he was actually born in Pembrokeshire, there seems to be no doubt whatever. His maternal grandfather was Thomas ap Llewelyn ap Rhys, a descendant of the old Princes of Deheubarth, who held, besides a Cardigan estate, Trefgarn in Brawdy parish. His eldest daughter married Griffith Vychan of Glyndwfrdwy in Montgomeryshire, and her son Owen was born at her father's house. His full designation would be Owain ap Griffith Vychan of Glyndwfrdwy. His aunt was the wife of Tudor ap Gronow of Penmynydd, and the grandmother of Owen Tudor. Thus the Welsh Squire of Brawdy was the ancestor both of Owen Glendower and of Henry VII. The tradition that he was born, not at Trefgarn in Brawdy parish, but at Little Trefgarn* by Trefgarn Pass, is certainly old, but the probabilities are in favour of the Brawdy Trefgarn, or Trefgarn Owen. Whether he was born in the Dewsland parish, or in the old mansion that on the eastern side of the Cleddau confronted the Lion Rock of Trefgarn, Owen, notwithstanding his maternal ancestry, could not be reckoned a Pembrokeshire man. To the

* Near the side of this house an ogham stone was found, doing duty, in Pembrokeshire fashion, as a gate-post. Has the tradition of Owen's birthplace been an appropriation to him of an older tradition associated with the chieftain whose name, Hogtiu, is recorded on the memorial stone?

men of English Pembrokeshire he was simply a rebel and a brigand, nor is there reason to suppose that the national uprising, of which he was the leader, found any real support among the Welshmen of Northern Dyfed.

His first recorded encounter with the men of Pembrokeshire was in the summer of 1401, when the revolt was scarcely a year old. Sir Francis a'Court, or possibly his predecessor in the administration of Pembrokeshire, had marched into North Cardiganshire at the head of one thousand five hundred "Flemings," and by a forced march had succeeded in surrounding him at Mynydd Hyddnant, a hill on the northern side of Plynlimmon. Owen's situation seemed desperate, for his little band were outnumbered by three to one, but a bold charge of the mountaineers resulted in a complete rout of the Flemings, of whom two hundred were left on the field. After this affair, which greatly enhanced Owen's reputation, Pembrokeshire itself would seem to have been left in comparative peace. To this there must have been an exception in the summer of 1402, when Lord de Grey's military command included operations against rebels in Carmarthen, Pembroke, Haverford, Tenby, Roose, and St. David's. The natural inference is that the Welsh in Northern and Eastern Pembrokeshire were causing serious trouble. A little later there were orders for Haverford to be provisioned by sea from Bristol and elsewhere, the roads on the landside being blocked. At the same time Tenby was required to send supplies of corn, barley, pease, wine, honey, etc., to Kidwelly, Llanstephan, and Carmarthen.

In July, 1403, the arch-rebel himself came to the old land of Ystrad Towy, and great was the consternation of the royalists in West Wales. It was a memorable month—the real crisis, for the Percys were at last in rebellion against the King whom they had crowned. Perhaps the explosion came prematurely, and thus Owen, though of course he had from the first been in the secret

of the conspiracy, was as much taken by surprise as Henry himself. If on the decisive day of Shrewsbury he had been, not in the Vale of Towy, but on the banks of the Severn, the throne of Bolingbroke might have been overturned, and the destinies both of England and of Wales altered—probably for the worse. For the little we know of this Carmarthenshire campaign we are indebted to letters written by panic-stricken officials.

On July 4 Owen slept at Dryslwyn Castle, about three miles lower down the valley than Dinevor, and next day John Skidmore wrote from Carreg Cennen Castle that "all Carmarthenshire, Kidwelly, and Iskenyn were sworn to Owen; yesterday and to-day he is about the town of Carmarthen, and there they hope to abide till he may have the town and the castle, and his purpose is from thence into Pembrokeshire."*

Two days later, Saturday, July 7, Jenkyn Hanard, the Constable of Dinevor, wrote in hot haste to the commandant at Brecon, that Owen Glendower and the chiefs with him, among whom was the famous Rhys Ddu —Rhys the Black—had "won the town of Carmarthen," and that the castle had surrendered. The Castle of Emlyn had also been given up to him. Owen intended to march on Kidwelly, and a "siege is ordered in the castle that I keep, and that is great peril for me."

Unless help were speedily forthcoming, it would be necessary to evacuate the castle by night, and steal away to Brecknock, for victuals and men were lacking, especially men. The most alarming feature of the business was that so many leading landowners, among them Henry Don of Kidwelly, were fraternizing with Owen. Meanwhile Sir Francis a'Court had despatched to the Carmarthenshire border a large body of Pembrokeshire men under Sir Nicholas Carew. On Carew's approach by St. Clears

* Mr. Laws has failed to grasp the sequence of events—a singular oversight in one usually so accurate.

Owen changed his plans, and, marching, occupied the castle and destroyed the country round. Tuesday, the 10th, was occupied in negotiations, and that night Owen lodged at Laugharne. The negotiations with Carew were so far satisfactory that Pembrokeshire was saved from invasion, while Owen was apparently given a free hand in Carmarthenshire. The danger had been very real, for at his muster on Monday, the 9th, Owen had eight thousand two hundred and forty spears, "such as they were."

Another letter from Dinevor, written on Wednesday, the 11th, says that negotiations had been going on for the surrender of that castle.

On Thursday, the 12th, an incident occurred which it is difficult to reconcile with the treaty just concluded. A detachment of seven hundred men, which he had sent in advance to clear the way to the hills north of the Towy, was surprised and cut to pieces by Sir Nicholas Carew's troops. The authority for this is a letter from the Mayor of Caerleon to the burgesses of Monmouth. The news of Hotspur's march to the Severn, followed quickly by the news of his defeat and death on Saturday, the 21st, will account for the abrupt close of the Welsh Prince's campaign in Deheubarth. The results had not been small, but these local gains were far outweighed by the overthrow of his allies at Shrewsbury.

That autumn King Henry himself came to South Wales. He was at Carmarthen on September 24, but he came no farther to the west. Orders had been given to repair the castles of the town so recently threatened—among them, Kidwelly, Haverford, Pembroke, and Tenby. The year 1404 was apparently a quiet one for the Palatinate, though three Tenby ships, with cargoes valued at nine hundred and seventy pounds, were seized by the Spaniards in retaliation for a Spanish ship seized by the men of Dartmouth. In August, 1405, Pembrokeshire witnessed a French invasion. For more than twelve months had this

been in contemplation. In June, 1404, the Count of La Marche, James of Bourbon, had been paid one hundred thousand crowns to equip and maintain for three months eight hundred men-at-arms and three hundred archers. The forces of the expedition assembled at St. Pol de Leon, and many knights were waiting at Harfleur to join them ; but more money was wanted, and that was not forthcoming, and, weary of the delays, the knights and squires began to go home. In October the fleet put to sea, when a storm drove it back to the Breton coast. A couple of thousand soldiers from Harfleur joined him at Falmouth, which he burned, but that was almost all that was done before the ships and the little army went home for the winter. This would most likely have ended the business, but for Jean de Hangest, the Lord of Hugueville. Taken prisoner by the English in a fight outside Calais, he had been ransomed from his captivity, and then had gone in heart and soul for the business of Wales. So zealous was he that, to provide the funds which the Government would not or could not advance, he mortgaged or sold a large estate to the Church. King Charles's word had been given to the insurgent chief, and other gentlemen of France besides Hugueville were eager to pledge their private property to redeem their Sovereign's promise.

The expedition was ready early in July, but there was a fortnight's waiting for a favourable wind, and it was not till July 22 that the armada set sail. The weather proved rough in the " chops of the Channel," and nearly all the horses died for the want of fresh water. In the first week of August they arrived at Milford Haven. It was a larger fleet than that which had raided Cornwall in November, for there were one hundred and twenty ships, large and small. They carried eight hundred men-at-arms, six hundred crossbowmen, and twelve hundred foot-soldiers. Allowing three attendants or companions to each man-at-arms, these figures would mean

between five and six thousand combatants; and as there were great numbers of volunteers, that would be far too low an estimate of the fighting strength of the expedition. The splendid equipment of the French gentlemen made a great impression on the people of Wales, unaccustomed as they were to such extravagant expenditure on the trappings of war. The invaders landed on the northern shores of the Haven, "taking the port of Haverford, and slaying such of its inhabitants as had not fled." This "port" may have been either Dale, to which the "Admiralty" jurisdiction of the Mayors of Haverfordwest extended from a very early date, or, more probably, Hakin, the little seaport with a Danish name, and possibly of Danish origin, which is now included in the township of Milford. It is difficult to see what other place on the shores of the Harbour could have been so designated. "They wasted the country round, and then advanced to the castle of Haverford"—distant seven miles from Hakin, and twice that distance from Dale. The town was easily taken. Its walls could never have offered a strong line of defence against any really formidable assailant, but the castle was held by a strong garrison. According to the French chronicler of the invasion, the Governor was the Earl of Arundel. As the Earl of Arundel was a member of the extemporized tribunal which, without a trial, condemned Archbishop Scrope to death at Bishopsthorpe, near York, in July, 1405, it is not easy to see how he could have reached Haverfordwest in time to take part in the defence. The army was not prepared to undertake a protracted siege, so, "having burned the town and suburbs under the castle, they marched away, destroying the country round with fire and sword," and making for Tenby. Here they were joined by Owen Glendower at the head of a considerable force. There is no mention of any attack on Tenby, and there is no evidence in support of Mr. Laws's theory that

the place capitulated. An English fleet arrived under Lord Berkeley, Sir Thomas Swinburne, and the notorious Channel freebooter, Henry Pay. Fifteen French ships were burned, and this naval disaster will fully account for the departure of the French and their allies. Owen, though he has been unjustly blamed for his absence from the field of Shrewsbury, more than once marred his own prospects by his inability to grasp the importance to his cause of the operations in which his allies were engaged. It was probably a grave strategical blunder to draw the French army from the south coast to the Valley of the Severn before they had established a base of operations there. Their progress through South Wales was rapid, Carmarthen men were surrendering, and before the end of the month they were confronting King Henry in Worcestershire. There was a fortnight or so of desultory skirmishing; the combined forces fell back into Wales, followed by Henry. For all practical purposes, the expedition had proved a complete fiasco. There was no return to Pembrokeshire. The élite of the French went home in November. Early in the next year the remainder of the army attempted to follow them, but failed, with the loss of fourteen ships. The second attempt was more successful, though there was a further loss of eight ships before they reached St. Pol de Leon in March.

The French intervention had completely disappointed the hopes of Owen and his adherents, but the calamities of that summer had brought home to the men of English Pembrokeshire the inability of the English Government to protect them from the raids of the Welsh insurgents. Under these circumstances, Sir Francis a'Court, as administrator of the earldom, lost no time in entering into negotiations with the Welsh chief. Exemption from invasion was purchased by the payment of tribute. On November 14 a warrant was issued to William Picton,

Henry Malefant of Upton,* and Thomas Perrot of Scotsborough, ordering them to raise £15 2s. 8d. from the district lying between Picton and Gumfreston. The parishes named are Picton (?), Lawrenny, Carew, Coedcanlas, Martletwy, Jeffreston, and Gumfreston—just those through which the French army would pass on its march from Haverford to Tenby. The amount seems small, but Mr. Laws points out that this district must have suffered severely in the previous July.

Probably Carew, lying on one side of the line of march, suffered less than the neighbouring parishes. At any rate it was assessed at £4 13s. 4d. The warrant is dated from Pembroke, and Stephen Perrot of Iestynton and John of Castle Martin are named as the receivers. The truce was to last to the following 1st of May, but it was renewed from time to time until, in 1409, it was terminated under peremptory orders from the King, addressed to the Earl of Arundel, who was responsible for its renewal, if not for its inception. By this time all danger from Owen had passed away. He came no more to Pembrokeshire. Though there is a legend that at the end of his stormy life he returned to Trefgarn to die, and that he found his last resting-place at Wolfscastle, within sight of the home of his mother's childhood, in truth the burial-places assigned to Owen were more numerous than the birthplaces claimed for Homer.

* Henry Malefant was apparently the last but one of the Malefants of Upton, and Thomas Perrot, the second son of Stephen Perrot of Iestynton, was the first of the Scotsborough Perrotts.

## CHAPTER III

### FROM AGINCOURT TO BOSWORTH

PEMBROKESHIRE suffered less than other parts of Wales from the legislative proscription of the Welsh people and Welsh interests that accompanied and followed the fifteen years' revolt. The complete and final suppression of the nationalist movement brought to the people of Anglia Transwalliana a security such as they had never before enjoyed. The military glories of Henry V.'s campaigns, which tended to relieve in the minds of the most fervent of Welsh patriots the bitterness of their subjection, could not fail to kindle the enthusiasm of the Pembrokeshire men. They long remembered how at Agincourt

> "The men of South Wales of the mixèd blood
> Had of the Welsh the leading of the way."

Henry IV. conferred the earldom of Pembroke on his third son, John, Duke of Bedford. This Prince, whose fame as a captain rivalled that of his brother Henry, retained the earldom until he died at Rouen in September, 1435, broken-hearted by the national disasters, which neither his military skill nor his statesmanship could avert. He was succeeded in the earldom by his brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the last survivor of the sons of Henry IV. Humphrey, whose selfishness and obstinacy were largely responsible for the decline of the English power in France and the loss of his brother's conquests,

has obtained a meed of posthumous fame to which he had no shadow of a claim.

As Earl of Pembroke he associated with himself, as his second wife, his former mistress, Eleanor Cobham, whose name appears in documents as Countess of Pembroke. Her disgrace and punishment on a charge of attempted witchcraft in 1441 was a serious blow to her husband's influence, but it was not till six years later that the county was startled by the news of the fall, imprisonment, and death, of the Duke of Gloucester. The cause of his death is still a mystery. The probabilities point to that theory of murder which has been for ever enshrined in Shakespeare's "Henry VI."; but there is some important evidence on the other side. His bodyguard were all arrested at the same time. There were forty-two of them, the great majority being from Wales. There were six Wogans, a Wyriot, and a Donne, and these are not all that have a distinctly Pembrokeshire name. The list is instructive as showing how the Pembrokeshire men were wont to follow the fortunes of their Earls. The earldom was given to Humphrey's victorious rival, William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, whose name appears in several Pembrokeshire documents. In less than three years, Suffolk in his turn was denounced, banished, and murdered. Two years elapsed before the King gave the earldom to his uterine brother, Jasper Tudor. The romance—if it deserves the name—of the Queen-mother's intrigue with the handsome young Welsh knight Owen Tudor led to results which affected the history of England and of Europe; but as yet it was impossible to anticipate the chain of events that were to lead to the accession of Owen Tudor's grandson to the English throne.

Civil War was, however, coming within measurable distance. The death of Gloucester had removed the last legitimately descended Prince of the blood of John of

Gaunt, and had brought Richard, Duke of York, to the steps of the throne.

As the grandson of Edmund of Langley, and as the great-grandson of Lionel of Clarence, he was the heir-presumptive. The Beauforts did not count. The birth of Edward of Lancaster in October, 1453, interposed a fatal barrier between the heir-presumptive and the crown, and the events of 1688 show how readily men conceive doubts of the legitimacy of an heir so unwelcome. The House of Lancaster was still strong in the loyalty of the nation, but the physical and mental weakness of the King made his personal government impossible, and the regency of the realm became an object for which Richard might contend without the avowal of his ultimate object. The first war, which began and practically ended with the first battle of St. Albans in 1455, was followed by four years of armed truce, maintained by the personal influence of Henry, who had recovered his reason.

In the interval took place the marriage of Jasper Tudor's brother Edmund with Margaret, the daughter and sole heiress of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who had died in 1444. His brother Edmund, Marquis of Dorset, who had been made Duke of Somerset in 1448, had lost his life at St. Albans. His son Henry was now the head of the Beauforts, but the hand of the young Margaret carried with it the possibility of the reversion of a far more splendid inheritance. It was known to a very few that the final and authoritative copy of the Act of Parliament legitimating the Beauforts did not contain the clauses excluding them from the succession to the throne. This secret, so jealously guarded, made Margaret Beaufort the heiress-presumptive of the House of Lancaster. The young bridegroom, who had been created Earl of Richmond, died in the autumn of 1456; and his child-widow, who was not quite fourteen, went to her brother-in-law's castle of Pembroke, and there, in a chamber

which was still shown in the sixteenth century, on January 28, 1457, she gave birth to the boy to whom was given the name of his royal Lancastrian kinsman.

It was in the next year—1458—that Earl Jasper undertook the work by which he is best remembered in West Wales, the building or rebuilding of the walls of Tenby.

When war broke out again in 1459, the strength of the Duke of York lay chiefly in the Marches of Wales, while to the westward the power of the Tudor family served as a counterpoise on the Lancastrian side.

Locally one of the most important personages was Gruffydd ap Thomas, one of the retainers of Humphrey of Gloucester, who had been soon released from his brief imprisonment. This formidable freebooter—for he was little better, though the Bishop once entrusted him with the administration of the diocese—was removed by young Earl Jasper from the governorship of Cilgerran, an affront which would have sent him into the ranks of the Yorkists, but for a personal quarrel with the Duke of York, who had deprived him of some lands at Llysyfran. The brief campaign of 1459 ended, despite Salisbury's victory at Bloreheath, in the collapse of the Yorkists.

In the fiercer strife of 1460 Jasper carried on a campaign in North Wales, with equivocal success. The Yorkist victory of Northampton in July was marked by a bloodthirstiness on the part of the victors not hitherto characteristic of the Civil War.

The death of his father at Wakefield, on December 29, devolved the headship of the House of York on Edward, Earl of March, a lad of nineteen. The young Earl, who was at Gloucester when the news reached him, at once set himself to collect an army strong enough to restore the fallen fortunes of his house. Five weeks later he was marching to interpose between the victorious royalists and the capital, when at Mortimer's Cross, between Leominster and Wigmore, he was overtaken by the

Earl of Pembroke with a numerically inferior force of Welsh and Irish. Turning sharply on his pursuers, Edward gained a complete victory. Earl Jasper escaped from the field, but his father, Owen Tudor, was taken prisoner, and next day, with seven other captains, he was beheaded at the Market Cross at Hereford in revenge for the barbarities that had sullied the Lancastrian victory at Wakefield. The old man's head was put on the summit of the cross, but a " mad woman " combed the hair and washed the blood from his face, and set a hundred candles burning round. Perchance her madness was simply a Welshwoman's enthusiastic loyalty to the old chief who represented the patriotic traditions of the Cymric land. In the battle a notable part had been played by a contingent of eight hundred men from Ystrad Towy, under Gruffydd ap Nicholas and his son Owen. Gruffydd had been arrested at Shrewsbury for one of his freebooting exploits, and his exasperation at this indignity decided him to throw in his lot with the party opposed to the Government, notwithstanding his personal grievance against the Duke of York over the land at Llysyfran. The old man lost his life early in the battle, but his son and his trusty followers wreaked their vengeance on the hated Lancastrians.

Mortimer's Cross was fought on February 2, 1461, and this battle was decisive of the war. Margaret's defeat of Warwick at St. Albans a fortnight later did not retrieve the situation. Edward and Warwick effected a junction and secured the capital, and the crowning victory of Towton in the last week of March completed the overthrow of the House of Lancaster.

In the dark days that followed it is not easy to trace the movements of the Earl of Pembroke. In the North of England, in Scotland, or in Ireland, he was doing his best for the fallen dynasty. He was the recognized chief of the Lancastrians of Wales, who maintained the struggle

in their mountain fastnesses long after the suppression of the revolt of 1464 had crushed the last hopes of their English partisans. In one or other of their fortresses the boy Henry Tudor was receiving the education provided by the care of his uncle, who himself had been carefully educated at the expense of his half-brother, King Henry. On Midsummer Day, 1468, when Harlech alone was still holding out, Jasper Tudor landed in North Wales; but though he gained some temporary successes, he could not relieve Harlech, and was compelled to fly once more. In August Harlech surrendered, and Henry Tudor became the prisoner of Lord Herbert, the chief of the Yorkists of Wales.

Lord Herbert and his younger brother, Sir Richard Herbert—both famous for their prowess and for their gigantic stature—were the sons of Sir William Herbert of Raglan, whose wife was the daughter and heiress of David Gam. The Herberts may have been of Norman descent, but they had been settled in Wales for two hundred and fifty years, and by a succession of intermarriages with Welsh heiresses had become almost wholly Welsh in blood. Sir William's eldest son, William, had won his spurs in the later campaigns of the French wars, and when the party strife at home was developing into Civil War he became a staunch Yorkist. For his services in Wales against the Earl of Pembroke and the Duke of Exeter he was rewarded in 1461 with the title of Baron Herbert, and with the castle, town, and lordship of Pembroke. Next year he became a Knight of the Garter. On the fall of Harlech he was made Earl of Pembroke and was given the Manor of Haverfordwest.

The resistance of Jasper's friends had been protracted so long that Harlech fell only a few months before that rupture in the ranks of the victorious party that led to the temporary restoration of Henry VI. The breach between the King and his cousin the King-maker was

made wider by the personal quarrel between the latter and the Earl of Pembroke, and of that rekindled internecine strife the Earl was one of the earliest victims. In July, 1469, a formidable rebellion, encouraged if not instigated by the Nevilles, broke out in the north. Pembroke, at the King's appeal, brought up a large force, "a mighty host of Welshmen," and encountered the rebels on the northern border of Oxfordshire. But fortune was against him. He was ordered to co-operate with Stafford, Earl of Devonshire. They quarrelled; Devonshire withdrew the large body of archers under his command, and on July 26 Pembroke was forced to give battle with diminished forces at Edgecote, near Banbury. His Welshmen were seized with panic, and after a desperate fight, in which Sir Richard Herbert performed prodigies of valour, both brothers were taken prisoners. There was the usual ruthless slaughter of the vanquished. Donne of Picton Castle was among the slain, and probably many other Pembrokeshire squires shared his fate. The Earl, regardless of his own life, pleaded hard for that of his more youthful brother, but in vain. On the 28th they were both beheaded at Northampton. Sir Richard was buried at Abergavenny, but the Earl was laid beside the Earls of the Marshal line within the walls of Tintern. His eldest legitimate son was only nine years old. Ten years later he surrendered the earldom to the King, who desired it for his son Edward, receiving instead the earldom of Huntingdon. Pembroke's only daughter was the ancestress of the Dukes of Beaufort.

Since the fall of Harlech, Henry Tudor had been the ward of Earl William.

The Lancastrian restoration lacked the conditions of permanence, and the spring of 1471 witnessed Edward's recovery of the throne which six months before he had abandoned without striking a blow.

Nothing seemed wanting to the completeness of the

Yorkist victory, and the contemptuous clemency of the conqueror might well spare the life of the widowed and childless queen. Her place as the mother of the heir of Lancaster was taken by Margaret Beaufort, but whatever secret hopes the widow of Edmund Tudor may have cherished for her only child, their attainment must have seemed an impossibility.

Henry had indeed a narrow escape from falling into the hands of the murderers of his cousin, Prince Edward. Earl Jasper was probably not present on the fatal Palm Sunday at Barnet, but he was one of the nobles who rallied to Margaret of Anjou, who had landed at Weymouth on the very day of the great disaster, but had taken sanctuary at Beaulieu. He hurried back into South Wales to collect reinforcements, but before he could rejoin the army the incompetent generalship of Somerset had precipitated the battle. His arrival, indeed, would only have added more victims to the holocaust of Tewkesbury. A precipitate retreat into South Wales offered the only chance of escape. At Chepstow he captured and beheaded Roger Vaughan, the Yorkist captain whom Edward had sent to take him. But there were others on his track, and he reached Pembroke with his nephew, only to be closely blockaded in the castle by Morgan ap Thomas, the grandson of old Gruffydd ap Nicholas. From this peril they were rescued after a week's siege by Morgan's brother, David ap Thomas, who had mustered an army of some two thousand peasants armed with rustic weapons. The Earls were conveyed to Tenby, where tradition long pointed out the house in which the Mayor, Thomas White, sheltered the illustrious refugees, until the arrival of the ship which conveyed them and their friends to the Continent.

They had intended to make for France, but adverse winds compelled them to land in Brittany, where, at the Court of Duke Francis, they enjoyed a precarious asylum

for the remainder of Edward's reign. As the lad grew up towards manhood, the King of England became very anxious to get him into his power. On one occasion he was actually handed over, but the Duke quickly repented of the surrender, and the English envoy was compelled to restore him.

At last the time came when Henry's candidature for the English crown came within the range of practical politics. The usurpation and crimes of Richard of Gloucester made men think of the heir of the fallen dynasty, and of the possibility of ending the dynastic strife by his marriage with Elizabeth of York, the eldest sister of the murdered Princes.

The most wonderful thing about the revolting crime by which Richard sought to secure his throne was the secrecy in which it was enshrouded, and which, to some students of history, has suggested doubts of the facts. At least one able investigator arrived at the conclusion that they were the victims, not of their uncle's ambition, but of the cold-blooded policy of their brother-in-law, who found them alive on his occupation of London, and had them secretly despatched in the summer following his own accession. Yet one may safely relegate such elaborate conjectures to the same limbo which from time to time receives the "historic doubts" that attach themselves to the names of the great criminals of history. If the secret murder of the princely lads was perpetrated in the summer of 1483, during Richard's northern progress, and soon became known to their kinsfolk of the royal house, the sudden change in the situation is perfectly intelligible.

There can be little doubt that the new conspiracy was the coinage of a woman's brain, and that the first steps in the formation of the new confederacy were taken by the mother of Henry Tudor. Though her son was now twenty-six years old, Margaret Beaufort was still in the

prime of womanhood. The political capacity of her great-uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, had not been shared by any of the younger members of that branch of the Lancastrian house; but Margaret may be credited with the ability to grasp the true bearing of recent events, and to initiate the only movement that offered any chance of restoring the fortunes of Lancaster. A reaction in favour of the sons of Edward IV. had set in soon after the completion of the revolution, but the royal murderer checked the incipient movement by allowing the fact of their death to transpire. Buckingham's tardy repentance was quickened by his consciousness of the peril in which he stood as one who had rendered to the usurper a service too great to be forgotten or forgiven. When he, at the suggestion of his prisoner, Bishop Morton, endeavoured to communicate with Margaret Beaufort, now Lady Stanley, he found that she had already opened communications with the widow of Edward IV. Her agent was her physician, a Welshman named Lewis. Both ladies were in London, the Queen-Dowager still in the sanctuary of Westminster, and Margaret at her husband's London house. Lewis entered heartily into the plot, and found that Elizabeth would eagerly embrace the opportunity of avenging the murder of her boys and of securing the crown for her daughter. Reynold Bray, one of Lady Stanley's household, became the organizer of the movement. Agents soon arrived from Brittany, where Henry rapidly pushed on his preparations.

In the middle of October there were simultaneous risings in Kent, Wiltshire, Devonshire, and on the borders of Wales, but the promptitude of the King baffled all the plans of the insurgents. In a few days the back of the rebellion was broken. Buckingham fled in disguise, but was captured and beheaded at Salisbury on November 2.

Adverse weather delayed Henry until it was too late, and he returned to France. This rising, formidable as it

threatened to become, was yet premature, and in this fact and in the military incompetence of Buckingham is to be found the explanation of the sudden and ignominious collapse. Buckingham was himself of the Beaufort stock, his mother being the daughter of the Duke of Somerset who was killed at St. Albans in 1455, and therefore a first cousin of Margaret. His failure and his fate removed out of Henry's path one who, if he had proved a potent ally, would also have been a dangerous rival. As Monmouth's rebellion and death in 1685 smoothed the path for William of Orange, so the unsuccessful rising of 1483 contributed not a little to the victory of 1485. Henry Tudor was henceforth the only possible competitor of Richard of York.

On Christmas Day, at Rennes, the English refugees in a body took the oath of allegiance to the Lancastrian claimant. Richard, on his side, felt that it was a duel that would be fought out to the death. The clouds were gathering in his sky. The death of his only legitimate son in the next April seemed to others—perhaps to himself—to be the beginning of the Divine retribution. Neither the wise and popular legislation of the Parliament of 1484, nor the vigour which he infused into the administration, could allay the growing discontent or dispel his own forebodings.

His persistent attempts to obtain the extradition of Henry from the Breton duchy were once on the point of being crowned with success, when a secret warning from friends at the English Court was conveyed to the Earl, who escaped into French territory, whither all his adherents either preceded or followed him. Royal proclamations and commissions of array show how the King was harassed by the constant dread of invasion. The daughter of Edward IV. was jealously watched, and rumours were whispered that Richard was preparing to rid himself of his now childless Queen, and to defeat the

designs of his enemies by a marriage with Henry's destined bride, his eldest niece Elizabeth. When the Queen actually died, on March 16, 1485, there were suspicions that Richard had added to the black catalogue of his crimes the murder of his wife. Certain it is that, at least a month before the death of her aunt, Elizabeth had been led to anticipate that event at an early date, and, as its sequel, her own elevation to the throne. Certain it is also that Henry Tudor was seriously alarmed at the prospect of the incestuous marriage of the Princess, and that his friends were suggesting other matrimonial alliances as a compensation for the loss of the heiress of York. But that danger passed away. Richard's confidential advisers compelled him to abandon a project which would have entered into no brain but that of a man already driven half mad by the secret terrors of an accusing conscience.

For the last twelve months of Richard's reign Nottingham was his usual residence, and thence, in June, 1485, he issued his commissions of array to every county in England. Six months before special precautions had been taken to guard the south-eastern counties, but there were not wanting indications that this time the storm would burst, not on the shores of the Channel, but in the mountains of Wales. It was to the kindred of his father that Henry looked for help. The bards of Wales were preparing the minds of their countrymen for the advent of a chief whose success would end the servitude of Wales, and place the "Crown of Britain" on the head of a descendant of the princely house of Gwynedd. It was on an outburst of Welsh patriotism that the Lancastrian claimant counted to carry him to victory. For once the stilted rhetoric of "Owen Rhoscomyl" has some foundation in fact. It was as the "Flame-bearer" of Wales that Henry was to march from Milford Haven to Shrewsbury, and thence to Bosworth Field. The alternative

marriage suggested to Henry, if he should fail to secure Elizabeth, was with a sister of Walter Herbert, one of the most influential men in South Wales, who had hitherto been a loyal Yorkist. To win him over, the Lancastrian agents exerted their diplomatic skill, but with only partial success. More important than even Walter Herbert was Rhys ap Thomas, the third son of Thomas ap Gruffydd ap Nicholas. His elder brothers, Morgan the Yorkist and David the Lancastrian, were both dead. Rhys, who had spent his youth at the Court of Burgundy, was a far more cultured man than his rough moss-trooper brothers, whose great wealth was now in his hands. He held also, either as owner or as mortgagee in possession, the Pembrokeshire estates of the Carew family. With Rhys, through his friend Morgan Treharne of Kidwelly, a secret understanding was arrived at, though the cautious Welsh chieftain contrived to retain the confidence of the King.

Meanwhile the strength of Henry's party was being steadily augmented by the arrival of fugitives from England, and by the secret adhesion of many among the English nobility. At last the most serious difficulty of all—the want of funds—was overcome, and on August 1 the little fleet, bearing Henry and his uncle Jasper, some two hundred exiles, and about two thousand French mercenaries, set sail from Harfleur for Milford Haven, which they reached on August 7. Local tradition points to a cave between St. Anne's Head and the harbour's mouth as the spot where Henry landed. There may have been some foundation for this tradition, such as the landing of a scouting-party ; but as it was late when they arrived, "a little before sunset," it may be taken for granted that the squadron entered the harbour at once, and that the troops were disembarked on Dale Beach. Time was of the utmost importance, so very early the next morning the little army set out for Haverfordwest, twelve miles

distant. Here Henry and his uncle were received with great enthusiasm.

Edward's annexation of the earldom to the domains of the Crown had deprived the dynasty of the support that might have been given to it, if there had been another Earl, to divide the local allegiance of the men of the old "county." As it was, Jasper was welcomed, not only as the enemy of Richard, but as the rightful Earl of Pembroke returning to his own. It was still early in the day when Henry entered Haverford. There had been no time for Rhys ap Thomas, who was in Carmarthenshire, to send his promised succours, but Arnold Butler, of Coed Canlas came with a message from the men of Pembroke town, welcoming their Earl and promising their loyal support.

Thus encouraged and reinforced, Henry resumed his march, taking the Cardigan road. Some six or seven miles to the north-east the army halted for refreshments, when a rumour suddenly spread that Walter Herbert was coming from Carmarthen with a large army. The men sprang to arms, and there was a little time of excitement and anxiety, which was, however, soon ended by the return of the mounted scouts whom the Earl had sent in advance, and who reported that all was quiet in the county, and no foe in sight. As a further encouragement, "one Gruffydd, a man of high parentage," came into camp with a small company of soldiers, and before the day was over Morgan Treharne had arrived. There were some lingering doubts of the fidelity of Rhys ap Thomas—fidelity to his engagements, even after his interview with the Earl, apparently on the next day. Henry, however, wisely pushed forward along the road previously agreed upon, securing the strongholds as he went ; and Rhys, on his part, performed loyally all that he had promised.

The story that Rhys lay down at Mullock Bridge while Henry rode over, and thus fulfilled his promise that the Earl

should not enter the land except over his body, ridiculous as it is, is but one of the many forms of the legend that he was very uneasy about the breach of his oath to the King, especially the pledge which he had given in 1484, when Richard's suspicions had been aroused, possibly by whispers of the secret communications of Rhys the previous year with the physician of Margaret Beaufort, before Buckingham's rebellion. The Bishop of St. David's is credited with having helped to quiet the uneasy conscience of the chief. Wogan of Wiston and Perrot of Haroldston, and the Pembrokeshire landowners generally, threw in their lot with Henry Tudor and Rhys ap Thomas.

Rhys, with his forces, effected a junction with Henry on the borders of Shropshire. By this time Henry's army was augmented by contingents from North Wales. Rhys's numbers had been swollen by accessions from Glamorganshire and Breconshire. Walter Herbert maintained a benevolent neutrality. The accounts of the reinforcements that joined Henry on his march are difficult to reconcile with the actual numbers of his army on the decisive day of Bosworth. Probably the bulk of his army consisted of the force he brought with him, and the men of the older Deheubarth, the "South Land." It is at least possible that the old tradition is true, which claims for Rhys ap Thomas the honour of striking down with his own hand the tyrant from whom he, more than any other man, had helped to deliver his country.

With that fateful August 22 the medieval period of Pembrokeshire history came to an end. Jasper Tudor, the last of the medieval Earls, was made Duke of Bedford two months after Bosworth. He fought against Simnel's army at Stoke, served in France in 1492, died in December, 1495, and was buried at Keynsham, near Bristol.

For the period of seventy years the annals of the

bishopric contain little of interest. The last of the "illustrious Bishops" had been Henry Chichele, whose historical reputation certainly does not rest on his Menevian episcopate. His legal studies, that had earned for him the degrees of B.C.L. and LL.D. before his admission to Orders, eminently qualified him for the diplomatic service, which had acquired additional importance from the complications caused by the continuance of the "Great Schism." In 1407 Chichele had been sent to Siena to the Court of Gregory XII., the English favourite among the rival Pontiffs. While he was there came the news of Guy de Mona's death. Among the many preferments which Chichele already held was a canonry of Abergwili. Another Canon of the same collegiate church —the chronicler Adam of Usk—was also at Siena, officiating as Papal Chaplain and Auditor of the Palace. Adam expected the vacant see, but Chichele, whose appointment was supported by Henry IV., was nominated by a Papal provision, and consecrated by the Pope himself. He had not been long back in England before he was sent, with the Bishop of Salisbury, to represent England at the Council of Pisa. Next year he went on an embassy to France, and it was not till the summer of 1411, nearly three years after his consecration, that he found time for his enthronement at St. David's. Two years were given to the duties of the see, and then, under the auspices of the new reign, he resumed his congenial work as a diplomatist. In 1414 his translation to Canterbury terminated Chichele's connection with the Welsh diocese, where he had spent about a third of the time during which he had been drawing its revenues. This courtly ecclesiastic was one of the judges who sent to the stake the brave Lollard martyr Badby.

Of the ten episcopates that followed, some were very brief, being terminated either by early death or by removal to more lucrative spheres. Stephen Patrington,

the second of the ten, was Henry V.'s confessor, and in that capacity joined the army at Rouen in 1417. Next year he was nominated to Chichester, but died before he could take possession of his new see. One-half of the seventy years was occupied by the two episcopates of John Delabere (1447-1460) and Robert Tully (1460-1482). Delabere is celebrated for his refusal to discontinue the practice of selling licences for clerical marriage or concubinage, whichever it might be considered. The petition came from clergymen who wanted his command for the separation, to shield them from the anger of the relatives of their discarded wives. Delabere told them bluntly that he could not afford to lose the income that the licences brought him.

Tully, who is remembered for his liberal outlay on the cathedral, lived in retirement at Trevine. According to tradition, Edward IV. had deprived him of the temporalities of the see, possibly as a Lancastrian. In that time of confusion the Church was as much disorganized as civil society. It is amusing to find that Delabere, who was an absentee Bishop, appointed as his vicar Gruffydd ap Nicholas, of moss-trooping fame.

Of the ten Bishops, only one attained to literary fame—William Lyndwood, the celebrated expounder of the Canon Law, who had been Chichele's Vicar-General in the Province of Canterbury.

## CHAPTER IV

### FROM BOSWORTH TO THE REFORMATION

THE twenty-four years of the reign of Henry VII., and the first sixteen years of the reign of his son, were years of tranquillity for Pembrokeshire. The insurrectionary movements that disturbed the reign of the first Tudor found no response in the county that had welcomed him with enthusiasm, and sent her sons to fight for him on the Leicestershire battlefield. Bishop and baron, ploughman and belted knight, were alike loyal to the new dynasty. The Bishop who helped to weave the threads of the conspiracy, and who is said, on doubtful authority, to have preached before the army of liberation, was Hugh Pavy, whose consecration took place some time that year. Pavy had been little more than two years in the see, when he was called upon to investigate a charge of heresy. The heretic was an Irish priest, one Roger Burley, connected with the Church of St. Mary, Pembroke, and the heresy related to the jealously guarded dogma of the Real Presence. He appears to have held that the participation in the Body of Christ depended on the faith or spiritual condition of the recipient of the consecrated bread. This was practically the Wycliffian doctrine of the Eucharist. This heresy Burley had maintained and defended in a discussion with Master John ap Rees, at the house of Nicholas Whyte of Pembroke, who with his wife and others gave evidence against the prisoner. Burley denied some of

the words attributed to him, but to the substance of the incriminated opinions he resolutely adhered. The trial was opened on Saturday, November 10, 1487, in the chapel of Lamphey Palace, and was repeatedly adjourned. At length, on Sunday, December 9, Burley was found guilty. Burley's firmness now gave way, and he made a complete retraction, submitting himself " humbly, suppliantly, and devoutly " to the paternal authority of the Bishop, and received absolution. This the Bishop gave in due form, and Burley paid the fine imposed on him. The amount is not stated.

Three months later, on March 20, 1488, another heretic stood before the same tribunal. Stephen Hall, of St. Michael's parish, Pembroke, was charged by Master Harley, Rector of St. Florence, with having maintained at the house of James Toker, in Pembroke, that " the Son of God was not omnipotent before His resurrection from the dead "—a heresy apparently due to a misunderstanding of Rom. i. 4. It may have been a grotesque form of Arianism, denying not only the eternity of Christ's pre-existence, as Arius did, but his Divine pre-existence altogether. Possibly it was simply an exaggeration of what is known as the doctrine of the Depotentiation of Christ—that is, of His emptying Himself, during his earthly life, of His Divine power. Whatever the heresy was, Hall's submission was prompt and complete. His recantation having been duly made, absolution was given and the fine paid. The amount of the fine is not given in either case. Hall laid the blame of his heresy on a former Rector of Tenby, John Smyth, Archdeacon of St. David's, who had been afterwards Bishop of Llandaff. As Bishop Smyth had died three years before, he was out of the reach of the heresy-hunters. The protracted hearing in the first case, the light sentence in both, may be accepted as evidence of the mild temper of the Bishop and his fellow-judges. A generation was to go

by before the theolgical peace of West Wales was again disturbed.

Pavy was succeeded in 1496 by John Morgan—one of a family whom we know as the Morgans of Tredegar—whose great services in the revolution of 1485 had already been handsomely rewarded with the archdeaconry of Carmarthen, the deanery of Windsor, and other benefices. Sherburne followed in 1505, and on his death, in 1509, Edward Vaughan, Archdeacon of Lewes, was appointed. Vaughan's memory is perpetuated by the graceful chapel, at the east end of the cathedral, which bears his name.

Throughout this period the most influential man in West Wales was Sir Rhys ap Thomas. The grandson of a man who had died for the White Rose, and the last of a family which, with the apparent exception of his elder brother David, had been staunch Yorkists, he had entered reluctantly into the great conspiracy of 1485. Yet he never wavered in his allegiance to the King whom he had helped to place upon the throne; while Henry, on his part, had loyally fulfilled the promises by which he had cemented their alliance, bestowing on his friend the most important government offices in South Wales. At the Battle of Stoke against Simnel's partisans in 1487, Sir Rhys commanded a troop of English horse. Engaging in single combat with the Earl of Kildare, he was wounded by the long knife of an Irish foot-soldier, and would have lost his life but for the kindlyhelp of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Five years later, in the autumn of 1492, when Henry assembled a large army for the invasion of France, Sir Rhys was "noted for the brave troops that he brought out of Wales."

In June, 1497, when the Cornish insurgents had reached the gates of the capital, at the Battle of Blackheath, Rhys commanded a body of fifteen hundred horse, and after the victory he was one of the knights-banneret

created by the King on the field of battle. To him was attributed the capture of the rebel leader, James Touchet, Lord Audley, whose execution and attainder opened up an interesting chapter in North Pembrokeshire history. The male line of the Martins of Kemes had ended with the death of William Martin, who died in 1326, when the barony of Kemes passed to his nephew James, Lord Audley, son of his sister Joan. On the death of James's son Nicholas in 1392, the title of Audley and the barony of Kemes passed to his sister's husband, Sir John Touchet. The barony of Kemes was ultimately won by William Owen of Henllys, himself a descendant of Ales, the daughter of Nicholas Martin, Lord of Kemes, the grandfather of William Martin. It was not till 1543, and after a nineteen years' lawsuit, that the perseverance of the Pembrokeshire lawyer was crowned with success.

When, in the autumn of the same year (1497), news came that Perkin Warbeck was besieging Exeter, Rhys was one of three captains whom the King sent on with the advance guard of the royal army to succour the beleaguered city. He also commanded the party of horse that pursued the Pretender to the sanctuary of Beaulieu.

In April, 1505, he was made a Knight of the Garter, and it was on the second anniversary of his reception of that coveted honour that he held his celebrated tournament at Carew. Unless it had been in connection with one of the few royal visits, no such gathering had ever been witnessed in West Wales. Yorkists mingled with Lancastrians as the guests of the chieftain who had done so much to bring about the union of the Roses.

> "The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
> The havoc of the feudal war,"

were forgotten, or remembered only as a sombre yet glorious dream. Sir Thomas Perrot and Sir John Wogan,

and Arnold Butler, Richard Griffith, John Morgan (probably a nephew of the late Bishop), and Griffith Dunne, were neighbours and old comrades of the veteran knight, some of them sharers in the glory of Bosworth. From Brecknock came Vaughan of Tretower, grandson of the Roger Vaughan whom Jasper Tudor had beheaded at Chepstow, and son of the Sir Thomas Vaughan who had helped to defeat the plans of Buckingham.

Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire were represented, the former by Jenkin Mansel, a near relative of the Dinevor family; the latter by Sir William Herbert, the son of the Sir Richard Herbert who shared the fate of his brother, Earl William, after the defeat of Edgecote. There were some from North Wales, including young Wynne of Gwydr, a boy of sixteen, and his relative, a Griffith of Llansadarn, and with them Robert Salesbury, "a fast friend and companion to Sir Rhys in many of his warlike adventures." The majority of the visitors were accommodated in pavilions in the large park. The festival, modelled no doubt on Sir Rhys's reminiscences of the splendid Court of Burgundy, where he had spent so much of his boyhood, lasted five days—April 21 to 25—the chief day, of course, being the 23rd (the Feast of St. George). On that day the guests, who had been divided into five troops of one hundred each, set out early for Lamphey Palace, three miles off. The captains of the troops were two of Sir Rhys's own brothers, Arnold Butler, John Morgan, and Richard Griffith. Sir Rhys, "on a goodly courser, having two pages and a herald on horseback," followed the cavalcade, while the remainder of the guests brought up the rear. The Bishop, Robert Sherburne, probably a relative of the family who had been for centuries connected with Angle, stood at the entrance with the Abbot of Talley and the Prior of Carmarthen, all in full canonicals, to receive their distinguished guest, who, before his entrance, had, in a tent provided for the

purpose, exchanged his armour for the livery of the Order of the Garter.

At the service in the chapel the Bishop read prayers at the high-altar, and " manie new hymnes and anthemes they had made of purpose for that solemnitie, they sang, some for the long life, peace and prosperitie of the kinge, others for the reste of St. George's soule and his safe deliverance out of purgatorie "—a doubtful compliment to the patron saint of England. Then the stately procession returned to Carew, bringing with them the Bishop, Abbot, and Prior.

A salute having been fired and returned from the castle walls, the troops passed into the park, where each captain had " his particular tente to entertain his souldiers and friendes." Sir Rhys " reserved a great companie of the better sorte for his guestes " at a state banquet in the great hall of the castle.

In the dignified ceremonial, observed as carefully as if King Henry himself were present, a leading part was assigned to Sir Rhys's eldest son, Sir Griffith, " who had been bredd up at courte, and had therefore some advantage of the rest in point of curialitie and courtliness." The carver was Sir William Herbert of Colebrook, and the cup-bearer young Griffith, the heir of Penrhyn. There was an imposing orchestra of " trumpets, cornets, hautboys, and other wind instruments," and the Bards and Prydydds, accompanied by the harp, sang many a song in commemoration of the virtues and famous achievements of those gentlemen's ancestors there present. What with the music and song and the frequent health-drinking to the King and Queen and Henry, Prince of Wales, " the daie was well nigh spente, and they would fall to noe disputes for the reste of the after noone, but only walke abroad and take the fresh air of the park." Here, for the jousting of the next day, two parties of four were arranged, Sir William Herbert the challenger having

as his comrades Robert Salesbury, Jenkin Mansel, and Vaughan of Tretower; while Sir Griffith ap Rhys the defendant was supported by Sir Thomas Perrot, Sir William Wogan, and Sir Griffith Dunne—four Pembrokeshire knights against four visitors. This jousting on the Thursday morning was the special event of the festival, and was celebrated with all the accustomed pomp of a royal tournament of the olden time. The game ended in a "draw," and in the sports that occupied the remainder of the fourth day the quintain was prominent, as it always was in the Burgundian sports. At supper, when Sir William Herbert's supporters were cupbearer, carver, and server, Sir Griffith threw out a challenge for another tilting-match on the Friday morning. In this jousting the heirs of Gwydr and Penrhyn were, at their urgent request, permitted to take part. Sir Rhys, who throughout was careful to prevent any risk of the mimic warfare passing into serious fighting, took especial precautions that the minimum of hazard should be encountered by his young friends from the north. The losers were to pay as forfeit the price of Saturday's supper at Carmarthen. Sir Rhys as judge gave the award against his son, "a thing agreed upon beforehand betweene them." At dinner Sir Griffith's supporters took the places which their opponents had occupied on the previous day.

In a hunting-party that afternoon some bucks were killed to furnish the tables at the farewell feast on the morrow at Carmarthen. That evening there was "a comedie acted by some of Sir Rice's own servauntes, with which these majestic sightes and triumphes were concluded." For years this meeting was spoken of as "St. George's pilgrimage to St. David's." That a gathering of about a thousand guests should have passed off "without one quarrell, crosse worde, or unkinde looke," was attributed to the care and tact of the veteran

knight and courtier who had thus celebrated not only the union of the dynastic factions of England, but the blending of the two races, whose antagonism of centuries had been closed at last by the coronation of a Welshman as the successor of the Plantagenets. On Saturday morning, ere the guests set out for Carmarthen, Bishop Sherburne, "bestowed a sermon upon them, tending all to loyal admonitions, obedience to superiors, love and charitie one towards another." The text was from Ecclesiastes: "Curst not the King, no not in thy thoughts, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." If a quarter of a century later any of the survivors of that brilliant crowd still remembered the good Bishop's text, it must have seemed to them like an unwitting prophecy of the calamities that should fall upon the great house of Denevor and Carew. But as yet there was no shadow of the coming doom. The health of the founder of the dynasty was already failing, but the handsome and accomplished boy-Prince, whose health was so enthusiastically drunk at the banquet, was to be for many years the darling of his people. Sir Rhys himself was in the vigour of his middle age. At fifty-five he had still nearly twenty years of life before him. Six years later he took part in the French expedition of 1513, distinguishing himself at the Battle of the Spurs; and the same year he was made Seneschal and Chancellor of the lordships of Haverfordwest and Roose, appointments which made his local authority practically equal to that of the first Earls of Pembroke. He was now over sixty years of age, and the campaign in Picardy was the close of his military career. He lived till the spring of 1525, apparently retaining to the last the favour of his Sovereign; but his latest years were clouded by family bereavement, and probably other troubles. His only legitimate son, Griffith, had predeceased him. The

number of his illegitimate children is remarkable, even for that age of lax morality. The sister of his friend, the Abbot of Talley, had borne him at least ten, who intermarried with some of the oldest families of the county. One of these, William ap Rees, of Sandy Haven, was Sheriff of Pembrokeshire in 1557.

Of this numerous progeny, his favourite seems to have been Anne, the daughter of a Merionethshire lady. She was married to Henry Wirriott of Orielton, and her only daughter married Sir Hugh Owen of Bodeon, in Anglesey, and was thus the first Lady Owen of Orielton. It was in the last years of Sir Rhys's life that South Pembrokeshire was troubled by an influx of Irish immigrants, who, if one is to believe the writers of some letters preserved in the State papers, threatened Anglia Transwalliana with a revolution at once racial and linguistic. It was said that the towns were full of Irishmen, and that in many villages the Irish tongue was superseding both Welsh and English. The intruders were said to be not English of the Pale, but native Irish. The early part of the sixteenth century was a disastrous period for English interests in Ireland, and it was as the result of the mismanagement of those times that Elizabeth found herself burdened with the task of the reconquest of Ireland. That there were many arrivals from Ireland is highly probable, and the statements made in the contemporary letters are too circumstantial to be wholly fictitious. Yet it is certain that no permanent traces remained of such an Irish invasion, and in the numerous Pembrokeshire documents there is no evidence of any modification of the local nomenclature, such as could not have failed to be effected by a large admixture of aliens in the population.

Sir Rhys ended his busy, eventful, dissolute life just before the troubles caused by the King's desire for a divorce from the wife of his youth, who had disappointed

his hopes of a son to sit upon his throne. Clouds were already gathering in the political sky. The personal character of the King could not have been unknown to one who, since the accession of the dynasty, had ever been a welcome guest at Court and a trusted servant of the Sovereign. It is at least possible that his own temper had become more morose with advancing years. The eulogistic biography by a contemporary hand, which is the source of most of our knowledge of his career, hints at complaints of his cruelty, which could not have been groundless. The polish acquired in his early residence at the Court of Burgundy helped to conceal the inborn ruthlessness of the race of Celtic chiefs from whom he sprang. The death of his only legitimate son, Sir Griffith ap Rhys, was a grave misfortune, since the succession to the vast possessions and semi-princely status of the old chief thus devolved on an inexperienced lad, whose superior education and literary tastes would not fit him to deal with the cabals and intrigues and brutal selfishness that prevailed alike in South Wales and at the Court of Henry VIII. The year before his grandfather died he had been married to Lady Katherine Howard, the sister of the victor of Flodden, now the third Duke of Norfolk. At the same time he had the advantage of the personal friendship that had long existed between Sir Rhys and Cardinal Wolsey. According to his descendant and apologist, Henry Rees, he was not yet eighteen at the time of his grandfather's death. It is more probable that he was then nearly, if not quite, of age. That he was not appointed to the great offices which Sir Rhys had held might have been due to his youth and inexperience, but it none the less indicated a diminution of the royal favour. Between the young Lord of Dinevor and Carew and the new Justice and Chamberlain of South Wales, Walter Devereux, Lord Ferrers, there grew up an inevitable rivalry, which soon passed into bitter hatred.

As early as January, 1526, Lord Ferrers had to complain of the interference of the Lord President and the Ludlow Court with the jurisdiction of the local officials. His lordship's complaints referred principally to Cardigan and Carmarthen. It was not less vexatious for the Carmarthenshire tenants of Sir Rhys ap Griffith to be summoned to Pembrokeshire by the officers of Lord Ferrers, and in March, 1529, Sir Rhys wrote asking Wolsey to arrange for his appointment as Lord Ferrers's deputy. For this arrangement, which he thought would obviate much inconvenience and discontent, he was willing to pay Lord Ferrers any compensation the Cardinal might award. The suggestion is, on the face of it, moderate and reasonable, but its only effect was to inflame the mutual animosity of the rival chiefs.

It is clear that on the one side Sir Rhys was stimulated by the angry talk of his friends and dependents, as well as by the promptings of his ambitious wife, and that on the other side Lord Ferrers was jealous of his rival's popularity, for when Rhys went to Wales the whole country turned out to welcome him.

Three months later the explosion came. Lord Ferrers was due at Carmarthen in the first week of June to hold the Great Sessions.

Rhys sent one of his retainers, Thomas ap Morgan, "to take lodgings for him among his tenantry, and to set up his armes on certain doors." When Lord Ferrers arrived on Saturday, the 5th, and his deputy obtained from the Mayor billets for lodgings for his lordship's servants, it was found that Sir Rhys's arms had been set up on the doors of those very houses. "The badges upon papers painted" were promptly removed by Lord Ferrers's men. No wonder that Sir Rhys's friends and adherents "assembled that night in a riotous manner." His lordship's version was that Rhys, meditating mischief, "had privilye caused his friends and adherents to be armed

as well in the Countie of Karmardyn as in the Lordship of Kidwelly "—a charge which is scarcely borne out by Ferrers's own narrative. Next day, indeed, proclamations of Rhys's were read in divers churches of Carmarthen, Cardigan, and Kidwelly, appealing to "such that were his kynesmen, lovers, and ffriends, and wold do anything for him, should come well appoynted and wepened to the King's town of Karmardyn on Monday next the vii of June." Twenty-four hours was rather short notice for the gathering of the clansmen, and this the impulsive young knight no doubt found out; but there was one part of Carmarthenshire from which there was a prompt response. In Eastern Carmarthenshire, between Llandilo and Llandovery, Rhys's interests were well looked after by his uncle David ap Rhys, one of the numerous children of the sister of the Abbot of Talley, and so the proclamation was read in the churches of Llansadwrn and Llanwrda. What happened at Carmarthen is not stated, but Hugh ap Jenkyn, "leading the Abbot of Talley's tenants," who was also a servant of Sir Rhys, was one day arrested, as a ringleader in the disturbances. This arrest led to another, for Thomas ap Owen, a kinsman of Rhys, and also a servant of the King, attempted to take ap Jenkyn out of the constable's hands. Whether he rescued ap Jenkyn or not, Thomas ap Owen was himself committed to ward for various misdemeanours, and for hurting the people when they came to the castle to demand remedy. By these misdemeanours Thomas ap Owen was held to have forfeited a recognizance of 500 marks (£333 6s. 8d.). Whenever this bond may have been imposed upon him, its amount shows that he was a man of some wealth and social position. In 1525 he had been Mayor of Carmarthen, and in 1524 Sir Rhys ap Thomas had made him the Collector of Haverfordwest. When the old man died in 1525, the King gave Thomas ap Owen the constableship of Builth Castle, one of the most important

of Sir Rhys's many offices. It is difficult to believe that such a man was the ruffianly disturber of the peace that he was represented to be by Lord Ferrers. Exasperated by this treatment of his relative, Sir Rhys ap Thomas went to Carmarthen Castle on Tuesday, June 15, "with fortye and more of his servants well armed and wepened," and, entering the Justice's chamber when several gentlemen were present, picked a quarrel with him over Thomas's arrest. Both of them drew their daggers, Lord Ferrers probably setting the example. Anyhow, the only person wounded seems to have been Sir Rhys, though it was alleged that he had wounded "Lewis Thomas ap John, gentylman, the King's sworn servant," who disarmed him. Rhys's impulsiveness had played his enemy's game. He was detained a prisoner in the castle, while Lord Ferrers despatched his chaplain to London to lay his version of the affair before Wolsey.

Lady Katherine, the daughter of a high-spirited race, was not the woman to submit patiently to what she deemed a wanton outrage. On Wednesday, the 16th, her messengers were hurrying to all parts of the three counties, and to other lordships from Builth to St. David's, to raise the country for her husband's rescue. That night and Thursday the dependents and friends of the imprisoned chieftain arrived in fairly large numbers, but there was little attempted and nothing accomplished. There was some fighting, and there may have been a few lives lost, but Lady Katherine's siege of the castle, alluded to in contemporary letters, was soon at an end. On Friday Lord Ferrers wrote to Wolsey that the captains and ringleaders had returned home, and that now "everythynge is quyette."

The Pembrokeshire men who figured among the "captains and ringleaders" were "John Wogan, Henry Wyriott, Esquires; William ap Owen lernyd in the law; William David William gentylman; John ap Evand ap

Gwylim in the lordship of Narberth." These, with their accomplices—over a hundred in all—together with Rhys himself, were indicted at the Carmarthen Sessions for rebellion, but no record of the trial or of its result has been discovered. Lady Katherine's attempted insurrection had failed, but her appeal to the Cardinal for her husband's release from his ignominious duress was more successful, and he was liberated on heavy bail, to take his trial at London in the autumn. Both he and Lord Ferrers appeared before the Court of King's Bench, when they indulged in vigorous mutual recriminations. "I heard," says one who was present, "the ugliest accusations and charges that two gentlemen could bring each against the other—charges and accusations which thousands of poor men would not for any amount of wealth have had brought against them by word of mouth, much less in writing." These recriminations were not only about the affray between them, but in respect of the oppression of the people and the bribery of which each said the other was guilty." At length Wolsey removed the case to the Star Chamber, where he rated them both soundly, and especially Lord Ferrers, for quarrelling with one young enough to be his son. Finally they were ordered to make peace between their followers, and to go arm-in-arm by land and water to the Palace and the Fleet.

One of the ugliest counts in the charges against Rhys was his connivance, as an accessory after the fact, at the murder of Reynold ap Morgan, "gentylman learned in the law," lieutenant to Lord Ferrers, and acting Bailiff of Carmarthen. The murder was committed at Carmarthen on Friday evening, August 6, and the murderers, Griffith ap Morgan, usher of the hall to Rhys, and Griffith ap John, his falconer, were protected by him at Tenby, "and divers other places within his authorities." The pacification of South Wales and the release of Rhys was one of Wolsey's latest acts as Chancellor and Prime

Minister. It shows the great Cardinal at his best, emphasizing what is Wolsey's best apology, the contrast between the earlier and the later years of Henry. It was on October 19, 1529, that the Cardinal surrendered the Great Seal. On November 29, 1530, he died at Leicester. By this time Rhys ap Griffith had already been lying for seven weeks in the Tower of London. Of his life in the interval between his first release and his second imprisonment nothing is known, except that he appears usually to have lived at Islington, which then, and down to the second quarter of the last century, was a fashionable suburb of the capital.

The Imperial Ambassador Chapuys told his master that Rhys, not satisfied with what his wife had done the year before, threatened that he would himself finish what she had begun. After eight or nine months' imprisonment he was let out on bail on the plea of ill-health, probably in June, 1531. On September 21 he was again arrested and sent back to the Tower. The charge this time was high-treason. "He is accused," writes the Ambassador, "of having tried to procure means of escaping, and going either to Your Majesty's Court or to Scotland, where, owing to the credit and favour he enjoys in Wales, he hoped to be able to undertake something against the King."

True or false, the charge is perfectly intelligible. The repudiation of King Henry's marriage involved the illegitimacy of the Princess Mary. In default of lawful issue to Henry, the King of Scots, as son of his eldest sister, was heir-presumptive to the English crown. James V. had early conceived the hope of profiting by the situation thus created, and his attitude had for at least two years been causing anxiety to the English Government.

As no account of the trial has been preserved, our judgment of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner must

be largely conjectural. With Rhys were associated as alleged accomplices " Edward Lloyd or Floyd of London and Carew, yeoman, and William Hughes, gentleman," who is similarly described as of London and Carew. Edward Floyd turned King's evidence. The indictment, the only document of the trial that has come down to us, shows that the overt acts on which the charge of treason was founded were very inadequate to prove his guilt, apart from the meagreness of the evidence available; yet it is not easy to see why the King or his Ministers should have set themselves to ruin an innocent man.

The facts as alleged in the indictment relate to the eight days beginning Monday, August 28, and ending Monday, September 4. Rhys's arrest in October, 1530, had been preceded by that of his father's cousin, James ap Griffith ap Vaughan of Castell Maelgwn, in North Pembrokeshire. The warrant for this arrest, dated October 7, addressed to Lord Ferrers, contemplates the possibility of resistance on the part of James ap Griffith. The ex-Mayor of Carmarthen, James Leche, to whom the work was entrusted, was awarded in 1535 a provision of 20 marks (£13 6s. 8d.) " in respect of his able services in the apprehension of James ap Griffith Apowell, traitour and outlaw," and it seems pretty clear that there was some resistance on the part of the " traitour and outlaw."

James ap Griffith had now been nearly eleven months in prison, when on Thursday, September 1, Edward Floyd came to him, and, after obtaining from him an oath of secrecy, laid before him a plan of operations agreed upon on the previous Monday between Rhys, William Hughes, and himself. Rhys was to effect his escape first to the Isle of Man, thence to the " wild Irishry " of the north-west, and thence to Scotland, whence he was to arrange for an insurrection in Wales in co-operation with the King of Scotland. The aim of the combined invasion and insurrection was to be the deposition of Henry in favour

of his nephew, under whom Rhys was to rule Wales as a semi-independent Prince. Fantastic as the project may seem to us, it might well seem feasible to Rhys and his cousin and their friends. The perils that beset the throne of Henry VIII. were real enough. It seemed to many of his contemporaries that the self-willed King was madly courting his own destruction. It was only a few months since the death of the great Cardinal, whose reputation had overshadowed that of his master, and just as European observers in the nineteenth century looked upon the dismissal of Bismarck as the beginning of the decline of the fortunes of the Hohenzollerns, so politicians in and out of England looked upon the dismissal of Wolsey as the beginning of misfortunes to the Tudors. Those of us who were so slow to appreciate the ability and the diplomatic skill of Kaiser Wilhelm II. can understand how his subjects and neighbours at first underestimated the ability and the statecraft of Henry VIII. The first step was to find the necessary funds, and on this rock the conspiracy was wrecked, like many another conspiracy before and since.

The money was to be obtained from Robert White, "citizen and clothier" of London, who was expected to advance two thousand pounds on Rhys's manors of Narberth and Carew. James ap Griffith, who seems to have fallen in with the plot, was in communication with Rhys on Saturday, several messages passing between them. On Sunday James wrote to John Hughes, a wealthy London merchant, offering to sell or mortgage to him Rhys's lordship of Emlyn, Rhys wanting the money "to pay his debts to the King and his other creditors." On Monday William Hughes was at the Tower, and talked over the business with James ap Griffith.

Two items of which the prosecution made quite enough, but of which Rhys's apologists make too little,

were the alleged assumption by Rhys of the name and title of Fitz Urien, and the conversation on August 28 about certain prophecies current in Wales. The former would certainly add some force to the suspicions of treasonable designs. The latter is significant because the framers of the indictment evidently did not appreciate its full meaning. The still cherished tradition about the exiled patriot, Owain Lawgoch—Owen of the Red Hand—is misunderstood, as if Red Hand were an epithet applied to James V. Owen had almost taken the place of Arthur in the hopes of the tribesmen of Wales.

On Monday, November 27, Rhys and Hughes were convicted and condemned to death. That day week the sentence was carried out. In Rhys's case it was commuted to simple beheading on Tower Hill, but Hughes, who had stoutly maintained his master's innocence and his own, was drawn to Tyburn, and then subjected to all the barbarities of the old English punishment for treason. On the morning of the execution, Chapuys, writing to his imperial master, gave as the reason of Rhys's condemnation, his firm refusal to give up the name of that one of his servants who had solicited him to enter into the conspiracy.

"There was also," he says, "a rumour that Rhys would have been pardoned but for Anne Boleyn's resentment at some disparaging remarks that he and his wife had made about 'the King's lady.'" There was a Pembrokeshire tradition that "the treacherous malice of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk, was the cause of his fall." After all, the most natural supposition is that Rhys had really been guilty of treasonable consultations, that the secret reached the Government through the attempts to raise money on Rhys's property, and that James ap Griffith saved his own neck by corroborating in the most material points the testimony of

Edward Floyd. A more generous Prince would have spared the grandson of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, but the facts do not warrant us in classing the execution of Rhys among the judicial murders of Henry's reign. The Carmarthenshire estates were ultimately recovered by the descendants of Rhys ap Griffith, but the Rices of Denevor had finally quitted the soil of Pembrokeshire.

The subsequent fortunes of James ap Griffith, as traceable in State papers and in contemporary correspondence, offer an interesting study, but they do not concern the history of Pembrokeshire.

There was much smouldering discontent in West Wales for several years to come, but James ap Griffith seems to have returned no more to the county. He is supposed to have finally come back from his long wanderings in the days of the Marian reaction, and to have died in Cardiganshire.

# Book IV

## CHAPTER I

### THE REFORMATION

IT was in the year 1534 that the advent of the new faith, in the person of William Barlow, brought to Pembrokeshire " not peace, but a sword."

Little is really known of his early life. Probably a native of Essex, he was in his youth an inmate of the house of Augustinian Canons at St. Osyth, and afterwards of the Oxford house of the same Order. He held in succession the headship of three priories in Essex, and in 1524 he was transferred to the Priory of Broomhill in Norfolk, to which was added in the next year the rectory of Great Cressingham in the same county. To his chagrin at the suppression of Broomhill by Wolsey has been attributed the bitterness of his attacks on the Cardinal in a series of booklets in prose and verse. A letter has often been reprinted in which he implores in the most abject terms the pardon of the King for the writing and distribution of these pamphlets.

In the early days of the English Reformation abjuration and humiliating recantations were only too common, and it would not be wonderful if Barlow faltered as others did who afterwards nobly redeemed their honour and won the martyr's crown. But, in justice to one who was through life the victim of calumny, it should be pointed out that, apart from the undated letter, there is no

evidence that he was the author of any of the incriminated writings, and that there is strong evidence—internal as well as external—that one or two of them at least were written by Jerome Barlow, an ex-friar, who had taken refuge among the Protestants of Germany. On the face of this evidence William Barlow is entitled at least to a verdict of " Not proven."

His early promotion—for he could hardly have been twenty when he obtained his first priory—indicates that he had good family influence behind him. His brother Roger had seen much service under the Crown, and had been in that capacity associated with Sir Thomas Boleyn, Anne Boleyn's father, and in this, and probably in other ways, had been connected with the Boleyn interest. Anne Boleyn, soon to be crowned Queen-Consort of England, was already Marchioness of Pembroke and Lady of Haverfordwest, and by her William Barlow, who four years before had accompanied a diplomatic mission to Paris and Rome, was made Prior of the Augustinian priory of Haverfordwest. The appointment doubtless had the approval of Thomas Cromwell, and with the powerful backing of the Queen and the Prime Minister Barlow opened his campaign.

The priory was not rich—none of the Pembrokeshire houses were wealthy—but the three town churches belonged to it, with several of the largest parishes of Roose. All good Catholics must have been shocked to hear heresy preached from the pulpit of the monastery or from the pulpit of St. Mary's, and Barlow was a Lutheran, or worse. The only pulpit in Haverfordwest that was not under the control of the Augustinian Prior was that of the Dominican house in Bridge Street, and here Barlow was to find his first opponent. Clerical opinion and popular opinion were both arrayed on the side of his antagonist. He complained bitterly, in his letters to Cromwell, of the want of sympathy. From the Bishop

and his Suffragan, Andrew Whitmey, the Archdeacon, down to the humblest friar, there was not one that sincerely preached the Word of God, and scarcely one that heartily favoured it. To his enemies, clerical and lay, he was simply the unscrupulous tool of a wicked minister. Yet in this they did him wrong. There is no reason to question the sincerity of his Protestantism. If he is open to censure, it is rather on the score of his failing to act up to the convictions which he really held.

Richard Rawlins, who had succeeded Edward Vaughan in 1523, was now an old man, for he had been admitted a Fellow of Merton as far back as 1480. Nothing seems to be known of his origin, but, wherever he may have come from, he had been one of the luckiest of men. Ecclesiastical preferments had been showered upon him. Under Henry VII. he was Subdean of York, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Canon of Windsor, and Archdeacon of Cleveland. In the last year of the reign he became Warden of Merton, and early in the new reign he succeeded Wolsey as Royal Almoner. In 1514 he was made Archdeacon of Huntingdon, and Prebendary of Westminster in 1518. That year Catherine of Aragon paid him the compliment of coming to dine at Merton. Splendid banquets to distinguished visitors was more congenial to Warden Rawlins' tastes than conscientious attention to the duties of his office. His extravagance and his disgraceful mismanagement of the property of the college led at last to his downfall. In 1521 Archbishop Warham was compelled to take action. The investigation of the accounts disclosed not only recklessness and mismanagement, but actual fraud. Next year the Warden who had been dismissed for fraud was promoted by way of compensation to the bishopric of St. David's. The only explanation seems to be that he was high in favour at Court, and especially with the Queen. Catherine, with all her noble qualities, was often injudicious in the choice of her clerical

friends. Anyhow, Rawlins obtained the privilege of misgoverning the diocese as he had mismanaged his college. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of William Barlow as a man or a Bishop, he was far superior to the graceless old reprobate who preceded him in the chair of St. David. If Rawlins had any theological creed at all, it was that of the old Church; yet he had just acknowledged King Henry's ecclesiastical supremacy. Worse than that, he, to whom Queen Catherine had been so kind a patroness, had been one of five Bishops who petitioned the Pope to grant the King's divorce.

The Bishop took at first no open part in the controversy, and when the "black friar" lodged a set of charges against the heretical Prior, Barlow told Cromwell it was "the acte of his only doing." He soon found out that the friar was backed up by the Bishop and "his unghostly spiritual officers." With Cromwell as his friend, it was easy to rebut the "untrue surmised articles"; but his enemies were not to be so easily baffled. They set themselves to worry him out of the diocese. On one of his preaching tours he had had occasion to send home his servant on business, and the man was arrested on a charge of heresy. There was a terrible outcry when it was found out that he had in his possession an English Testament and expositions of the Sermon on the Mount, the Ten Commandments, and the First Epistle of St. John.

Ultimately Pembrokeshire became too hot for Barlow, and Cromwell removed him to the Priory of Bisham in Berkshire, a much richer foundation. It was not long before a vacancy in the See of St. Asaph opened the way for his promotion to the Episcopal Bench, and he was elected on January 15, 1536. A month later his old opponent Rawlins died, and Barlow, whose consecration had been delayed by his absence on a diplomatic mission in Scotland, was transferred to St. David's, to which he was consecrated early in the summer. He now came back

to rule, but soon found his hands full. The centre of disaffection was the cathedral. In peaceable times it was not unusual for a cathedral Chapter to be in rebellion against their diocesan. This had happened often enough at St. David's. So now in the Menevian Chapter-house was waged the strife between the old faith and the new, which was everywhere distracting the English Church. The reforming Bishop and the Canons quarrelled over the cathedral revenues. They quarrelled still more bitterly over the relic-worship, which, apart from its pecuniary value to the cathedral, was associated with the most venerable traditions of the ancient see. Barlow ruthlessly overhauled these hallowed treasures, and found encased in silver "two rotten skulls stuffed with putrefied cloths, also two arm-bones and a worm-eaten book covered with silver plate." The skulls and arm-bones may have belonged either to saints or pirates. It is not likely that any fragments of the skeleton of Dewi Sant still remained in the oft-plundered shrine; but the "worm-eaten book" may well have been a genuine relic of the days when Menevia was still a Celtic bishopric. Not content with questioning the genuineness of the saint's skull, Barlow went the length of doubting "whether any such person was ever Bishop there."

The miraculous tapers of Haverfordwest and Cardigan shared in the same experience. Still greater offence was given by his scrutiny into the morals of the clergy, which disclosed revolting and shameless immorality under the shadow of the cathedral.

The chaplains of Lord Ferrers, themselves Canons of St. David's, are represented as taking the lead in the opposition—a fact which tends to refute the charges of the voluntary alienation of ecclesiastical property to the Devereux. That the surrender of Lamphey was made under compulsion is far more probable. One of his favourite projects was the removal of the seat of the

bishopric to Carmarthen, a step for which there was much to be said on the ground of policy, as tending to break the superstitious spell of the traditions of Dewi Sant, but which made him very unpopular in Pembrokeshire. Cromwell, though supporting the Bishop against the refractory Canon, refused to listen to this proposal.

The dismantling of the palace at St. David's and of Llawhaden Castle, with which he is charged, may have had something to do with his wish to remove from the ancient city; but the story that he did it to portion his numerous daughters may be dismissed as an absurd fable.

The fall of Cromwell in 1540 made the situation of Barlow still more difficult, but he somehow managed to weather the storm, as did Cranmer and others. It must have been a most welcome relief when, in 1548, the Protector Somerset removed him to Bath.

His subsequent history, his quarrels with the Chapter there, his flight to the Continent, and his return to the bishopric of Chichester, do not concern the history of Pembrokeshire.

The most lenient judge of William Barlow's career cannot but feel it a relief to turn to the story of his successor, the martyred Ferrar. Like Barlow, Robert Ferrar was a Canon regular of the Order of St. Augustine, and a member of the Priory of St. Mary's, Oxford. That he came of a Yorkshire family, that he was born in the reign of Henry VII., probably in the parish of Halifax, is all that is known of his early life. To his connection with the Oxford priory he owed his acquaintance with William Barlow. To Thomas Gerard and the group of Reformers at the University he owed his introduction to the Lutheran theology. In 1528 he was compelled to carry a faggot at the public recantation made by Delabere and others. When taunted on his trial, in 1555, with having once made an abjuration, his denial was explicit.

In his case, as probably in other cases, the compulsory public penance had been mistaken for an actual denial of the faith. Nothing is easier than to lose sight of the process by which the mind usually exchanges one set of convictions for another, and thus, the gradual process being confounded with the final result, charges of cowardice and apostasy are affixed to the reputations of men whose apparent vacillations were really due to their scrupulous fidelity to conscience, which did not permit them to anticipate the effects of the light that was slowly breaking on their minds from the Divine Word.

In the absence of any information as to the date of his birth, it may be assumed that he was not yet thirty when he took the degree of B.D. in 1533. Two years later he accompanied Barlow to Scotland, and in 1536 obtained through his influence a licence to preach. His subsequent appointment as Prior of the Augustinian house of St. Oswald's, near Pontefract, was so close to the era of the Suppression that it is natural to suppose that he was appointed with a view to insure the peaceable surrender of that house. The compensatory pension of eighty-one pounds a year was nearly six times that granted to John Batho at Haverfordwest ; but the English pensions were on a much more liberal scale than those in Wales. Besides, the suppression of the priory included that of the prebend in York Minster which was attached to it. Ferrar is credited with having rescued from destruction and taken to the Archbishop of York some very valuable old books he found at St. Oswald's. The accession of Somerset to the Protectorate threw the weight of the Crown influence on the side of the advanced Protestant party to which Ferrar belonged. He had acquired some reputation as a preacher, and is supposed to have been one of Cranmer's chaplains. He now became chaplain to the Protector. In the royal visitation in the latter part of 1547 he was employed for the two South Wales dioceses, with a

general "licence to preach for his great ability in that faculty." The Commission did not get to work till December of that year. In the summer of 1548 Barlow was translated to Bath and Wells, and Ferrar was nominated his successor—the first Bishop appointed without even the form of capitular election. The warrant was dated August 1, and on Sunday, September 9, Ferrar was consecrated at Chertsey. Cranmer was assisted by Holbeche, Bishop of Lincoln, and Ridley, who the week before had been consecrated as Holbeche's successor at Rochester. The Archbishop read the Gospel and Epistle in English—an innovation in episcopal consecrations—and the Communion Service, in which two other Bishops took part, was celebrated in English. He was detained in London until the spring of the next year by his Parliamentary duties and by his work as one of the Commissioners for reforming the offices of the Church, the result of whose labours appeared in the Prayer-Book of the second year of King Edward.

On St. Martin's Day, November 11, 1548, he preached at St. Paul's Cross, wearing, not his episcopal vestments, but the dress of a simple priest; and the matter of the sermon—a vigorous philippic against "Popish" practices—gave even greater offence than the costume of the preacher. The sermon added to his reputation with the Protestants. Hooper reckoned him among the few Bishops—six or seven in all—who agreed with the Swiss Churches in their doctrine of the Eucharist. His non-use of the episcopal robes was due to his sympathy with Hooper's scruples about vestments. He was thus identified with the more thoroughgoing Reformers, whose Puritanism gave no little anxiety to the overcautious Primate. When, a little later, his objection to the vestments brought him into trouble with the Council, Cranmer, who had for several years regarded him with great esteem, was irritated at what he regarded as his unreasonable

obstinacy. Ferrar at last went down to his diocese in April, 1549, taking with him as his Chancellor Edward Farlee, who had been warmly recommended to him by some of his London friends. Affairs at St. David's were most unsatisfactory. This Ferrar knew well. As the friend of Barlow he must have heard much of his predecessor's difficulties with the Chapter, and his subsequent experience as a visitor in 1547 left him few illusions as to the task before him. In the interregnum of the episcopate things had gone from bad to worse. The precentor, Thomas Young, and Rowland Meyrick, one of the Canons, had in their capacity of Commissioners mismanaged things sadly. Scandalous immorality was notoriously rife among priests and people. The valuable cathedral "crosses, chalices, and censers, with other plate, jewels, and ornaments of the Church, to the value of five hundred marks or more, had disappeared, while the Church was' yet very vile and in great decay.' " But even Ferrar was not prepared for the defiant opposition which he encountered. The peccant dignitaries were shrewd men of the world, and they knew that, from their point of view, the wisest thing would be to take a firm stand at the beginning, and so they peremptorily refused to recognize the appointment of any Chancellor who was not one of their own body. Ferrar at last gave way. There was some excuse for his yielding. The western counties were on the verge of rebellion, if they had not already risen, and there was grave reason to fear that the revolt would extend to South Wales. It was not a favourable time for an open quarrel between the Protestant Bishop and his own Chapter. Nevertheless, the advantage he had given to his opponents was a disastrous mistake.

He had appointed as his Registrar George Constantine, the Rector of Llawhaden, who had been one of the royal visitors for North Wales, the other visitor having been Hugh Rawlins, a Welsh preacher, who was now

Rector of Tenby. At Constantine's request, Ferrar made the further mistake of giving the chancellorship to the Precentor, who was Constantine's son-in-law. The Bishop's misplaced confidence in Constantine was, perhaps, the gravest blunder of all. Yet, in spite of some errors of judgment, Ferrar might have got on fairly well in his diocese but for the political catastrophe of December, 1549. He had been "Somerset's man," and when his patron fell, his enemies thought that in their persecution of Somerset's favourite they could count on the good-will of the dominant faction.

The Registrar Constantine had now openly joined the malcontents. Interference with the Bishop's rights of patronage was their favourite method of warfare, and a prosecution under the Statute of Præmunire their most effective weapon. There was an unpleasant conflict between the Bishop and the Chapter over the appointment of a Rector of Hasguard parish, in Roose. In this dispute the Precentor and the Registrar skilfully contrived to put the Bishop apparently in the wrong, and their nominee, John Gough, remained in possession of the living. In some districts—as at Llangadock in East Carmarthenshire, and Llanbister in Radnorshire—there were riotous gatherings to resist the Bishop's officers. Towards the end of 1551 the conspiracy assumed a more definite and dangerous form, and in the early part of 1552, immediately after the execution of Somerset, on January 22, a long series of charges—fifty-six articles in all—were laid before the Privy Council. The nominal prosecutors were Hugh Rawlins, the Rector of Tenby, and Thomas Lea, Constantine's brother-in-law, a broken-down merchant of doubtful reputation. The real prosecutors were, notoriously, the Precentor Young, the Registrar Constantine, and Rowland Meyrick, afterwards Bishop of Bangor; while behind them was Barlow of Slebech, the brother of his predecessor in the see. The schedule of

charges is itself the best vindication of Ferrar's character. He had worn a hat when he ought to have worn a cap ; he had said he would go to Parliament on foot ; he had named his eldest child Samuel, giving a solemn interpretation of the name, which by the way was perfectly correct. He used to whistle to his baby every day, and said the baby understood him when it was three days old. He certainly was not the only father to discover the marvellous precocity of his first-born. Once in Milford Haven he stopped for an hour on a rock, whistling to a seal. He told the Langum fishermen that for the scarcity of herrings they had nothing to blame but their own greediness in destroying the breeders. When the coinage was being reminted, he had said he hoped the new penny, whatever it was made of, would be worth a penny—certainly a highly improper remark when the Government were debasing the coinage and defrauding the wage-earners. The Bishop, whose bitterest enemies were driven to present accusations so frivolous, must have been a man of stainless private life and a scrupulously honest administrator of the diocese.

After reading accusations of this kind, it is not worth while to discuss the apparently more serious charges of misuse of patronage, encroachments on the royal authority, laxity in dealing with offences against the seventh commandment, undue attention to the temporalities of the see. It is plain enough that Ferrar's integrity was his worst offence in the eyes of some of his accusers.

The only charge which, on the face of it, reflects gravely on his discharge of his pastoral duty is that of the neglect of preaching. To this the Bishop replies by a categorical denial of nearly all the facts alleged and a satisfactory explanation of others. In his first visitation in the summer of 1549 he " had preached to a great many poor churches," but not in Tenby or Pembroke. As to Haverford (which he calls Hereford), " he standeth in doubt."

The neglect of these three English towns had been one of the counts in the indictment. In Carmarthen, "an English town and the chief town of the diocese," he "hath preached right often."

For the criticisms of his pulpit work he retaliated by talking of "the railing, contemptuous preaching" of Rowland Meyrick and the "unlearned, arrogant preaching" of the Precentor. After the Bishop's answers to the charges had been given in writing, and Constantine and Young had been called with other witnesses, and Ferrar had entered fresh exceptions both to the accusers and their accusations, Commissioners were appointed to take evidence on the spot and report to the Council before Whitsuntide. The Commission, dated March 9, 1552, was to Sir George Herbert, Sir Thomas Jones, Sir John Wogan, with David Vaughan and Owen ap Owen, Esquires. The Commissioners examined 127 witnesses, and all that time the Bishop was detained in London on the pretext that his presence might interfere with the collection of the evidence. Several more weeks passed after the presentation of the report before he could get a copy of the depositions, and it was the end of July before he could return to St. David's to commence his triennial visitation.

Worried now with vexatious indictments at the Great Sessions of Carmarthen, he found it impossible to collect by the appointed time—November 1—the evidence needed for a complete refutation of the allegations of his enemies. He pressed for another Commission to hear the evidence for the defence, but apparently without success. What happened in the next few months is not exactly known; but the Bishop had the worst of it, and he was still in custody in London when the young King's death and the easy victory of his elder sister gave to the partisans of the old faith the opportunity of effacing, by their cruelties, the memories of the Protestant misrule.

The Protestant persecutors of the Bishop had at least rendered him one good service. For one who was already under arrest escape to the Continent was impossible, and thus they had secured for him the honour of the martyr's crown. It was not till the spring of 1555 that the burnings began, and for the intervening year and a half Ferrar remained in prison. His name occurs now and then in the correspondence of the prisoners and in other documents, and, like many of his fellow-sufferers, he was helped by the gifts of some of the more courageous of their co-religionists, among whom Lady Vane was honourably conspicuous.

His friend Hooper was one of the four who were selected by Gardiner to be the vanguard of this division of the army of martyrs. Ferrar, it seems, was originally intended to share the same honour, but though he was also brought before the Lord Chancellor, his condemnation was deferred. Rogers, the protomartyr of the Marian persecution, suffered on Monday, February 4. Saunders was burned at Coventry on the Friday, and Hooper at Gloucester and Rowland Taylor at Hadleigh on the Saturday, of the same week. Ferrar, who had borne himself bravely in his examination by Gardiner and Bonner, was sent off to Wales on the Thursday following, and on Tuesday, February 26, he was brought before his Roman Catholic successor, Henry Morgan, in the stately church of St. Peter's, Carmarthen. By the side of Bishop Morgan sat George Constantine, apparently not as a clerical assessor, but as a lay official.

To an offer of pardon on condition of conformity to the Catholic faith, Ferrar made no reply. Morgan then tendered him interrogatories on two points—the lawfulness of the marriage of priests and the doctrine of the Real Presence—commanding him to answer upon his allegiance. Thus adjured, Ferrar replied by requesting to be shown the authority under which his judge was trying him.

The court was adjourned to Thursday, February 28, when Morgan produced six articles to which Ferrar's subscription was required. He was called upon to admit—

1. The unlawfulness of his marriage.
2. The "natural presence of Christ in the Sacrament."
3. That the Mass is a propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and dead.
4. That General Councils cannot err.
5. That men are not justified by faith alone.
6. That the Catholic Church is a visible Church.

Ferrar again requested to see his judge's commission, and was forthwith pronounced "contumacious," and the court was again adjourned to the next Monday, March 4. On Monday, Ferrar now, to give the confession of his faith, "gently required the copy of the articles," with sufficient time to prepare his answers. Both requests were granted, and the court adjourned to Thursday, March 7.

On Thursday afternoon Ferrar handed in a written statement, refusing to subscribe to articles "which were invented and excogitated by men, and pertaine nothing to the Catholic faith," a form of reply which clearly indicates the advanced theological position occupied by the Bishop. Morgan, not content with this reply, and perhaps hoping ultimately to overcome his constancy, "delivered unto him the copy of the articles, assigning him Monday next following to answer and subscribe the same either affirmatively or negatively. Upon which Monday, being the xi. of March, he, appearing again before the Bishop and the aforesaid notarie George Constantine, exhibited in a written paper his mind and answer to the foresaid articles which the Bishop had twice now objected against him." To his signature he added "tenens se de æquitate et justitia esse Episcopum Menenvensem." Thus with equal firmness and dignity he witnessed his good confession.

On Wednesday, the 13th, the court held its last sitting.

Once more Morgan called upon the Bishop to recant. Ferrar, in reply, handed in a formal appeal from Morgan, as from an incompetent judge, to Cardinal Pole, who had succeeded Cranmer at Canterbury. Morgan, " proceeding in his rage," pronounced the sentence, and Ferrar, having been first formally degraded from the priesthood, was handed over to the secular arm, which was represented by David Griffith Leyson, LL.D. (himself a recreant Protestant), Sheriff of Carmarthenshire. The execution was fixed for Saturday fortnight, March 30. Possibly the delay was caused by the necessity of forwarding the prisoner's appeal to the Primate.

Two of his former Protestant persecutors—Young and his father-in-law, Constantine—are said to have waited on the Bishop in the interval to ask his forgiveness, which he freely gave. Constantine had incurred the disgrace of apostasy. Twenty-four years before he had escaped martyrdom by betraying to More the names of " the shipmen " who brought over the copies of Tyndale's New Testament, in the translation of which he had assisted. After the accession of Elizabeth, he again conformed to the Protestant Church, and was made Archdeacon of Cardigan, but died the same year. Barlow had given him the living of Llawhaden. Meyrick, who is not said to have imitated their tardy repentance, was perhaps the least culpable of the three.

A perusal of the Bishop's letters, preserved by Foxe, suggests the possibility that Meyrick may have had some excuse for resistance of the Bishop's strict disciplinary measures. After Mary's accession he married Catherine Barret, daughter of Owen Barret of Gelliswick and Hasguard. From this marriage sprang the Meyricks of Bush.

Another visitor to the prison was Richard Johnes, son of Sir Thomas Johnes of Abermarlais, and half-brother of Sir John Perrot. The young fellow expressed his sorrow that the good Bishop should be doomed to a death

so painful. "If you see me stir in the pain of burning," said Ferrar, "then give no credit to my preaching." True to his resolve, he stood unmoved in the flames, "lifting up his charred hands till one Richard Gravell knocked him down with his staff." This martyrdom, witnessed on the market-day by crowds of country folk, made a deep impression. Down to the last half-century it was firmly believed by many that a curse had ever since rested upon the descendants of Richard Gravell. Like others of the earlier victims of this persecution, Ferrar was refused permission to speak to the crowd at the place of execution, and contemporary accounts allege that when the cruel apostate lay on his death-bed, not long after, he would fain have spoken, but could not.

How deep was the reverence felt for the martyr's memory is shown by the fashion in which even the ancient superstition of the "corpse-candle" was linked with his name. He prayed, it was said, that, as a proof of the truth of the Gospel he preached, no man in his diocese should die without warning, and so before a death a "light" traverses the path that the funeral procession will take to the graveyard.

The same month of March, Rawlins White, an old fisherman, was burned at Cardiff. Three years were to pass before the third and last of the Marian martyrs of Wales was sent to the stake. In 1557 Sir John Perrot was denounced by his neighbour, Thomas Catherne, of Prendergast Place, for harbouring heretics at his house at Haroldston, where his uncle, Robert Perrot, the tutor of King Edward, Alexander Nowell, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, and others, had found a refuge. The information was prompted less by religious zeal than by personal spite, and Sir John Perrot, released after a brief imprisonment in the Fleet, was sent to serve under his relative, the Earl of Pembroke, in the campaign against the French on the Flemish frontier.

When the Earl, as President of the Council of the Marches, called upon Perrot to help him in hunting up the heretics of the three western counties—Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan—he was met with a firm refusal.

It was in the fourth and last year of the persecution, when the *autos-da-fé* were becoming more numerous, that William Nichol was burned at Haverfordwest. The most careful search has failed to bring to light any details of our one Pembrokeshire martyrdom. The story that William Nichol was a half-imbecile is palpably absurd. Such purposeless cruelty cannot be laid to the charge of the zealots of the Catholic reaction even in the home counties, where the human bonfires were most frequent; while Bishop Morgan had shown none of the blood-thirstiness of Bonner.

The most probable explanation is that William Nichol was, like Rawlins White, an uneducated man who gained the honour of martyrdom by his earnestness in pressing upon others that truth which had been to himself "the power of God unto salvation." Like Bishop Ferrar, he was burned on a market-day—Saturday, April 9—and the stake was placed in the High Street a few yards below the Guildhall.

Many persons now living remember a stone pillar about 3 feet high, to which, according to tradition, the stake was fastened, and which was known as the Martyrs' Stone.

In the autumn the Earl of Pembroke was relieved of the presidency. His successor was Gilbert Bourne, Bishop of Bath and Wells, whose arrival might have awakened the slumbering zeal of the local authorities. But the hour of deliverance was now at hand. Bourne's appointment was signed on October 25. On November 17 Mary Tudor passed away.

The story of her reign would be incomplete without some notice of a distinguished Pembrokeshire man, who, if he had been brought to the stake, would have died for

his faith as bravely as Ferrar or Nichol. In the narrative of Edward Underhill, the "Hot Gospeller," who served in Queen Mary's bodyguard, there is more than one reference to "my very friend Master Recorde, Doctor of Physic, singularly seen in all the Seven Sciences, and a great divine." The Recordes were originally Kentish folk. Roger Recorde came to Tenby towards the end of the fifteenth century. His son Thomas was Mayor of that town in 1519. Thomas had two sons, the elder of whom, Richard, was Mayor of Tenby in 1559.

Richard had earned some distinction as a writer on alchemy. His brother Robert was one of the most remarkable men of the day. Born in the first or second year of Henry VIII., he was sent to Oxford when he was about fifteen, and six years later—1531—he was made a Fellow of All Souls' College. Afterwards he took his diploma as Doctor of Medicine at Cambridge in 1545. He was very successful as a teacher of mathematics, which he rendered clear to all capacities to an extent wholly unprecedented.

In the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary he was usually resident in London, and book after book came from his pen. It is claimed for him that he was the first original writer on arithmetic in England, first in geometry, the first person who introduced a knowledge of algebra into England, the inventor of the method of extracting the square root, and the first writer on astronomy in English. He was probably the first convert in England of the Copernican theory of astronomy, which even Lord Bacon, half a century later, could not bring himself to accept. One of his medical works went through three editions during his lifetime, while his treatise on arithmetic went through seven. A few months before his death he published "The Whetstone of Wit," a book on algebra. Other books of his were "The Pathway of Knowledge," an introduction to geometry; "The Castle of Knowledge,"

a treatise on astronomy; "The Gate of Knowledge," probably on mensuration; "The Treasury of Knowledge," a more advanced book on astronomy. He had a good knowledge of Saxon, was a zealous antiquary, and made a large collection of manuscripts.

Under Edward VI. he held important appointments in the Mint.

His varied accomplishments, his eminence as a writer on mathematics, and his high reputation as a medical practitioner—he was sometimes called Queen Mary's physician—will account for his immunity from persecution, though his Protestantism was well known and he was ever ready to help his less fortunate brethren. Underhill speaks very gratefully of his kindness. "He visited me in the prison (under great peril if it had been known, while my time was at pains and charges with my injustices) and long after I was delivered." Probably in no part of the kingdom was it easier for a conscientious Protestant to escape detection than in the great city itself, in spite of Bonner's ferocity; nowhere was it less difficult to avoid the critical test of attendance at the Easter Mass.

In June Recorde was lying in the King's prison at Southwark. On what charge he was imprisoned is not clear. The supposition that he was imprisoned for debt is almost impossible of belief. By his will he bequeathed substantial legacies to his aged mother and his stepfather, besides smaller sums to the Governor of the prison and his family. The residue of his property he left to his brother and his brother's son, who had been named after him. He himself had never married. The will was dated June 28, 1555, the day after the last Smithfield martyrdom. Next day he executed a codicil directing that his library should be sold to one of his friends for four pounds.

That day, or soon after, he passed from the prison to join the multitude who were martyrs in will, but not in deed.

## CHAPTER II

### ELIZABETHAN PEMBROKESHIRE

FOR the greater part of the reign of Elizabeth the history of Pembrokeshire centres round the name of Sir John Perrot. Some time in the thirteenth century the Harolds had transferred their residence and their name from the Haroldston on St. Bride's Bay to the estate and mansion on the banks of the Cleddau, just below Haverford. Towards the end of the reign of Edward III., Peter Perrot of Eastington married Alice, the daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Harold, and henceforth Haroldston was the principal seat of the Perrots of Eastington.*

Peter's son Stephen married the heiress of John Howel of Woodstock, and Stephen's son Thomas was the Sir Thomas Perrot de Haverfordwest who fought under Earl Jasper at Mortimer's Cross. Sir Thomas's son of the same name had as his sons-in-law Philip Elliot of Earwere, Richard Wyrriott of Orielton, Sir Richard Newton of Newton Weare, the famous Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Gruffydd ap Nicholas, the grandfather of Sir Rhys ap Thomas. In 1496 William Perrot, the brother of these fortunate ladies, was appointed Sheriff of the lordship of Haverford by the young Prince

* The Perrots of Scotsborough were descended from Peter's uncle, Thomas Perrot, who seems to have married the heiress of that property.

Henry, then Duke of York, Earl of Pembroke, and Lord of Haverford.

Sir William and his widow, Johanna Wogan, were both buried in the Priory Church of Haverford.

It was Sir William's grandson, Sir Thomas Perrot of Eastington and Haroldston, who married Mary Berkeley. Her son John was born at Haroldston in 1527, and his home was the old mansion of the Harolds, but no blood either of Harold or of Perrot flowed through his veins. His father was King Henry. The secret of his parentage was betrayed by his remarkable resemblance in appearance, voice, and manner, to the King ; and he thus shared with the Duke of Richmond the equivocal honour of being the only recognized illegitimate offspring of the Prince whose matrimonial adventures changed the course of the national history.

Sir Thomas Perrot died while his wife's son was still very young, and it is at least possible that her shameful secret was never known to him. She had married her second husband, Sir Thomas Johnes, of Abermarlais, many years before the death of Henry VIII.

Educated first at St. David's, he was placed at eighteen in the household of the Marquis of Winchester. He had been there little more than a year when his royal father died. Though he had attracted the notice of the King, nothing is said of any acknowledgment of his parentage ; but the relationship was frankly recognized by Edward and his sisters. After Mary's accession he continued, notwithstanding his hardly concealed sympathy with the Reformers, to receive favours from the Crown, the most important being the castle and lordship of Carew. Yet to no one could the death of the Queen have come as a more welcome relief. He was at heart a staunch Protestant, and though he was never suspected of being a saint, he was certainly no coward. Like many others of the Protestant aristocracy, he had sheltered himself under a

slight conformity sufficient to give the authorities a colourable pretext for letting him alone, but his " bowing in the House of Rimmon " had imposed on nobody. More than once during the short-lived Catholic restoration he had found himself in difficulties. Besides, the ultra-Catholic party were urging the administration to be more thoroughgoing in their treatment of heretics; and the Queen's conscience reproached her bitterly for her remissness in the Lord's work. There was thus the ever-present possibility of attacks on those whose social position or their personal interest at Court had hitherto shielded them from persecution. By the accession of Elizabeth all this was changed. Sir John Perrot became at once the foremost man in Pembrokeshire, nor was he slow to use his power to his personal advantage. The restoration of Protestantism, like the revolutions and counter-revolutions that had gone before, was accomplished with the minimum of disturbance. The clergy who quitted their livings for conscience' sake were surprisingly few in number; not more than twenty-five can be traced in the diocesan registers. Bishop Morgan was, of course, removed from the bishopric. Young, the Precentor of King Edward's time, Rowland Meyrick, and Richard Davies of North Wales, who had been an exile on the Continent, were entrusted with visitorial powers over the four Welsh dioceses. It is somewhat startling to find George Constantine, who had sat by Bishop Morgan's side at the trial of Robert Ferrar, made Archdeacon of Cardigan; but by that time his son-in-law Young had become Bishop of St. David's, which he held till his translation to the archbishopric of York in 1561.

While these ecclesiastical changes were going on, Sir John Perrot was engaged on a pet scheme of his own. In many parts of the country there were lands and houses which had been the property of monastic bodies or of other ecclesiastical corporations, but which had not on

their dissolution been duly surrendered to the Crown. Commissions to inquire into cases of alleged concealment were not infrequent in the first decade of the new reign. One of the earliest was issued at the instigation of Sir John Perrot.

The estates of the Haverford priory, like those of the Slebech preceptory, had been sold at a very low price to Bishop Barlow's brothers, Roger and Thomas. They were now held by Roger's son John. It was known that some small portions of the estates of the priory had fallen into private hands, and this admitted fact gave some colour to Sir John's allegation that several fields had not been included in the deed of sale. These fields lay on the high ground west of the Priory Hills, and north of the beautiful valley on the south side of which stood the mansion of the Perrots. That Sir John should wish to secure these fields which lay over against his own windows was very natural. The Commission was addressed to himself, Mr. W. David, an ex-Mayor, and some other Pembrokeshire gentlemen. Sir John was, of course, the only man who counted ; the others were ciphers. A jury of seventeen were empanelled. The foreman was an ex-Mayor ; others had filled the office of Sheriff, Bailiff, or Sergeant-at-Mace. Seven of them were tenants of Sir John, and the town Sheriff had obviously done his best to get a "safe" jury. But one thing had been overlooked. The most accommodating of juries could not be expected to find a verdict without evidence of some kind, and none was forthcoming. The purchase deed was produced in court, and, as was already well known, it contained no reference to the four fields in dispute. But that omission did not count for much. These fields adjoined the Priory Hills, and there was a natural presumption that they were included in them.

The ex-Prior, John Batho, had come to the court prepared, apparently, to help Sir John if he could ; but he

would not give evidence on oath. The jury, or some of them, said they would be quite satisfied with his unsworn evidence ; and at last, in a shuffling, hesitating fashion, he said that he knew the fields had been " concealed." But such evidence was worse than valueless. Then the foreman himself, an old servant of Sir John, came to the rescue, and as a sworn juror gave evidence that he knew the lands had been " concealed," three of his colleagues confirming his statement. Irregular as this evidence was, the irregularity would be less startling in the sixteenth century than in the twentieth. Tradition had not yet wholly forgotten the earlier stages of the jury system, when the twelve men in a box were witnesses rather than judges. The court now adjourned for the day. Sir John went home to dinner, and the jurors arranged to inspect the disputed lands in the afternoon. This work was soon done, and at a consultation in a garden of a house in the Green, of the " concealment " of which there could be no question, they agreed on that verdict. They were now within half an hour's walk of Haroldston House, and the foreman suggested that they should walk over and give in their verdict without delay. But when they arrived at the mansion, Sir John very properly declined to receive their finding in the absence of his brother Commissioners. Besides, Haroldston was in the county of Pembroke. The verdict could be taken only in the county of Haverford, in which the case had been tried. When Sir John took his seat on the bench next morning, an unpleasant surprise awaited him. Either conscience or John Barlow—perhaps both—had been at work among the jury. Instead of the apparent unanimity of the previous evening, there was hopeless disagreement. Ten only of the jury were prepared to find for the Crown—that was, for Sir John Perrot. The other six—one, an old gentleman named Welshe, was significantly absent—were inexorable. In vain did their fellow-jurors coax and

argue and remonstrate. As the finding of twelve was necessary for a verdict, Sir John was beaten on his own ground, and Barlow's friends were laughing in their sleeve over his discomfiture. King Harry's son was not the man to submit tamely to such a humiliation. The six obstinate jurors were cited before the Star Chamber, on the charge of having "wilfully, obstinately, and perjuriously refused and utterly denied to find and present the said landes to be concealed." The defendants retorted that the Commission had been issued "at the earnest and special request of the said complainant for his own private commodyte and gayn." Sir John made a fierce "replicacion," which was met by an equally smart "rejoinder."

When the case came before the court, Sir John's fellow-Commissioner, Mr. David, gave evidence, as did eight of the complaisant ten. One of them had died in the interval; the tenth was put into the box by the defendants. The ex-Prior was called first for the prosecution, then for the defence; and in his second examination he cut a very sorry figure. The impression left by his evidence is that he had been willing to tell a lie, if it would oblige Sir John, but that he would not "kiss the book to it."

Old Mr. Welshe, the seventeenth juror, who had not been cited, gave evidence for his friends in a very plucky fashion. Now the curtain falls suddenly. We know the whole history of the proceedings except the verdict. If that was according to the weight of the evidence, the charge must have been dismissed with costs, which, when the venue of a Pembrokeshire trial was moved to London, would be heavy.

Though Sir John seems to have ultimately obtained the coveted fields, it was not till some years afterwards, and then only by way of exchange.

It was in the autumn of 1559 that Sir John made this discreditable and apparently unsuccessful attempt to

secure the priory fields. For the next thirty years the squirearchy of Pembrokeshire were divided into two factions—Picton and Slebech. The Philippses and the Barlows were the leaders of the anti-Perrot faction, and allied with them were the men of the Tivyside, led by old William Owen of Henllys and his son, George Owen, the famous antiquary. The Wyrriotts of Orielton, one of the oldest of the Pembrokeshire families, were among Sir John's bitterest enemies.

On the other hand, the Wogans of Wiston and Boulston were his staunch supporters, and with them were allied the Ap-Owens of Pentre-Evan, better known as the Bowens of Llwyngwair. It was a branch of these northern Bowens that had settled at Milton, between Rosemarket and Burton, and who were afterwards known as the Bowens of Williamston, until, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, Morgan Bowen was succeeded by his nephew, John Philipps, whose grandson assumed the name of Scourfield. Sir John Perrot was one of the four bearers of the canopy of state at the coronation of Elizabeth, and much of his time was spent at the Court of his half-sister. As Vice-Admiral of West Wales, Keeper of Haverfordwest Gaol, etc., he exercised considerable local authority, which was enhanced by his well-known influence at Court. He was not, however, appointed to any high office of State until November, 1570, when he reluctantly accepted the newly created post of President of Munster. Landing at Waterford on February 27, he spent two years and a half in Ireland, resigning his office in July, 1573. His administration was regarded by himself and others as very successful. He had killed or hanged at least eight hundred Irishmen at the cost of only eighteen English lives, and he had done something towards accomplishing that object which lies dear to the heart of every Englishman—the substitution of English customs for Irish. But the toil and anxiety of the guerrilla

warfare had told severely on his constitution—none of the Tudors were robust—and, like other colonial administrators, he fretted himself because he was not backed up from London as he ought to have been, and because the home authorities sometimes ventured to criticize his action. Pembrokeshire affairs, too, worried him. That he was engaged in a most difficult and perilous service for the State was no reason why his domestic enemies should leave him alone. He had hardly entered on his duties in Munster before there were complaints to the Privy Council that he had abused the licence given him to levy soldiers amongst the tenants of his Pembrokeshire manors, and the Vice-President of the Council of Wales was ordered to make inquiries.

A serious disturbance at Haverfordwest on February 9, 1572, which developed into a controversy about the eastern boundary of the town and county, was at bottom a dispute between the Perrot and anti-Perrot factions, into which the burghers were as sharply divided as were the county gentlemen and yeomen. It is surprising to find that the Mayor and the municipal authorities were in league with the "anti-Perrots," for the Knight of Haroldston had already given substantial proof of his attachment to the old town which he regarded as his birthplace. The evidence taken before the Commission of investigation that sat in Cartlett three months afterwards is most valuable for the light that it throws on the social and economic conditions of life in Elizabethan Pembrokeshire.

The markets of Pembroke and Tenby supply the needs of the south and south-east, but for at least two-thirds of the county Haverfordwest is the only market-town and business centre, and no other town shares with it those functions of a miniature capital which distinguished the county town of an English shire down to the latter part of the eighteenth century, and in some measure until the advent of the railway.

We see the crowded streets in which squires from the Tivyside and labourers from Newport jostle with yeomen and farm hands from Wiston and Roose. The farmers' wives have come from many miles around with their baskets of poultry, butter, and eggs, though the snowfall has been so heavy that gentlemen riding over the Presselly Hills have had to send their servants in front with long poles to try its depth. There is no market-house, though there are shambles under the Guildhall. Threading our way through Pillory Street between baskets and standings, we see that the pork-butchers have spread their wares on the broad top of the wall between Upper and Lower Tower Hill. Going up the steps by the side of the old charnel-house, now used as the armour-house of the county of Pembroke, we find the churchyard thronged. This is one of the busiest spots of all, for the butchers have from time immemorial hung their meat on hooks on the church wall, a scandal which will not be abolished for another century or two. Here the leaders of the Perrot party—the Wogans of Boulston and Wiston, and their friends—are holding a council of war. They came to town prepared for a stiff fight, their tenants and serving-men armed with swords and bucklers ; while their opponents, who were believed to be equally well prepared, were expected to give the signal for hostilities by an attack on Ap-Owen of Pentre-Evan, who a fortnight before had fought with Alban Stepneth of Prendergast Place, the founder of the Pembrokeshire Stepneys. The prudent absence of the North-Country squire and the formidable display of force on the part of the Wogans prevented a collision that might have cost many lives.

John Wogan of Wiston, who was the High Sheriff, made two arrests within the town boundaries in wanton contempt of the municipal privileges ; but the Mayor contented himself with assisting the Under-Sheriff of the county, and the original quarrel was lost sight of in the

dispute over boundaries and jurisdictions. Still, it is clear that the only party division in Pembrokeshire was between the friends and foes of Sir John Perrot.

His prolonged absence in Ireland put his friends at a disadvantage, while the influence of the Earl of Essex, who was taking a more active interest in Pembrokeshire matters than formerly, was a disturbing factor, the more so because Perrot was regarded at Court as the friend of Leicester. Reports that Essex was interfering with his tenantry turned the scale in favour of resignation, notwithstanding the Queen's appreciation of his services and her gracefully expressed wish that he should remain at his post.

From 1573 to 1584 he divided his time between the Court and his Pembrokeshire estates. Apparently his chief occupation was the suppression of the pirates who infested the British seas, and especially the western waters. His enemies said that he was their patron and accomplice.

His commission " under the greate Seale of Admiraltye for the suppression of pyrattes " gave him an authority independent of that of the Vice-Admiral of Wales, Sir William Morgan of Abergavenny, and his deputy, Roger Vaughan of Whitland. Friction was inevitable, for Sir John was never easy to work with, and Vaughan's petulance and querulousness made matters worse. The years 1576 to 1578 were a busy time both for the pirates and the authorities. The death of the Earl of Essex had removed Perrot's only formidable rival in West Wales, and gave him a freer field for his abilities and his vices.

It must be admitted that the latter were at least as conspicuous as the former. In Haverfordwest he had completely regained the ascendancy he had temporarily lost, and, except for his frequent bickerings with Vaughan, he had as much control over the local administration as was possible under the current conditions. The king of the

western pirates was John Callice, and Robert Hicks was scarcely less notorious. These men had their confederates in every seaport. The absence of any effective "preventive service" gave to smugglers and pirates an immunity that demoralized public opinion, as such immunity always does.

This is illustrated by the records of the year 1577. On January 29 the Mayor of Haverfordwest wrote to Sir John denying on behalf of his brother magistrates any complicity with Callice, but admitting that before Christmas the arch-pirate had lodged one night at an inn in Quay Street kept by Roger Marcroft, had bought a horse of Marcroft, and had ridden off on it next morning for Carmarthen on his way to Cardiff. The very day that the Mayor was inditing this letter Sir John had gone to Narberth to meet his relative, Mr. Wogan of Wiston, who had been accused of extensive purchases of Gascon wine from Herberd, an old servant of Perrot's, who had taken to piracy. The ex-High Sheriff, who had been on board Herberd's ship the *Elephant*, and had paid him liberally in kind for the wine, took no notice of the summons; and when Perrot sent another summons through the Sheriff, Wogan treated it with equal contempt, soundly rating the Under-Sheriff for daring to bring it.

Herberd had been selling the wine right and left. Kift, the local sergeant of the Admiralty, found some casks hidden in the furze behind the ferry-house at Pembroke Ferry, and had sold them to Sir John at seven pounds a tun. It was more than hinted that Kift had really bought them from Herberd for his old master. One tun had found its way to Lamphey Palace, which, under the Earl's will, was now the residence of his brother, George Devereux. Taken to task by Sir John, Devereux alleged that it had come to him in part payment of a heavy debt due from a Mr. Morgan, at seven pounds per tun. As that was what Sir John had paid Kift, he could raise no objection. It was found

that several hogsheads from the *Elephant* had been brought to Haverfordwest, but Gascon wines were too costly to find a ready sale amongst local merchants. There was a better market for those marine freebooters who were fortunate enough to capture vessels laden with salt, wheat, rye, and dried fish. The pirates would bring their prizes into the harbour, and sell their stolen goods in broad daylight to anybody who would come. To land, except in armed parties, to fetch water was reckoned too dangerous, but otherwise the business was carried on as openly as any legitimate branch of trade.

Sir John succeeded in very cleverly recapturing a Dutch ship with a cargo of salt, which Herberd's men had brought up to Pembroke Ferry, but this exploit would scarcely have been possible if Herberd had been himself in charge of his prize. As it was, so much was claimed by Sir John, and the Mayor of Pembroke, and the "customes," and by Vaughan of Whitland on behalf of the Admiralty, that very little could have been recovered by the unfortunate captain except his liberty. The Dutchmen must have come to the conclusion that there was little to choose between the English pirates and the English officials.

In May Hicks came into the harbour, bringing with his own ship a Prussian vessel, the *Jonas*, of Königsberg, which he had captured off the Scilly Isles on his way to Lisbon. He took both vessels up to the reach, a part of which is now the dockyard, and remained there for six weeks, until he had sold all the contents of his prize. He had made a good haul, and her cargo of timber, wheat, rye, salt, etc., found a ready sale. The peasantry bought the rye by the quart. The wheat was sold to those who were higher up in the social scale, much of it for exportation to Northern Spain.

Everybody dealt with Hicks. The three Mayors of Haverford, Pembroke, and Tenby were all among his customers. Vaughan and Perrot were both fuming at

their helplessness to check the traffic. Vaughan was full of schemes that came to nothing. Perrot managed to capture some of the pirate's customers, but the traffic went on unchecked. Hicks was going to wind up by burning the *Jonas*, now completely gutted, but allowed himself to be prevailed on by the entreaties of the captain, who had a small share in the ownership of the vessel, and he sailed off, leaving the captain and crew with the empty hulk. Before going away, he handed over to Sir John the supercargo, a Frenchman from St. Malo, named Bernard Jourdain, whom, in spite of the poor fellow's remonstrances, he kept in captivity, at first at Newcastle Emlyn. Jourdain managed to escape to Swansea, but was recaptured there and brought back to Carew. More than one representative of Jourdain's family came over to find out what had become of him. Eventually Sir John agreed to let him go, on condition of receiving a cargo of Gascon wines. The relatives of Jourdain by great sacrifice succeeded in getting the stipulated quantity, and sent it over, but by the time the ship had reached Tenby Jourdain had escaped from Carew. Sir John's enemies were well aware of the value of the imprisoned Frenchman as a witness against him, and his servants were only too ready to take bribes. The fugitive had been brought to Bonville's Court, to Erasmus Saunders, the Mayor of Tenby, and the confederates had sent him on to London without delay. The only redeeming feature in this business was Sir John's refusal to sell his prisoner for one hundred pounds to some Chester merchants who had scores of their own against the people of St. Malo, and against Jourdain in particular.

In August, several month's before Jourdain's escape, Luke Ward, a Huguenot privateer, with letters of marque issued by the Prince of Condé, brought into Milford one of his prizes, the *Greyhound*, a French ship, laden with dried fish from Newfoundland. Vaughan tried to buy

the prize and her cargo, and, failing to get them into his hands by either fair means or foul, he had Ward locked up in the Sheriff's gaol at Pembroke, and eight or ten of his men who had gone up to Haverfordwest Quay with a boatload of the fish were put into the gaol there.

Sir John, who understood the complications of foreign politics a little better than the meddlesome deputy Vice-Admiral, knew that it did not suit the English Government to be too particular as to the credentials of Huguenot privateers, and took the matter into his own hands. Ward and his men were set at liberty, and the Haverfordwest bellman cried a public sale of the fish at the quay. The assizes were close by, and Vaughan did his best to get the case tried before his friend Judge Fitzalan ; but the crew of the Newhaven ship had come to an understanding with Sir John, and the next news was that they had gone off home in their ship, Ward having been duly " squared."

The fuss made over this business by Vaughan, Saunders, and their friends probably did Sir John more good than harm. When they mixed up the two cases and tried to get the French Ambassador to take up the grievances of his countrymen, they overshot the mark.

Next year—1578—Bishop Davies, John Barlow of Slebech, and the High Sheriff, Francis Laugharne of St. Bride's, were appointed as a Commission to hold inquiries as to the piracy so prevalent in Pembrokeshire waters. The signature of the High Sheriff is not attached to the report that was signed by his two colleagues at Abergwilly on November 3, 1578. For the student of Elizabethan Pembrokeshire, the report is a storehouse of invaluable material, but the anti-Perrot faction, at whose instigation it was appointed, must have been disappointed at the result. For all practical purposes, Sir John had come off with flying colours. His opponents were seriously damaged by the exposure of the incompetence, or worse, of Richard Vaughan, and of the complicity of

Saunders, Devereux, and others in the trade with the pirates.

It is amusing to recognize in the friend and principal customer of the pirate, Robert Hicks, the Sir George Devereux who in later years was the friend and generous patron of Vicar Prichard of Llandovery.

Unsuccessful attacks of this kind only strengthened Sir John's position, so well described by the ablest and most implacable of his enemies, George Owen of Henllys : " Being somewhat frended and more feared of the gentellmen and freeholders of the countrie, he hathe by reson of the rigours which he usethe and the heape of retayners that doe many tymes attend him, the most parte of the gentellmen and freeholders of the countrie of Pembroke at his commandement." George Owen himself had had some experience of Sir John's " rigours." The Lord of Kemes kept himself and his neighbours in constant hot water by his persistent attempts to enforce on his tenants the burdensome duties of tenure by knight's service, and it was only natural that the oppressed tenantry should find a sympathizing ally in their landlord's bitter enemy.

In 1579 the High Sheriff was Thomas Revell of Cilgerran. Revell was the stepson of the famous Dr. Phaer —lawyer, physician, and translator of Virgil—who, having obtained an office under the Council of the Marches and married a wealthy Pembrokeshire widow, had settled in Cilgerran, and died there in 1560.

This year there were apprehensions of a Spanish filibustering invasion of Ireland, and Sir John commanded a squadron that spent the autumn patrolling the western waters. He was accompanied by his eldest son, and when the little fleet was in Waterford Harbour, Sir William Drury, his successor in the Munster presidency, paid him the compliment of knighting the lad, who henceforth figures as Sir Thomas Perrot. The ships were paid off in October, and Sir John had leisure to prosecute his domestic quarrels.

Everybody knew that it was his doing when, on November 26, the Lord of Kemes, sitting in his court at Newport, was arrested under a warrant addressed to the High Sheriff, and, the house at Henllys having been ransacked from top to bottom, was carried off by the Sheriff to his house at Cilgerran, and kept there a fortnight before he was released on bail. As an additional indignity, on both market-days he was taken "to Haverfordwest, being a foreine countrie." The principal agent in the arrest was William Gwyn of Rickardston, a well-known retainer of Sir John's. The charge was that of forging deeds to support his claims as a Lord Marcher. The case dragged on for months. There were endless "replicacions" and rejoinders, four suits at least springing out of this business. These suits were still going on at the beginning of 1581. As usual in these Star Chamber trials, there is no record of the decision.

Meanwhile Sir John had other and more serious business on hand. At the commencement of 1580 he was confronted with a series of grave charges brought by Thomas Wyriott of Orielton. He had little difficulty in rebutting these charges before the Privy Council; Wyriott was committed to the Marshalsea as a "slanderous libeller," and Sir John went home in triumph. But the danger was not over. Wyriott had powerful friends at Court, and when Perrot had gone back to Carew he was released from prison and sent down to Pembrokeshire with letters instructing the Judge to retry the case at the Great Sessions at Haverfordwest. When the summons came to Carew, Sir John was lying ill of some kind of fever. The casual version is that he was down with the "sweating sickness," but the "sweat" is believed to have disappeared from this country thirty years before. Rising from his sick-bed, he hurried to Haverfordwest, confronting Wyriott and his crowd of witnesses, and defended himself so successfully that he obtained damages against

his accuser of one thousand marks. Until he could pay this heavy fine, the unfortunate squire was to lie in the Haverfordwest gaol, of which Perrot was the Governor. His enemies made yet another attempt to induce the Council to condemn him. This time the leader of the attack was old Mr. Griffith White of Henllan, backed by the powerful influence of Bishop Davies; but once more Sir John was acquitted, and it is said that he helped to shield the old gentleman from the humiliating punishment which the Court was prepared to inflict.

Both Griffith White and Thomas Wyriott were relatives of the Haroldston family—the former through his wife, the latter through his mother. Was their bitterness against him due to the fact that he was only a Perrot in name—that he was the cuckoo in the sparrow's nest?

Nothing gratified Sir John more than the support which he had in this crisis from the people of Haverfordwest. The same year he gave to the town the munificent present now represented by the property of Perrot's Charity. Though diminished by the wastefulness and dishonesty of following generations, it still remains a worthy monument of his undying love for the ancient town.

Sir John was now at the height of his power. He was a true son of Henry VIII. If he reproduced in an exaggerated form the faults and vices which stained his father's character, without the genuine refinement and culture which half concealed them from the King's contemporaries, he also inherited those qualities that enabled the masterful Tudor to retain in so large a measure the confidence and loyal admiration of his people.

Most significant is the admission of his bitter enemy, that he was "frended" as well as feared. Unclean of lip and life, unscrupulous in his greed, ungovernable in his passions, cruel in his resentment, he was yet loved quite as much as he was hated. Patriotic and loyal to the heart's

core, and sincere in his attachment to the Protestant faith, he might have taken a high place among the statesmen of Elizabeth's reign if it had not been for the violence of his temper and the foulness alike of his morals and his speech. That the Queen entertained a high opinion of his abilities is evident, and at her request he drew up in 1581 a memorandum of a plan "for the suppression of rebellion and the well governing of Ireland."

This foreshadowed his appointment as the next Viceroy, but though the Lord-Deputy, Lord Grey de Wilton, was recalled in August, 1582, Perrot was not appointed till January, 1584, and did not enter on his office till the following June. Perhaps there were those in the Queen's Council who distrusted the wisdom of the appointment. If so, these misgivings were fully justified by the result.

Four years later he landed again at Milford Haven, a broken-hearted and discredited man. His administration had not been a signal failure, such as was Essex's, a few years later. Though he had not fulfilled his friends' expectations or his own, he had accomplished much. He had reduced Ulster to shire ground. His management of the western province had been attended with considerable success. The condition of the country fully justified the inscription in the book which he presented to the Corporation of Dublin: "Relinquo in pace." Yet his temper and his tongue had ruined him. He may not have been responsible for the sercet instructions from the Privy Council for the conversion of St. Patrick's Cathedral and its revenues to the erection of a college, but his tactless treatment of Archbishop Loftus was one of the principal causes of his downfall.

It is quite possible that, with more thorough-going support from the English Government, he might have weathered the storms to which his own imprudence of speech had so largely contributed; but the Queen and her advisers cannot be blamed for paying attention to the

complaints they were constantly receiving from the members of the Irish Administration. His complete failure to manage the Irish Parliament could not be explained away. When the Lord-Deputy committed one Councillor to prison on a frivolous pretext of debt, challenged another to fight a duel, and came to blows with a third in the Council Chamber, the patience of his best friends at the English Council Board was sorely tried. The treatment of some of Elizabeth's Irish Viceroys is a great blot on her reputation. To Perrot she showed great forbearance. The notorious immorality of the Viceroy no doubt intensified the dislike and irritation excited by his arrogance and bad temper, and may be allowed as some palliation of the bitterness with which he was assailed by the Archbishop and others, but no excuse can be admitted for the disgraceful insinuations of treason which were made against one whom his worst enemies knew to be incapable of disloyalty.

Unfortunately there was abundant evidence that he had spoken disrespectfully of the Queen, and the one charge gave some colour to the other.

He returned from Ireland a few weeks before the coming of the Armada. It was during one of the earlier panics caused by the rumours of the Spanish approach that he had made the coarse reference to the Queen which was afterwards used against him with such fatal effect. For a while he seems to have remained in Pembrokeshire, and there is nothing improbable in the theory that the chief part of his building at Carew was done at this time. To the same period of his life is assigned the acquisition, by exchange for lands at Pill Priory and Hubberston, of the coveted priory lands at Haverford, which he had failed to secure thirty years before. The charges of treason and treasonable language were still hanging over him ; and an ex-priest, an Irishman named O'Roughar, whom he had once prosecuted for forgery, was prepared

to produce a treasonable letter to Philip of Spain, alleged to have been written when the Armada was in contemplation. Burleigh, who would not believe in the genuineness of the letter, did his best to stop the prosecution, but Sir Christopher Hatton, whose daughter Perrot had disgracefully seduced, was persistent in his intrigues. Confined at first in Burghley House, he was removed to the Tower in March, 1591, and, after thirteen months' imprisonment, was tried at Westminster before a Commission, of whom Sir Robert Cecil was one. The jury was one of knights and gentlemen, but with misplaced haughtiness Perrot demanded the trial by the peers and baronage of the realm. This absurd claim was, of course, disregarded, and the trial went on, the prisoner defending himself badly in mingled fear and rage. The prosecution did not press the charge of treasonable correspondence, and the forged letter to the King of Spain was not produced ; but the offensive language about the Queen could not be denied, and he was found guilty.

A few days after he wrote to the Queen, under the form of his last testament, a denial of his treason and an appeal for mercy. Sentence of death was pronounced on June 26, but the Queen did not sign the death-warrant.

Meanwhile the articles and goods of the convicted traitor were seized, and it helps one to realize how complete was the ruin of the Perrots, to find George Owen taking an inventory of Sir John's household goods and farm stock.

He had been one of the wealthiest subjects of the Crown, but the extravagance of his habits, the expensive vices in which he indulged, the number of his retainers, and his princely liberality, left him little margin of income over expenditure. The confiscation of his estates threatened his children with something like beggary, and a pathetic letter from Sir Thomas Perrot to Lord Burleigh shows how keenly he felt the altered fortunes of his family.

There can be little doubt that Elizabeth would ultimately have pardoned him, but the suspense, the anxiety, and the mortification, told fatally on a frame already enfeebled by sickness, and in September he died in the Tower.

The attainder was reversed, and the estates restored to his son ; but Sir Thomas did not long survive his father, and on his death a considerable portion were recovered by the Crown.

The little that is known of Sir Thomas gives the impression of one who inherited much of his father's ability and of his generous kindly nature without his vices. His romantic marriage with Lady Dorothy Devereux, the sister of the Earl of Essex, in 1583, at a Hertfordshire parsonage, brought the Bishop of London into some trouble for issuing the licence without due inquiry ; but there seems to have been nothing objectionable in the match. The manner of the wedding was certainly unusual. The young lady was the guest of Sir Thomas Cock at Broxbourne, Herts. The key of the neighbouring church having been borrowed on some pretext, the Vicar, whose suspicions were aroused, found the church guarded by a party of armed men, and a strange clergyman, dressed in cloak, riding-boots, and spurs, commencing the service. His protests and those of a friend of Sir Henry Cock's who appeared on the scene were disregarded, and the service proceeded at full speed. The secrecy and haste were probably due to apprehensions of the interference of some person in high station—perhaps Leicester, the stepfather of the bride. During his father's captivity Sir Thomas usually resided at Haroldston, and was three times Mayor of Haverfordwest.

In the municipal records he appears in the character of a peacemaker. Member for the county in 1595, he seems to have died in the following year. His widow married the Earl of Northumberland, who figures in

the Corporation accounts as the owner of property in St. Martin's parish, Haverfordwest; his only daughter was married to the antiquary, Sir Robert Naunton.

Haroldston had passed, apparently by Sir John's gift, to the best beloved of his illegitimate children, James Perrot, the son of a Radnorshire lady, who was knighted on the accession of James I. William Perrot, the son of Sir John's second wife, died unmarried at Dublin in 1597. His sister Lettice was married to Robert Laugharne of St. Bride's, and his sister Ann to John Philipps, the first Baronet of the Picton line. Sir John's descendants in the female line are still numerous among the Pembrokeshire gentry, the Lord-Lieutenant of Haverfordwest and the present members of Parliament for both county and borough thus tracing their descent from him. But the Perrots as a separate line came to an end with Sir James, who died childless in 1637, and bequeathed Haroldston to Herbert Perrot, one of the Herefordshire Perrots, who was a distant connection of the old Pembrokeshire stock—the conscientious old Puritan that sought to remedy the injustice of his father's intrusion into the inheritance of the Perrots.

The marriage of Thomas Perrot and Dorothy Devereux ended a family rivalry which had lasted for half a century.

The Devereux were, like the Perrots, of Pembrokeshire descent. It will be remembered that in the early part of the fifteenth century Eleanor, daughter and coheiress of Thomas de la Roche, of the Langum branch of the old Flemish house, married Edmund, Lord Ferrers of Chartley. His sister Elizabeth married Sir George Longueville of Wolverton. Thomas de la Roche had inherited Roch Castle through his grandmother, who belonged to the Roch Castle branch. In the reign of Henry VIII., Walter, Lord Ferrers, and Sir John Longueville were joint owners of Roch Castle.

It was this Lord Ferrers, the enemy of the hapless

Rhys ap Griffith, who acquired for his family the foremost position in the land of their Flemish ancestors. The House of Ferrers had been, like the Hapsburg family, *felix in nuptiis*, and several distinguished lines of descent were blended in their veins. Lord Ferrers had married as his first wife the daughter of the Marquis of Dorset; and his eldest son, Richard Devereux, in his turn married the daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon. To Richard's son Walter, who was born at Carmarthen in 1540, applies the story, sometimes told of his father, that he was the godson of Bishop Barlow, who alienated in his favour the Palace and Manor of Lamphey, which had been an episcopal residence for five hundred years.

Calumny has been so busy with the reputation of the first Protestant Bishop of St. David's that even this story can hardly be accepted without reservation, though it is certain that Lamphey became the property of the Devereux, with important consequences for the history of Pembrokeshire. The Devereux, like the Perrots, took the Protestant side of the religious revolution, though they belonged to what would in modern parlance be termed the "right wing of the party," and they certainly did not support the more advanced policy favoured by Bishop Barlow.

At Edward VI.'s coronation Richard Devereux, like his younger neighbour Perrot, was made a Knight of the Bath, but he died the same year, thus predeceasing his father by eleven years.

Lord Ferrers, who in February, 1550, had been raised a step in the peerage as Viscount Hereford, died a few weeks before Queen Mary, and one of the latest acts of the dying Queen was the grant to his youthful successor of the lordships of Tamworth, Builth, and other places.

Walter, fourth Baron Ferrers, and second Viscount Hereford, was now eighteen years of age. He had been carefully educated, and was heartily welcomed at the

Court of the new Queen, but lost her favour three years later by his marriage with Lettice, the daughter of Sir Francis Knollys. As his wife's mother was the niece of Anne Boleyn, the marriage brought Lord Hereford into the circle of the Queen's Boleyn kindred. Elizabeth's annoyance at the marriage is not very intelligible. The story of Leicester's guilty passion for Lady Essex belongs, if true, to a much later date. Such an explanation of the Queen's anger is the more improbable, since Amy Robsart was still alive.

The displeasure of the Queen, whatever may have been the explanation of it, sent the newly married couple into retirement for the next seven or eight years, divided probably between Chartley, their Staffordshire seat, and Lamphey, the beautiful Pembrokeshire home where much of Walter Devereux's boyhood had been spent.

In the troubles that followed on the Scottish revolution and the imprisonment of Mary Stuart, Lord Hereford rendered conspicuous service. He was rewarded in May, 1572, by the revival of the earldom of Essex, the title of his Bourchier ancestors, which on the death of his great-grand-uncle, the last Earl of the Bourchier line, had been conferred on Thomas Cromwell just six weeks before his fall. The title became extinct on the death of Earl Walter's grandson in 1646. The Hereford title then passed to the heir, Richard Devereux's half-brother George, the present Lord Hereford being the sixteenth Viscount.

In June of the same year Lord Essex and his friend Lord Burghley were installed as Knights of the Garter.

The prestige of the Earl, now a more frequent resident at Lamphey, overshadowed that of Sir John Perrot. This local friction, the more serious because they belonged to opposite factions at Court, hastened Perrot's return from Munster in 1573. It was somewhat relieved when, simultaneously with Perrot's return from the South of Ireland,

the Earl committed the fatal mistake of his life by embarking as an " adventurer " on the task of the colonization of Ulster.

The conditions upon which he undertook this service were sufficiently onerous, for Elizabeth was a hard task-mistress even to her favourites; but the Lord-Deputy, Fitz William, a partisan of Leicester, thwarted Essex at every turn.

Pecuniarily he had made a very bad bargain, and this he found out before the end of the first twelve months.

Reluctant to abandon his enterprise, but with financial ruin staring him in the face, he appealed for some modification of the hard terms of his contract. Some help was given him, but it was utterly inadequate. The only way to save his enterprise from complete ruin would have been to recall Fitz William, but this Leicester had sufficient influence to prevent. Although on that point the Queen had supported Leicester, she was Essex's best friend at the Council Board, and but for her unwillingness to admit his failure the scheme would have been abandoned at the beginning of 1575, if not earlier. In March he was appointed Earl-Marshal of Ireland, but at last Elizabeth gave way, and about the end of May Essex was informed by her of the final decision. Bitterly disappointed, he set himself to do the best under the circumstances.

He was in a sore plight. Much of his land was mortgaged to the Crown, including the Manors of Monkton, Burton, and Langum, and there was no prospect of his being able to redeem them within the stipulated time. He had lost more than money over the business. The cold-blooded cruelty and deliberate treachery practised towards the Irish chiefs and their people have left an indelible stain upon his reputation. The Scotch allies of the Irishmen fared no better. The massacre of the Scots in Rathlin Island was worse than any of the slaughters which have made " the curse of Cromwell " a byword

in Ireland. In the conduct of the Elizabethan Earl and in that of the Puritan leader, what shocks us is the contrast between the deeds of blood and the private character of the men responsible for their perpetration. Parallels might be found by the score in the military annals of the sixteenth century; but that a cultured nobleman of undoubted piety and integrity, one unstained by the immorality and self-seeking that were the bane of Elizabeth's Court—that such a man should have stooped to perfidy, or have sanctioned the butchery of unresisting fugitives, women and children, seems to be a moral incredibility. Yet this problem, which repeatedly confronts us in the age both of the Tudors and of the Stuarts, may appear less insoluble if we recognize the significance of two features in the characters alike of Essex and of Cromwell: the Englishman's ingrained contempt for all nations whose standards of civilization and morals are unlike his own; the sternness of the Puritan, who gratified the combative instincts of his race by seeking for his ideals in the Hebrew Scriptures rather than in the Christian.

It was some three months after the butchery of Rathlin that Essex set sail from Dublin for Milford Haven. The voyage was stormy, for it was the time of the November gales, and he arrived at Lamphey prostrated by sea-sickness as well as by his mental worries. After a rest of three or four weeks at the home of his boyhood, he set out for London, and on December 29 he laid before the Council a statement of his grievance and an appeal for help in some form or other.

Could not some grant of land be assigned him as compensation for his losses, and could not the Government do something to pacify his importunate creditors? He owed to the Crown and elsewhere £15,475. With characteristic parsimony, Elizabeth haggled over the amount of help to be given, and Burghley complained of Essex's unreasonable importunity.

Eventually an arrangement was come to. Part of his lands in Essex and Staffordshire were sold, but none of his Pembrokeshire properties; the grant in Monaghan was confirmed and enlarged, and his patent as Earl-Marshall was renewed.

By this time Fitz William had been succeeded as Lord-Deputy by Sir Henry Sidney, and with a more friendly Viceroy Essex might hope to retrieve something of his ill-success. In July he returned to Ireland by way of Holyhead.

His reception at Dublin, where he arrived on the 23rd, was enthusiastic, and his relations with the Lord-Deputy and the other members of the administration were most cordial; but he had come back only to die. In the beginning of September he became seriously ill of dysentery. It is usually said that he was already aware of his wife's infidelity, and that, suspicious of poison, he longed to return to Lamphey, where he would have only devoted friends around him. There is no evidence to justify the imputation on Lady Essex, but in that age of poisoners the suspicion of poison may well have occurred to one who was really dying of overwork and worry. To the Queen he wrote commending to her care his motherless children, especially his daughter. On the 21st he wrote to Burghley, begging him to watch over his boys, especially over Robert, the eldest. That night he spent in prayer and psalm-singing; next morning he entered into rest.

The body was brought over to Pwlheli, and thence across Wales to Carmarthen, the last part of the journey taking more than six weeks. He was buried in St. Peter's on November 26. The Bishop of St. David's preached the funeral sermon from the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," the text from which Knox six years before had preached the funeral sermon for the Regent Murray.

If, when Walter Devereux was being borne over the Welsh mountains to his grave on the banks of the Towy, the veil that screens the future could have been lifted by some clansman of Sir Brian MacPhelin, whom his preaching had lured to his death, or by some Scot whose kindred had perished in the caves of Rathlin, how the spirit of the seer would have rejoiced over the Nemesis that was to avenge the wrongs of the victims upon the children of their ruthless executioner! The untimely death of the brave Earl was but the close of the first act of the tragedy.

The charges of adultery so freely made against the Countess of Essex rest chiefly on the unreliable authority of the unscrupulous Jesuit controversialist Parsons. They are certainly not borne out by the fact that just two years after her husband's death she became the second wife of Leicester. But it was perhaps unavoidable, if unjust, that her contemporaries should regard the probability of her guilt as increased by the shameless profligacy of her elder daughter, Penelope.

A girl of rare beauty, she had early won the heart of Sir Henry Sidney's son Philip, and her father on his death-bed expressed his earnest desire that the marriage should take place; but she was only fourteen then. Philip was eight years older, and before she was of marriageable age her guardian, Lord Huntingdon, found another partner for her in Robert, Lord Rich, a young nobleman of more assured and ample income than Sir Philip Sidney, whose family were far from wealthy. In this arrangement Burghley concurred, and the Queen's consent was obtained. Rich would have been a suitable husband if her affections had not been already given to the brilliant and gifted Sidney. She was married in 1581, when she was eighteen. Neither her marriage with Lord Rich nor Sir Philip's marriage two years later to the daughter of Walsingham interrupted their friendship

or checked the flow of Sidney's amorous verse. The affection that found expression in his fervid sonnets may have been wholly platonic, and there is much to be said for that interpretation of it ; but had the passionate lover been any other than Sir Philip Sidney, there would have been little hesitation in drawing the worst inferences from his glowing tributes to the charms of the Countess and his scornful mockery of her husband. It was at best an unhallowed passion that made happiness impossible in the home of the Riches.

Nor was Robert Rich deserving of his rival's scorn. His wife's stepfather, Leicester, described him as a man greatly respected and loved, a true and faithful servant of the Queen, and a zealous Protestant. When, sixty years after these words were written, her son, Lord Holland, was making his last speech from the scaffold in Palace Yard, he spoke of the good influences of the home of his childhood in terms which seemed strange to those who remembered his mother's shame, but which were a pathetic tribute to the memory of the husband whom she had so cruelly wronged.

When Sidney met a hero's death at the gates of Zutphen, Penelope Rich was barely twenty-four. She was not yet thirty-three when she became the paramour of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy. To her husband she had already borne seven children. When, in 1601, after her brother's death, she threw off the mask and became the acknowledged mistress of Lord Mountjoy, she did not scruple to brand the children born since 1595 with the charge of illegitimacy.

In 1605 her husband obtained a divorce with her consent, and before the year was over they were both remarried, the lady, of course, to her paramour, now Earl of Devonshire, a title which he owed to the brilliant success of his Irish administration. The wedding, which was celebrated at Devonshire's residence at Wanstead

by his chaplain, William Laud, caused an unexpected sensation.

The King, who had treated Lady Rich with marked favour while she was living in open adultery, was most indignant at the marriage, and forbade them the Court. William Laud was dismayed by the expressions of clerical and royal disapprobation. He had, apparently, felt no scruple at being the chaplain of a peer living in concubinage, but was moved with deep contrition for his share in the ceremony that linked the guilty pair in matrimony.

The marriage had taken place on St. Stephen's Day, December 26, and to the end of his life the Anglican Cyprian kept the morrow of Christmas as a day of fasting and humiliation. Were it not that the penitence of the most perverted conscience is too sacred to be the theme of jibe or sneer, it would be difficult to read without laughter the form of words in which the Primate yearly bewailed his grievous fault at the footstool of the Most High.

Devonshire felt keenly the popular opprobrium following quickly on the éclat of his Irish achievements. He appealed to the King, reciting his wife's grievances against her former husband ; but such a line of defence only increased the general indignation.

A personal encounter between himself and Rich in the House of Lords was felt as an aggravation of his disgrace, and within four months of his marriage he was in his grave. In less than a twelvemonth the partner of his guilt was laid beside him there.

Her second son was the Henry Rich, Lord Holland, who closed his unsuccessful but not ignoble career by dying on the scaffold under the Commonwealth. His earlier title of Baron Kensington was revived in favour of his descendants, the Edwardses, to whom the Kensington estate of the Riches had passed through their ancestress, Lady Betty Rich, the heroine of more than one Pembrokeshire legend.

It was two years after Penelope Devereux's ill-starred marriage that her younger sister, Dorothy, was clandestinely married to Sir Thomas Perrot—a marriage which was looked upon at least as a mésalliance. There is a hint in Strype's "Life of Aylmer" that it turned out unhappily. If so, the fault was probably not Perrot's. She was not yet thirty when she was married to her second husband, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

Of his two sons, Earl Walter is said to have judged Walter, the younger, to be the most promising—an estimate which was justified by the sequel. It was upon the young Earl Robert, whose ninth birthday fell between his father's death and funeral, that the Queen and the nation lavished an affection largely mingled with remorse. His education was carefully superintended by Lord Burghley, who removed him from Chartley to his own house within two months of the funeral. He was sent to Cambridge at the startlingly early age of nine, and matriculated at eleven; but such matriculation must have been nominal, however remarkable may have been his precocity.

By his father's will Lamphey remained for the greater part of the Earl's life in possession of his uncle, George Devereux, but after obtaining his degree of M.A. in 1581 (a degree as honorary as his matriculation), he spent there the greater part of the next three or four years.

This retirement was needed to repair his crippled finances. He had, as his grandfather Knollys had told him, "lands insufficient to maintain the state of the poorest Earl in England," and he had to confess to his guardian, Lord Burghley, that he had "passed the bounds of frugality."

Much of this time was spent in study, but one important result of his Pembrokeshire residence was his acquaintance with Gilly Meyrick, the eldest son of Bishop Rowland Meyrick. Gilly—named after his maternal uncle,

Gilly Barret of Gellyswick—was ten years older than the Earl. His home was with his widowed mother at Hasguard Hall, a mile and a half from Sandyhaven Water, on the northern shore of the Haven. The Meyricks had also property in Monkton, where the Earl was Lord of the Manor. Gilly had had early experience of military service in the Low Countries, and there was just enough disparity in their ages to give him an ascendancy over the young Earl, which he retained till they were involved in one common ruin.

The Pembrokeshire sojourn of the Earl had probably much to do with his sister's marriage to Thomas Perrot, the effects of which in Pembrokeshire were wholly beneficial.

When, in 1585, it was decided to send Leicester to the Low Countries at the head of an English force, he nominated his stepson General of the Horse; and Essex, who was not quite eighteen, set himself to recruit and equip a regiment of his own. For the expenses, which he certainly could not afford, he borrowed at least a thousand pounds, greatly to the vexation of his grandfather. The regiment included a large Pembrokeshire contingent, Gilly Meyrick being one of the officers.

It was while the arrangements were going on that Essex heard of the intention to send the captive Queen of Scots to Chartley. He wrote an earnest remonstrance. Chartley was his only home. If he had to give it up, he must borrow lodgings of his neighbours. His grandfather backed up his protest, yet, in spite of all, the captive Queen was sent there for a few months, but she was removed before his return from the Netherlands. The young General of the Horse spent his money far too freely in banqueting and useless display, but when there was fighting to be done he took his full share. His gallantry on the fatal day of Zutphen won the lad of eighteen the honour of knighthood. Leicester and Essex and the

greater part of the force went back to England by the end of 1586; but it seems that some years passed before he once more sought the quiet of Lamphey. Meyrick and he were inseparable friends, and Gilly was the steward of the Earl's household. He accompanied him to Portugal in 1589, from whence the Earl, who had stolen off without leave, was soon recalled by the Queen's peremptory order. In the summer of 1591, when the Earl was commander of the contingent sent to help Henry of Navarre in the reduction of Normandy, Meyrick went with him, but was too ill to take part in the campaign. A great misfortune befell the Earl in the death of his brother Walter, who fell in a skirmish before Rouen on September 8. Endowed with just those solid qualities which were lacking in the Earl, Walter Devereux might have saved him from the huge blunders of his later years. For a while the young knight's body was kept in the camp, his comrades vowing that he should be borne into the city through the breach by which, if living, he would have led them. But the hopes of success grew fainter, and in the last weeks in the year his body was brought home, first to Lamphey, and then borne with great honours to Carmarthen, where he was laid beside his father in St. Peter's. In the interval between this campaign and the Cadiz Expedition of 1595 Essex turned his attention to home affairs, "aiming to secure domestical greatness." It was in these years that he made his influence felt once more in Pembrokeshire, when Lamphey was in his hands at last, his uncle having left Staffordshire soon after Walter's funeral. References to him are frequent in the Haverfordwest manuscript papers. Both the Perrots were dead, and he had no one to dispute or divide his influence in West Wales. To him the Council turned in every difficulty, and his very servants, including his "musicians," were treated with marked respect.

The brilliant success of the Cadiz Expedition in 1596

greatly enhanced Essex's popularity. He was the hero of the hour, the English people characteristically ignoring the share taken in the fighting by our Dutch allies. Essex was always lavish of rewards, and with Lord Howard, the Commander-in-Chief, he knighted sixty-three of his comrades, a prodigality of honours that very much annoyed the Queen and Burghley. Among the new-made knights were his uncle, George Devereux, and his friend and steward, Gilly Meyrick.

It was Essex's last triumph. When next year he was in command of the expedition to Portugal, his gross mismanagement disappointed the Queen and everybody else. Nor did he mend matters by the line he took in domestic affairs. The Queen was irritated by his swagger, and once, according to Raleigh, was so provoked that she gave him a well-deserved box on the ear. Even his good friend Lord Burleigh was losing all patience with him. The old statesman's death in August, 1598, was for Essex the beginning of calamities. With the Queen he could never be again on the old footing. The bitter jealousy of Raleigh, the cold-blooded malignity of Robert Cecil, the calculating selfishness of Bacon, were slowly but surely working his ruin.

It was in this year that he paid his last visit to Pembrokeshire. Sir Gilly Meyrick was now a resident in Herefordshire, where, the year before the Cadiz Expedition, Essex's influence had obtained him an important grant of land with a share of several manors in the duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall. The loyal affection of this hot-headed friend was destined to be a potent factor in the forces that hastened the final catastrophe. It was Essex's doom that even the reviving friendship of the Queen should prove more baleful than her displeasure.

Twice Elizabeth committed a grave political blunder—when she made Leicester the commander of the allied forces in the Netherlands, and when she appointed, not

Mountjoy, but Essex, to the Irish viceroyalty. On March 27, 1599, he left London amid the shouts of the populace, but the thunderstorm that burst as he was running through the suburban village of Islington was not needed to fill the minds of his most judicious friends with gloomy forebodings. On April 15 he arrived at Dublin. On May 10 he set out on his work of reconquest. The early successes of the campaign were soon followed by checks and reverses. In two months he had ruined his army and the prospects of the war, and, in his mortification and alarm, was already entering on the dangerous path that was to conduct him to the scaffold. The wonder is that the end did not come more quickly. From his ill-advised return in September to the final catastrophe in February, 1601, he had no enemy that wrought him more evil than his own hasty temper and the rash counsels of his friends, Southampton and Gilly Meyrick. The badly-planned and worse-executed *coup d'état* of February 7 seemed to leave the Queen no alternative but to send him to the block.

He was beheaded within the Tower precincts on Wednesday, February 25. Eight days later, on Thursday, March 5, the commoners were tried and condemned, and on Friday, March 13, Sir Gilly Meyrick and Cuffe, the Earl's secretary, were hanged at Tyburn. Meyrick "suffered with most undaunted resolution."

Never had master a servant more devoted or more imprudent. In July of the previous year, just after the first trial, Essex had dismissed him as a dangerous "adviser," but he was soon reinstated. It would have been better for both if the Earl had not recalled him. That he was a most injudicious counsellor there can be no doubt, but his errors of judgment arose from his passionate devotion to the Earl and his exaggerated estimate of Essex's popularity.

In the arrangements for the *coup d'état* he was one of

the busiest. It was he who on Thursday gave forty shillings to the actors of the Globe Theatre to perform "Richard II." on Saturday night, the eve of the abortive insurrection, for which this theatric representation of the deposition of an English Sovereign was intended to prepare the public mind. Childish as this expedient may seem, there was nothing in the bungling plottings of that week that more closely stamped the miserable business with the character of treason.

The Meyricks of Bush are descended from his brother, Sir Francis Meyrick of Fleet, in the parish of Monkton.

The acquisition of the "Pater" property, which has proved so remunerative in the last hundred years, dates from the marriage of John Meyrick of Bush with the heiress of the Adamses of Patrick Church, or Pater.

The John Meyrick who made this fortunate match had previously been the unsuccessful suitor of Elizabeth Steele, the daughter of the editor of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. Robert Steele had died at Carmarthen in September, 1729, and it was in the following winter that the "Pembrokeshire Squire" wrote to her love-letters, which were thought worthy long afterwards of being included in the "Elegant Extracts in Prose." On Wednesday, March 18, Sir Christopher Blouet, the Earl's stepfather, and Sir Charles Danvers, who had been spared the indignity of the halter, were beheaded on Tower Hill. The Earl's mother survived her third husband thirty-three years, dying on Christmas Day, 1634, at the age of ninety-four. His own widow, Frances Walsingham, married, two years later, the Earl of Clanricarde. The elder of his daughters married Sir William Seymour, afterwards Duke of Somerset, the Seymour of Arabella Stuart's hapless love. His second and third sons, Walter and Henry, died young. The eldest, Robert, was the Essex whose ill-success as Commander of the Parliamentary Army, at a critical period of the war, has eclipsed the memory of

his loyal and invaluable services to the constitutional cause.

It was the destiny of the three Earls to be injured by their friends more than by their enemies. The marriage of the boy-Earl in his fourteenth year to Frances Howard, daughter of Lord Suffolk, was intended by James to compensate him for the wrongs his father had suffered.

Its actual consequence was the domestic tragedy that embittered the young Earl's life, and ended in the ruin of Somerset. The only person who came out of the business with unstained reputation was the Earl himself, who firmly refused to purchase his release from his adulterous wife by submission to a disgraceful imputation.

While the proceedings for the divorce were going on, he withdrew to Lamphey Court. Offensive language used by Lady Essex's brother led to a challenge from the Earl, who sailed from Milford Haven for Calais, where the duel was to take place in September, 1613; but the encounter was prevented by the interposition of the King.

How often Lord Essex returned to Pembrokeshire in later years there seems to be no evidence to show, but his subsequent relations with leading county families indicate much intercourse with his neighbours round Lamphey.

When, in 1620, he commanded a company of Sir Horace Vere's regiment of English volunteers, he was accompanied by Sir Francis Meyrick's son, Sir John Meyrick, who was also with him in the Low Countries in 1624, and in the Cadiz Expedition in 1625, of which the Earl was Vice-Admiral. His services in the Netherlands in the earlier stages of the Great War were more than once interrupted by his return to his Parliamentary duties. In striking contrast to his brilliant, popularity-loving father, he was slow and reserved in manner, but rigidly conscientious. Though of a retiring disposition, he was a staunch adherent of the country party, and would probably have shared some form of the punishment that fell on

Sir James Perrot and others, but for the warm regard which King James and the nation generally felt for his father's memory.

With his loyalty to constitutional principles, he combined the most correct attitude towards his Sovereign; but when in 1640 reform to be effective became revolution, and in 1642 revolution became Civil War, there was no hesitation on the Earl's part.

When he became Commander-in-Chief of the Army, he appointed as Sergeant-Major-General—*i.e.* Adjutant-General—his old comrade, Sir John Meyrick. Sir John, who had seen much service abroad, had been an officer in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, and had been wounded at Maestricht, was Member for Newcastle-under-Lyme, which he had also represented in the Short Parliament. He was Colonel of a regiment in which several Pembrokeshire men held commissions, among them Thomas Laugharne of St. Bride's. Sir John was the uncle of Rowland Laugharne of St. Bride's, who had also seen service on the Continent with Essex.

Sir John's military record is closely linked with that of the Earl. The gravest error of Essex's first campaign, the refusal to attack the inferior Royalist army at Turnham Green, was attributed to Meyrick's overcautious advice, characteristic of the professional soldier in command of half-drilled militiamen. Before Gloucester and at Newbury he rendered excellent service as commander of the artillery.

At the close of Essex's disastrous campaign in the west, he shared the General's ignominious escape in a fishing-boat from Lostwithiel to Plymouth. The same Self-denying Ordinance that sent Essex into retirement removed Meyrick from his command. Once again he appears upon the scene, being ordered into temporary arrest by Cromwell in the early days of the Commonwealth. He was of course excluded from the republican "Rump"

Parliament. The remainder of his life was spent quietly, chiefly in Pembrokeshire, where he died the year before the Restoration.

Some figures in the changing panorama of Elizabethan Pembrokeshire must not be overlooked. Richard Davies, Bishop of St. David's 1561-1581, was the son of a curate near Conway—that is, of one of those Welsh clergymen who lived in what was called either "concubinage" or "marriage," according to the standpoint of the speaker. His uncle was a famous poet, Gruffydd ap Jeuan ap Llewelyn Fychan, and he himself was a skilful writer of Welsh verse.

Born either in 1501 or 1511, the later date harmonizing better with the known facts of his life, he was a beneficed clergyman under Edward VI., if not earlier, and was one of the exiles at Geneva in the Marian days. At first dependent on the alms contributed for the support of the refugees, he acquired in two or three years sufficient knowledge of French to maintain his family by serving a cure in that city. Though, as this fact would indicate, in theological sympathy with the Reformed wing of the Protestant movement, he belonged to the moderate or "Prayer-Book" party among the English exiles.

Early marked out by Cecil for promotion, after serving in the Commission for the visitation of the Welsh and Border dioceses, he became Bishop of St. Asaph in 1560, and was translated a few months later to the slightly more lucrative diocese of St. David's.

The income of this southern bishopric was about three hundred and sixty pounds, and this sum Bishop Davies augmented by very discreditable expedients, such as the sale of collations to livings, prebends, etc. Such practices were hardly distinguishable from simony, while the episcopal houses fell sadly out of repair, and Abergwili Palace itself was left in a very bad condition.

Many complaints were made of his use of his patronage

in favour of his North Wales friends and relatives. "I have planted you," he would say; "grow as you list." Yet he was in many ways a good Bishop, an eloquent preacher, and ready to confront the most powerful magistrate in the interest of justice. That he got on badly with Sir John Perrot is not to be wondered at. In his case, as in that of Archbishop Loftus, one may remember the disgust and aversion excited by Sir John's loathsome immorality. George Owen said he was worried to death by Perrot, but all George Owen's charges against Sir John must be taken with a great many grains of salt.

The episcopal virtue of hospitality Bishop Davies practised on a liberal scale, and it is admitted that he made good use of the income which he so unscrupulously augmented.

It is as the associate of William Salesbury in the work of Biblical translation that Bishop Davies is best remembered. For the first Welsh New Testament, issued by Salesbury in 1567, he translated at least four Epistles: Timothy I., Hebrews, James, and Peter I. and II. The Welsh Prayer-Book, which appeared with the New Testament, was translated by him with the assistance of Salesbury, while the prefatory letter "To the Welsh People" which accompanied these translations was written by him. The patriotic co-operation of the two men, which included "homilies, books, and divers other tracts," had gone "very far onward with the Old Testament," when it was terminated about 1576 by a serious difference of judgment, said, however, to have been over the rendering of one word only. The Bishop's reputation for Hebrew scholarship stood high enough for him to be entrusted with the translation of Joshua, Ruth, and the Books of Samuel, for the Bishops' Bible, published in 1568.

Thomas Huet, a Breconshire man, who was Precentor of the cathedral 1562-1588, translated the Apocalypse for Salesbury's New Testament.

In 1585 another distinguished Pembrokeshire man came home to die at his native town of Tenby. This was Robert Loughor, Doctor of Laws, who held the chancellorship of York, and had previously been Professor of Court Law at Oxford and Principal of New Inn Hall.

In the closing years of the reign, the foremost man in Pembrokeshire was George Owen of Henllys. To no one is the historian of the county more deeply indebted than to the Lord of Kemes, whose marvellous industry has preserved for us so much of the history of medieval and Tudor Pembrokeshire. His later years were in favourable contrast to the intrigues and turbulence that discredited him in the judgment of the contemporaries of his early life. Assuming the correctness of the date usually assigned for his birth—1552—he was barely twenty when he took part in the Haverfordwest fracas of 1572. His literary productiveness belongs chiefly to the fifth decade of his life—1592-1602. In 1594 he wrote his invaluable "Dialogue of the Government of Wales." In 1600 he completed the first book of his *magnum opus*—the "Description of Pembrokeshire"; and though he lived till 1613, he seems to have added little, for the ground-plan or outline is all that can be found of the second book. The early cessation of his literary work is perhaps most easily accounted for by a premature old age. Born when William Owen was an old man, and himself leading in his youth a life not much less dissolute than that of his enemy, Sir John Perrot, it is not surprising that he should have failed to attain to the patriarchal years of his father. What strikes the student of his writings is the wonderful range and acuteness of his observation. None of the natural features of the county are left unnoticed. Islands, peninsulas, forests, streams, are all passed in careful review. Details are given of the fishing industries. We are told of the profitable coal trade carried on by the Hundreds of Roose and Narbeth with Ireland and France.

We hear, too, of the objections raised to this export trade, as tending to raise the price of fuel.

The best wheat-lands were in Castlemartin, and next to them came the corn-lands of Roose. In Dewsland barley seems to have been the favourite grain. Narberth Hundred was extensively wooded. Cattle-breeding was carried on everywhere, but especially in the north and east, "in the Welsh partes and neere the mountaines where the lande is not so apt for corn."

Pembrokeshire mutton then, as now, was "very sweet and wholesome," and large droves were driven every year to be sold in England. The wool from the lower parts of the shire was sold to Bristol, Barnstaple, and Somersetshire; while the farmers of Kemes and Cilgerran sold them to the North Wales dealers who came to Cardigan Market. His suggestions of improved methods of dressing the land he sums up by quoting the proverb that a man "doth sand for himself, lime for his son, and marl for his grandchild." He pleads wisely for more fairs and cattle-markets. Haverfordwest had only one fair for the whole year, an inconvenience which was partly remedied in the reign of James I. by the establishment of a fair on May Day.

The measures of land differed in almost every hundred. The corn-measure used in the three market-towns was one of 16 gallons, or double Winchester; while in the north-east, in the districts near Cardigan Market, it was "double Haverfordwest measure."

It is not often that one whose primary interest lies in the dryasdust departments of genealogy and legal formulæ shows so keen an appreciation of the practical side of life.

Even more remarkable than his genealogical researches was his anticipation of modern geological science in his remarks on the stratification of the rocks of the Silurian field. He has the distinction of having been the first

to observe and record the facts on which geology is founded. He was twice married. By his first wife, a Philipps of Picton, he had eight children. By his second wife, a Carmarthenshire lady, he had twelve. Five years before his death he transferred his baronial rights to his eldest son, Alban Owen. Alban, who seems to have inherited his father's antiquarian tastes, was a Royalist in the Civil War, though too old to take an active part. George, the eldest son of the second marriage, was made Rouge Croix in 1626, and York Herald in 1634. In the latter capacity he conveyed the King's summons to Gloucester in 1643, in the siege which was raised by Essex. It is amusing to find him Norroy King-at-Arms in 1658, under the Cromwell dynasty, but at the Restoration he resumed his old office, resigning it to his son-in-law before his death in 1665.

It is a pity that George Owen could not infuse his own antiquarian enthusiasm into the Bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries.

It might be expected that under a Bishop so scholarly as Richard Davies, with Precentor Hall as the resident head of the Chapter, there would be some attempt to raise the educational level of the cathedral clergy and of the parochial clergy, and this is probably the explanation of the entries in the records, which shock us by their revelations of the lack both of scholarship and of refinement even among those who ministered in the precincts of the cathedral. The younger clergy of St. David's had at one time to attend the cathedral school regularly. Plainly the Bishop and the Precentor were doing something to mend matters.

Davies's successor, Marmaduke Middleton, from Waterford, in 1582 perpetrated the gravest faults of his predecessor's rule, and was eventually removed in 1592, either for simony or, according to one account, forging a will. He survived his disgrace only a few months.

Anthony Rudd, the last of the Elizabethan Bishops, held the see for twenty years—1594-1614. He is remarkable chiefly as the founder of an influential family, which, however, was more prominently connected with Carmarthenshire than with Pembrokeshire. He seems to have been a Churchman of the Puritan type, as Calvinistic in his theology as Whitgift ; he had little of Whitgift's aversion to the Calvinistic policy.

## CHAPTER III

### FROM ELIZABETH TO THE CIVIL WAR

TO Pembrokeshire the reign of Elizabeth had brought at least as much prosperity as to any part of Wales.

The county town, Haverfordwest, was little, if at all, inferior in population to any other town in South Wales, and in other respects was probably superior to any of its rivals. Under the Perrots and the Devereux the county had acquired an importance out of proportion to its size or resources, and this importance was not diminished in the stormy era that was now beginning. Pembrokeshire was Protestant, and its Protestantism tended towards the Puritan type. In 1603 Welsh Nonconformity was as yet non-existent. Ten years had passed since its protomartyr "hung and swung in the sight of men" on a London gallows. The martyrdom of John Penry was destined to be the seed of a great harvest; but the time was not yet.

The ancient Church still numbered many adherents in the Principality. Anticipations of help from Wales entered largely into the plans of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators and into other schemes for Catholic insurrections. It was chiefly from North Wales that such help was expected. Monmouthshire was known to be swarming with Catholics and crypto-Catholics, but the other southern counties were not seriously troubled. In Pembrokeshire zealous Protestants gave themselves much

unnecessary trouble about the suspected recusancy of the Barlows, but the county was practically free from Roman Catholicism.

In a letter written in 1620 the Mayor and Corporation of Haverfordwest asserted that in their town "no recusant had been known since the Reformation."

Just then their righteous souls were grievously vexed by the presence in their midst of one lady who obstinately adhered to the Church of her fathers.

A member of a highly respected county family, the Haywards of Fletherhill, near Rudbaxton, had married a young Roman Catholic, Ann Dennis, whose father and mother had both been in the service of Mary Queen of Scots. Though of English parentage, she had been born in the Spanish Netherlands, and was therefore a subject of the Crown of Spain.

The Protestant zeal of the Town Council vented itself in a harassing persecution of their unfortunate neighbour. At one time she was arrested, and for a day or two she was kept in custody as a criminal. For a twelvemonth she scarcely ventured to come downstairs in her own house.

A letter is extant in which she recounts to her aged parents her sufferings, and declares her resolution to die rather than renounce her faith. This brave woman bears a warm tribute to the affectionate kindness of her Protestant husband, but he was powerless to protect her from her persecutors. The letter was laid before the King. James, whose head was full of the Spanish match for his son, readily interposed to protect a Spanish subject, who also, as the child of faithful servants of his mother, had a special claim upon his kindness.

Baffled by the unexpected interposition of their Sovereign, the municipal authorities were anxious that, if Mistress Ann Hayward were exempted from the penalties of recusancy, she should be ordered to leave

the town, for her residence there would "encourage Jesuits and Seminaries to come." But the King firmly refused to sanction the persecution in any form.

The principal agent in this business was Sir James Perrot, who represented Haverfordwest in the Parliament of James I. The stout-hearted Puritan knight, who was not the man to minimize any danger from Romanism, in a letter written in 1627, says that "Pembrokeshire hath not many recusanters, and I knew but of three widowes, who are convicted, neither of many more besides theyr children, son-in-lawes, and families, but I suppose that divers doe resort unto them, and that they hear intelligence with the Recusantes of Monmouthshire, where there are many not only of the natives but of strangers coming out of other parties of Wales and England that will begin and no doubt keep intercourse with those of Pembrokeshire and of the adjoining counties, and some of them have of late years drawn to dwell upon the confines of Pembrokeshire, and I am persuaded more for strengthening and hearkening one another than for any good purpose."

Perrot was not likely to forget the Barlows. George Barlow is described as "a man of fayr estate, not an absolute recusante, yet his father was one, his brother [*i.e.*, his father's brother] as we learn was a seminary preacher, his brother a guardian of the Capuchins in Paris, his tenantes have byn marked for recusancy, and hymself when he comes to London doth dwell and lodge in recusantes houses. He faltered much when he was tendered the oath of allegiance, and denied to give any contribution to the Lady Elizabeth [the Queen of Bohemia], which noe other in that county did refuse." This testimony is confirmed by a document of about the same date, a memorandum of Pembrokeshire presentations for recusancy, which gives about a dozen names from the parishes of Amroth, St. Issels (Saundersfoot), Manorbier,

and Slebech. In the church itself the average of ministerial efficiency was doubtless very low; but side by side with the incumbents of the parishes were the "lecturers," or preaching curates, who played a most important part in the religious life of the first thirty or forty years of the century.

The municipal records of Haverfordwest contain the names of several lecturers. One of these was Stephen Goffe, afterwards well known as the Puritan Rector of Stanmer in Sussex, and as the father of William Goffe, the Cromwellian general, and of his scarcely less distinguished brothers, John and Stephen. According to the usually accurate "Dictionary of National Biography," the three boys were born at Stanmer in Sussex. As a matter of fact, they were all born at Haverfordwest, where their father was "lecturer"—that is, "preacher"—at the Church of St. Mary. He was certainly there as late at 1620, when the subscription was raised "towards the founding of a church and a colledge in the city of Prague in Bohemia." The Mayor headed the list with 6d., and sundry Aldermen and "gents" followed his liberal example; while men of humbler station gave 2d. or 3d. Mr. Goffe gave 2s. The Battle of the White Mountain put an end to the project, and of the 12s. 1d. collected 6s. 8d. was paid to the ringers, 5s. 1d. was paid to one of the bailiffs, and the remaining 4d. was apparently never accounted for. One is instinctively reminded of the famous subscription for "Ginx's Baby."

Soon after Goffe was transferred to Stanmer. Once at least—in 1626—he revisited Haverfordwest and preached in his old church, receiving £1 for his services, rather high pay if he only officiated for one Sunday, the usual payment being 10s. per Sunday. His successor was Edmund Orford (the last syllable is not quite legible), "preacher of the word and our lecturer." A warrant directing the churchwarden to pay him 31s. 10d., the

arrears of one quarter's salary, is signed by the deputy-Mayor for 1624, the year of Sir James Perrot's second mayoralty.

The accidental discovery of the names of these "lecturers" suggests the possibility that there were others in the diocese. Bishop Rudd would be likely to encourage such appointments. His sympathies were decidedly Puritan. In the Convocation of 1604, when the use of the sign of the cross in baptism was under discussion, he had "pleaded the Puritan objections against the use of that symbol, in a temperate and able speech praying that learned, grave and honest men who were scrupulous only upon some ceremonies, might be excused from an absolute subscription."

The churchwardens' account for the parish of St. Mary, Haverfordwest, for that year is now lying before me. The Communion was administered on All Saints' Day, Christmas Day, Palm Sunday, Easter Eve, and Easter Day. For the first two 3 quarts of sack were bought; for Palm Sunday 3 quarts and 1 pint; and for Easter Eve and Easter Day 18 quarts. The price of the wine varied from 1s. to 1s. 2d. a quart. In later accounts Easter Eve disappears, but Low Easter takes its place.

In an undated account for the same church, which, however, probably belongs to 1605 or 1606, the bread and wine for the year are charged at 33s. It contains also the following items:

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| paid unto Mr. Rudd for a book called Jewell's Works | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| paid for a book of Comen Prayer, 8s., and a booke of cannones, 18d. .. .. .. | 0 | 9 | 6 |
| paid for the Tenn comanndments drawen in the church .. .. .. .. .. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| paid for candells to ringe upon high feestes .. | 0 | 1 | 0 |

Bishop Anthony Rudd died in 1615. His successor, Milbourne, is remembered chiefly for his share in the dilapidation, or attempted dilapidation, of the Bishop's palace of St. David's. On his translation to Carlisle,

Laud succeeded him ; but the future Archbishop visited his see only once (query twice), and the Puritans of West Wales were little worried, if at all, by the man who was to be the most formidable enemy, and ultimately the victim, of their English brethren. Tradition alleges that he presented a bell to Rudbaxton Church, near Haverfordwest, that being one of the preferments which he held *in commendam*. He is also said to have advised the construction of the fine flight of altar-steps in Tenby Church. At Haverfordwest his only memorial is a charge of 2s. in the churchwardens' account for cleaning up the church before his visit.

While Laud was holding St. David's, his successor in that see, Theophilus Field, was Bishop of Llandaff. Field is remembered chiefly for his disgraceful letter to Buckingham, suing with fulsome flattery for promotion to a wealthier see. It was this servile parasite of a profligate courtier who had the impudence to reprimand the venerable William Wroth of Llanvaches for his irregular proceedings as an evangelist, but he had the grace to be melted into tears by the touching reply of "the Apostle of Wales." While Abbot held the primacy there was a strong check upon any prelate who might be tempted to inquire too curiously into the "Inconformity" of his clergy. It was not till Laud sat in the chair of Augustine that the yoke of the new régime began to press heavily upon the active Evangelicals (to anticipate a more modern epithet) within the Church.

In the Diocese of St. David's the pressure of Laud's iron hand was soon felt. The Primate, who himself had barely visited the diocese, insisted on his successor's residence in it, and on greater care on his part as to admissions to the ministry. One of Field's latest acts before his translation to Hereford was the suspension of "one Roberts, a lecturer, for Inconformity." Roberts was "questioned in the High Commission Court."

"Three or four others who were suspended he hath released, upon hope given of their obedience to their Church." How reluctantly he set about this task is shown by his report to the Primate of the small number of really efficient clergy. Field did not long survive his translation to Hereford in 1636. His successor at St. David's was Roger Mainwaring, famous as having incurred, in 1628, a House of Commons censure, which frightened him into making on his knees a complete and humiliating recantation.

As Dean of Worcester, Mainwaring had done much to bring the services into accord with the wishes of the Primate. A glowing description of the improvements he had effected is given by Heylin. As Bishop of St. David's he seems to have done but little in this direction. Probably the funds at his disposal did not admit of much outlay in church furniture for the cathedral.

At Abergwili Laud himself had done all that was needed in that respect, but followed up the action which Field had initiated.

Matthews, Vicar of Penmain in Glamorganshire, was inhibited for preaching, "against the keeping of the holy days."

Two years later—in 1638—he reports that some had been meddling with questions his Majesty—*i.e.*, really Laud—had forbidden.

The same year Phillips, Vicar of Amroth, got into trouble for refusing to read the Book of Sports.

In the history of the Puritan Revolution the political and religious movements are inextricably interwoven. Few competent judges will doubt that but for the religious enthusiasm which supported it the constitutional party must have been beaten.

Even the Englishman's dread of arbitrary power would have been insufficient to raise effective opposition to the designs of Charles and of Strafford, but for the dread of

Roman Catholic aggression. The clear-sighted statesmen who from the first discerned the danger that lay in the arbitrary and encroaching temper of the Stuarts knew well that if the nation had not become alarmed for its Protestantism their chances of successful resistance would have been small indeed.

It was natural, therefore, that the one county of Wales where Puritanism had any real hold upon the upper classes should be from the commencement hostile to the Court, and when the war broke out should be the only county of the twelve to declare for the Parliament.

Pembrokeshire thus stands out from the rest in its political Puritanism. The leader of the Puritan or anti-Court party in Pembrokeshire was Sir James Perrot, illegitimate son of Sir John Perrot. Sir James, who had succeeded to his father's estate of Haroldston, was a Puritan of the noblest type, a man of great ability and accomplishments, the author of several treatises, philosophical and religious, and the intimate friend of Henry Vaughan, the "Silurist." He was in Parliament a conspicuous opponent of the policy of the Court. His brother-in-law, Sir John Philipps of Picton Castle, was equally prominent in Parliament in the ranks of the country party, and was on one occasion punished for his contumacy by an honourable exile in Ireland, under the pretext of an official appointment.

The revolution of 1640 was preceded by fifteen years of struggle between Charles and his people. This period of conflict, open or veiled, falls into two parts. The first stage ended with the dissolution of Charles's third Parliament in 1629. In these four years the King, in his attempt to wring money illegally from his people, had fared as badly in South Wales as in any part of England.

In 1625 the result in Brecon may be taken as typical. There only seven out of seventeen applied to responded to the appeal for a loan.

In 1626, after the dissolution of the second Parliament, the applications, this time on a larger scale, were met with general grumbling and with refusals worded cautiously, but not the less emphatic. Neither subsidies, nor ship-money, nor forced loans, were the people of South Wales willing to give. The county meeting at Haverfordwest on July 29 was adjourned to August 8, but with no better result. They protested their inability to pay, and wound up by saying that they would have been willing ("it would have administered no small comfort to their hearts") to have seen these necessities of the Crown supplied "by course of Parliament." A fortnight later the Monmouthshire meeting bluntly refused to pay subsidies, "except they were granted by Act of Parliament." From Carmarthenshire the answers were just as explicit.

The demand for ships was received in similar spirit. This was not as daringly illegal as the other demands, and was not refused in the same language, but the excuses for non-compliance showed the real objection.

Pembrokeshire was only asked for a pinnace, and even that they declared themselves unable to furnish. Cardiganshire was asked to go halves, and when the Cardiganshire men refused, Pembrokeshire could only plead its poverty.

The forced loan of 1626-27 was more successful than the attempted subsidies. Pembrokeshire made no resistance or remonstrance this time, though the people of Haverfordwest required "much persuasion." Cardiganshire expressed "a fear that the demand might be drawn into a precedent," and as many as 194 positive refusals were reported to the Council.

In the attempt to levy, not ships, but ship-money, which immediately preceded the meeting of the Parliament of 1628, Cardiganshire was assessed at £330, Carmarthenshire at £411, and Glamorganshire at £672.

In the second stage of the struggle the eleven years of

Charles's personal government, the only fact calling for special notice is the assessment of the six counties for ship-money in 1635. Writs were sent out fixing the amount of money to be paid by each county. Yorkshire was assessed at £10,000; Wales at £9,000—£4,000 from North Wales and £5,000 from South Wales. This was allotted as follows:

| | £ | s. |
|---|---|---|
| Glamorganshire .. .. .. | 1,449 | 0 |
| Brecknockshire .. .. .. | 933 | 0 |
| Carmarthenshire .. .. .. | 760 | 0 |
| Pembrokeshire .. .. .. | 713 | 10 |
| Cardiganshire .. .. .. .. | 654 | 0 |
| Radnorshire .. .. .. .. | 490 | 10 |

The Cardiganshire gentlemen protested in a letter to their High Sheriff, Hector Philipps, of the Priory, Cardigan, that they had hitherto been assessed at only half of the sum charged on Carmarthen and Pembroke—an assertion which certainly is not borne out by the figures for 1628. Their objection was overruled.

Glamorganshire had the credit of exceptional forwardness, for which the High Sheriff received special thanks from the King and the Council.

Even in Pembrokeshire the spirit of resistance displayed at the county meeting of 1626 seems to have disappeared. Perchance Sir James Perrot was no longer able to put himself at the head of the opponents of the Court.

It is, however, noticeable that the towns of Haverfordwest and Pembroke complained loudly. As Haverfordwest was charged at £65 10s., more than an eleventh of the total county assessment, there was some excuse for grumbling then. Pembroke had been charged only £10 by the Council, but the High Sheriff had raised it to £14, in order to relieve the rural districts a little. The disproportion of the charges is significant of the relative importance of the towns; but the grumbling of Pembroke is hard to understand, unless it was due to a Puritan

feeling among the Corporation—an explanation which, in the light of subsequent events, is by no means improbable.

The full payment of the Pembrokeshire quota was delayed by a tragic accident. The High Sheriff for 1635, John Scourfield of New Moat, on his way to London with the last instalment, was drowned at Ensham Ferry in Oxfordshire about February 1, and the money—£43—was thus lost.

A second call for ship-money to the same amounts was made in October, 1636, and was submitted to as tamely as the first.

In judging of the attitude of the Welsh people at this juncture, it must be borne in mind that in 1635 and 1636 the prospects of the constitutional cause were at their gloomiest. To all appearance, the spirit of the nation was cowed into abject submission at the feet of Strafford and Laud.

It was with this second levy of ship-money that the aggression of King and Primate met its first check.

Hampden's refusal to pay led to the famous trial in the Exchequer Chamber. The victory of the Government was a moral victory for the Opposition. Moral victories are not usually very fruitful of results, but in this case one practical outcome was the difficulty of collecting the next levy of the illegal tax. Cardiganshire was once more the most refractory county, but this time Radnorshire was very slow to pay. Haverfordwest grumbled once more. Glamorganshire enjoyed a second time the pre-eminence of being the first county to send up money. Apparently it anticipated all the English counties, and every town except Doncaster.

Whether the "moral victory" would have had any abiding result if England and Wales had stood alone, it is hard to say; but the Scottish troubles were about to bring the King and his advisers into sore straits,

and the downfall of his personal government was at hand.

To the army under the command of the Earl of Essex, which set out for Scotland in 1639, Wales contributed 1,160 men, of which North Wales furnished 610, and South Wales 550.

Pembrokeshire, which in the pecuniary assessment stood fourth, now heads the list with 100 men, being exceeded in the Principality only by Denbighshire, which sent 250. But this army was not destined to shed the blood of the Scotch. The Treaty of Berwick was the beginning of the end.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CIVIL WAR

### I

WHEN, in the spring of 1640, the Parliamentary interregnum of eleven years was ended by the convocation of the Short Parliament, the former members for the county and for Pembroke borough, John Wogan of Wiston, and Hugh Owen of Orielton, were again chosen to represent their constituencies. In Haverfordwest a new man was needed. The Town Council offered the seat to Sir John Stepney, of Prendergast Place, who, in his letter accepting the unsought honour, undertook in return for their "voluntary courtesy" to serve the town "gratis." That he should have thought it necessary to make such an announcement suggests that some at least of the former members had been accustomed to draw a salary, or at any rate an allowance for expenses, from their constituents. Sir John, who had succeeded his brother Alban as third Baronet in 1637, was personally popular, and his relationship to the Picton Castle family was an additional recommendation. Yet from the Puritan point of view, which was that of the Haverfordwest Council, the choice proved unfortunate. In the autumn the three members were re-elected to the Long Parliament. For many months after that memorable election there was but one party in the House of Commons, but it was impossible that this practical unanimity should continue. When Parliament

re-assembled after the summer recess of 1641, there were two great parties confronting each other, and the representatives of Pembrokeshire no longer acted together. The Member for Pembroke, now Sir Hugh Owen, Bart. (he had been created a Baronet in August), was an active supporter of Hampden and Pym. The Member for the County was on the same side, but Stepney was a Royalist.

For the first seven months of 1642 England was slowly but surely drifting into Civil War. Sir Hugh Owen came down to Pembrokeshire to stir up his friends. Sir John Stepney seems to have come down as well, but, though he had chosen his side in the coming strife, his Royalism was of a mild type ; besides, though personally liked, even by his opponents, he had none of the influence which great possessions confer. The opinions of an impecunious Member of Parliament who was driven to borrow money from the Corporation chest would not have much weight with the people who had returned him to Parliament, only to see him vote against their most cherished convictions.

Alone among the twelve counties of Wales, Pembrokeshire was on the side of the Parliament. The three towns, Pembroke, Haverfordwest, and Tenby, were for "the Houses and the Word"; so were a large part of the county gentry. Here, as elsewhere, the aristocracy of birth, as distinct from the aristocracy of rank, were for the Parliament—*e.g.*, the Wogans of Wiston and Boulston, the Philippses of Picton, the Laugharnes of St. Bride's, and the Owens of Orielton. The Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary arms, the Earl of Essex, was himself a Pembrokeshire squire ; the Adjutant-General was Sir John Meyrick, and in Meyrick's own regiment several of the officers were Pembrokeshire men, among them his nephew, Rowland Laugharne, who had seen service in the Low Countries.

Yet, with the rest of Wales in the hands of the Cavaliers,

and no Parliamentary force nearer than Gloucester or Bristol, the Roundheads of Pembrokeshire were in a difficult position. Pembroke Castle and town had been secured already by the energy of the Mayor, John Poyer, a Pembroke shopkeeper and merchant, who proved himself "a very diligent and stout officer." A base of operations on the Haven was thus obtained, but Tenby could not offer much resistance, while Haverfordwest, though its walls and gates were still standing, was practically an open town. Under the circumstances, the best the Haverfordwest Council could do was to maintain an attitude of neutrality, and by the exercise of no little tact they succeeded in warding off a hostile occupation until the summer of 1643 was far advanced.

At last, on July 21, Bristol surrendered, and in the first week of August two vessels from that port arrived in Milford Haven, and spread glowing reports of the King's victories. Indeed, everywhere except in the eastern counties the tide was setting strongly in Charles's favour; but the Royalist ships were soon followed by Smith, the Vice-Admiral of Swanley's squadron, who captured the larger of the two with very little resistance. The smaller escaped to the upper reaches, but was followed up, and the crew were glad to abandon the vessel and get on shore near Boulston, making their way to Haverfordwest, where the Mayor entertained them hospitably and gave them some money for their homeward journey. This brief gleam of success was followed by reverses. Early in September the Earl of Carbery occupied Tenby, and the Haverfordwest Puritans were fain to make their peace with their triumphant adversaries. A company of Parliamentary soldiers who had taken up their quarters there were withdrawn to Pembroke, and their place was taken by Captain Boteler's company, who came as the nucleus of a Royalist garrison. Sir Francis Lloyd, the real leader of the Royalists of West Wales, came with him,

and early in October Sir John Stepney himself arrived from Oxford. The Earl of Carbery's visit in September was a great event, the bells were rung merrily, and the King's representative and his company were feasted right royally. Puritanism was weak in the north of the county, and the train-bands of Kemes are especially mentioned as an addition to the loyalist forces. There was much exultation everywhere over the announcement of the submission of the one rebellious county in Wales. This news, premature as it turned out to be, appeared to be confirmed by the publication of a loyal manifesto to which the signatures of several well-known Roundheads were attached. If not a forgery, this document proves that even men like Sir Hugh Owen and Griffith White of Henllan regarded their cause as lost.

Yet the second week of September witnessed the relief of Gloucester and the Battle of Newbury—events which marked the turn of the tide. John Laugharne of St. Bride's, and others who had sought shelter in Pembroke, comforted themselves with the expectation of speedy help from England. The winter was gloomy enough at home. The Cavaliers made Haverfordwest pay smartly for its disloyalty. A first contribution of £100, of which £80 was paid in October, was followed by another vote of £60. The tumbledown walls and gates of town and castle were to be repaired at the expense of the town, and there was a continual drain upon the municipal chest for the benefit of the garrison.

The opening of the year 1644 found the Royalists busy with preparations for the siege of Pembroke. A ship despatched by Poyer with an appeal for help fell into the hands of the enemy, and was brought up to Haverfordwest Quay, where the eight guns she carried were a welcome addition to the artillery of the Royalists. She had been captured by ships that had come from Bristol to assist in the attack on Pembroke, where Laugharne and

Poyer, with about 200 foot and fifty horse, were still showing a brave front, holding as well as the town the lower part of Castlemartin, and maintaining a small force at Lord Essex's house at Lamphey. In the last week in January the aspect of affairs was changed by the arrival of Swanley with the *Crescent* frigate and five other vessels. Laugharne and Poyer lost no time in going on board, explaining the situation, and concerting operations. Reinforced by men from the ships, Laugharne assumed the offensive, taking Stackpool on January 30, and Trefloyne a day or two later. It was decided to make the next attack on the fort at Pill, under which the Bristol ships and other Royalist craft had taken shelter. On the morning of Friday, February 23, the little force of 250 foot, half of them sailors, and sixty horse, with two siege-guns and four fieldpieces, were safely landed on the northern shore. The country people helped with right good will, for the Laugharnes were very popular, and Mr. John Laugharne, "a good hearty old gentleman," had accompanied his son's soldiers. By the evening the two siege-guns were in position, and opened fire. Steynton steeple was occupied by a party of twenty musketeers, while the horsemen scoured the country and captured some stragglers, and intercepted some messengers, whom they forthwith put into the church. Late in the evening Sir Francis Lloyd was seen approaching from Johnston, with a small party of horse and foot, but, instead of coming to close quarters with the Parliamentary horse at Steynton, they retreated to Haverfordwest. The next morning the attack on the fort was pressed vigorously. Pill village was occupied, as well as the ruined chapel within a stone's-throw of the fort, and the assault was about to be delivered, when the white flag was hoisted. It was a brilliant exploit, for the garrison were 250 strong. Besides the fourteen guns of the fort, there were twelve on board the captured ships.

That night the Royalists of Haverfordwest stampeded.

Their enemies said that they ran away from a herd of black bullocks, who, returning in the dusk from their pasture on Merlin's Hill, were mistaken for the dark-coated soldiers of the Parliament. As the panic-stricken Cavaliers cleared out, the " boys of the town " fell upon the rear, and helped themselves to fifty or sixty muskets. Sir Hugh Owen, already a prisoner, was hurried off to Carmarthen. His fate was a hard one. The victory of his friends brought him no relief, for he remained a prisoner till near the end of the war.

Roch fell two or three days later. Tenby was attacked by sea and land on Thursday, March 7. There were three days of fighting, the fugitives from Haverfordwest redeeming their reputation by the stubbornness of their resistance. At length, about five o'clock on Saturday evening, Laugharne's foot stormed the great gate, while his horsemen, dismounting, forced an entrance on the side of the Norton. The town might not have been won even then if the brave Governor, Commissary John Gwyn, had not been mortally wounded. Among the prisoners of war were the High Sheriff, Lieutenant-Colonel Butler, and Archdeacon Rudd, who was specially obnoxious to the Roundheads.

Carew capitulated to Poyer the next week, and Pembrokeshire was thus cleared of the enemy.

In April Laugharne invaded Carmarthen, capturing Carmarthen and its garrison.

The next step should have been the reduction of either Glamorganshire or Cardiganshire, but the return of Swanley's squadron to the Downs altered the conditions of the campaign. Even more important was the supersession of the genial but incompetent Carbery by Colonel Charles Gerard, one of Rupert's best officers. By the middle of June Gerard had retaken Kidwelly and Carmarthen. These successes he followed up by clearing the Tivyside of the Roundheads. Roch Castle was taken by

assault on the first Sunday in July, Laugharne Castle was captured about the same time; but his progress was now checked, probably by that unlocated battle which the Parliamentary press claimed as a great victory for Laugharne, for Haverfordwest was not occupied until August 22.

The reappearance of Swanley's ships, sent back in deference to urgent appeals from Pembrokeshire, relieved the pressure on Pembroke and Tenby, the only places that still held out. Meanwhile Haverfordwest suffered heavily under the occupation of Gerard. His rapacity, his wanton destruction of property, his cruelty to those unfortunate Parliamentarians who fell into his hands, are proved by abundant evidence. Sir John Stepney was credited with having prevented Gerard from burning Haverfordwest, while, but for his interposition, several of the Aldermen would have been sent to serve the King as common soldiers.

The services he rendered to the royal cause were more than counterbalanced by the odium he brought on the name of Cavalier. Yet of his efficiency as a soldier there could be no doubt. He was called off to Bristol in October, and at once the Parliamentary prospects began to brighten.

An accidental reinforcement of troops intended for North Wales, but driven by stress of weather into Milford Haven, enabled Laugharne to take the field with larger forces than before. This time his objective was Cardigan and the Tivyside, the town and castle of Laugharne having been first recovered after a short siege. A November campaign was a slow business, and it was December before the siege could be commenced. Nothing could be effected until the arrival of some siege-guns, which did not arrive till about Christmas Day. After three days' firing the breach was practicable, and the castle was taken by assault on December 29. Among the prisoners was

Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who had come to Wales the guest of Lord Carbery.

A few days later the castle was besieged by the Royalists, who, knowing that it was badly provisioned, relied on a blockade. Laugharne, warned of the peril, turned back, but found the bridge broken down. However, he succeeded in getting near, over a raft, and relieved the fortress, capturing the besiegers. Accounts on both sides represent Gerard as present on the Tivy in person, which he certainly was not.

It was not till the spring that Gerard returned to the scene of his exploits of the previous year. Laugharne, who was besieging Newcastle Emlyn, was taken by surprise on April 27 and badly beaten. A vigorous pursuit completed the demoralization of the Parliamentarians. When Gerard reached Haverfordwest the next day, the garrison marched out one side as he marched in on the other. The same night he marched to Picton Castle, which he stormed before midnight. Sir Richard Philipps was absent, but his son and two daughters were taken prisoners. Cardigan Castle was abandoned by its garrison, and Carew was taken, so once more Pembroke and Tenby were the only garrisons left to the Parliament. Still, matters were not as bad as before; the Parliamentary fleet commanded the sea, and if reinforcements were not sent, it was because the fate of the kingdom was being decided elsewhere. At length, six weeks after Naseby, Laugharne took the field with an army which a contingent from the fleet raised to about eleven hundred men. With this force Laugharne occupied Canaston Wood on July 28. On Friday, August 1, the Royalist army, slightly more numerous, marched out of Haverfordwest under the command, not of Gerard, who had been called away early in the summer, but of Stradling and Egerton. The armies encountered at Colby Moor. It was six o'clock before the battle began, but there was daylight enough for Laugharne

to win a decisive victory. More than half the little army were killed, wounded, or taken, and the wreck of the beaten force sought shelter within the walls of the town. The sympathies of the inhabitants were with the Parliament. Many Haverfordwest men fought in Laugharne's ranks, and some had died on Colby Moor for "the good old cause"; so in the morning the victors occupied the town without opposition. On Tuesday the castle was stormed from the Castle Back side, the sailors, as usual, claiming that they had done all the fighting. The Royalist party in the county was hopelessly beaten, and the reduction of the few remaining strongholds was only a question of time. The last to be recovered was Picton Castle, where the interloping garrison held out stubbornly till September 20. Thus ended the first Civil War in Pembrokeshire.

## II

From the commencement of the war, Pembrokeshire, the one Puritan county of Wales, had been unrepresented in the House of Commons. The Member for Haverfordwest had been expelled as a malignant; the Member for Pembroke was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; the Member for the County was rarely, if ever, in his place at Westminster. Until the war was practically over, no steps could be taken to fill the vacancies caused by death or by expulsion. The first writ, moved for on August 21, was to supply the place of a Pembrokeshire man, John White, the Member for Southwark. John White was one of the family of the Whites of Tenby and Henllan, who had played a prominent part in Pembrokeshire for at least two centuries. He was born in 1590, educated at Jesus College in 1607, and was called to the Bar in 1614. As one of the twelve Puritan "feofees for impropriations," he was the victim of one of Laud's most high-handed measures, and was brought into personal

collision with the Primate. His character is happily summed up by Whitelock: "A Puritan from his youth to his death, an honest, learned, and faithful servant of the Public, but somewhat severe in the Committee for Plundered Ministers." To Royalists he was odious as the author of the "First Century of Scandelous, Malignant Priests."

The inscription above his resting-place in the Temple Church witnesses to the esteem of his brother Puritans:

> "Here lyeth John, a burning, shining light;
> His aims, life, actions, all were white."

The earliest editions of Baxter's "Saints' Rest" included among the attractions of the Heavenly City the meeting with "Brooke and Hampden, Pym and White."

His daughter became the wife of Dr. Annesley, and her daughter Susanna was the wife of Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, and the mother of John and Charles Wesley. John White's elder brother, Griffith White of Henllan, was one of the pillars of the Parliamentary cause in Pembrokeshire. In the dark days, before the arrival of Swanley's ships, he had been one of the recognized leaders of the party, but between him and Poyer there was no love lost. His signature was attached to the letter which, on April 23, 1645, the Roundhead magnates addressed to the Speaker, urging that Poyer, who had gone to London, should be arrested before his return. Another letter, enumerating his misdeeds, dwelt especially on the wrong he had done to Sir Richard Philipps of Picton by keeping in his own hands the Castle of Carew and the adjoining lands. Four days later the crushing defeat of Laugharne at Newcastle Emlyn gave them something else to think of. Not only Carew, but Picton itself, fell into the hands of Gerard, and in the face of the common danger the voice of recrimination was hushed for a while.

Yet in this bitter quarrel we see the foreshadowings of the troubles that came three years later. In the autumn a writ came for the election of a Member for Haverfordwest in the room of Sir John Stepney. The Town Council, with whom in those days the choice practically rested, accepted, on Laugharne's recommendation, Sir Robert Needham, who was returned without opposition.

Sir Robert, who did not take the trouble to visit the town he represented, belonged to the moderate or Presbyterian wing of the party. The heavy burden of military taxation, borne impatiently even while the war lasted, was felt to be doubly galling now that the victory was won. The excuse was especially resented. At Haverfordwest the popular discontent found expression in an Amazonian riot. The Commissioners of Excise were received with every mark of respect, but when they took their places on the bench in the old Guildhall they found themselves confronted by a crowd of infuriated women. No business could be transacted, and when they left the hall the crowd followed them to their lodgings, and it was with great difficulty that the magistrates could protect them from personal violence. So threatening was the attitude of the mob that the Mayor and his brethren declared that they could not be answerable for the lives of the Commissioners if they remained in the town overnight. So the representatives of the sovereign power had to seek safety in ignominious flight.

The Parliament had treated Laugharne very handsomely, voting to him the confiscated estate of the Barlows of Slebech, but there were complaints that his subordinates and the rank and file of his force had been less fairly dealt with, and Royalist agents early began to make capital out of their discontent. In December, 1646, Laugharne sent up to Westminster a letter addressed to him by one of them, enclosing an autograph letter for the King, then a captive in the Scottish camp.

Laugharne's devotion to the cause was as disinterested and as chivalrous as that of his old comrade Essex. With Poyer it may have been otherwise. Among the South Wales leaders who in the crisis of 1648 forsook the standard under which they had fought three years before, he alone lies under grave suspicion of acting from personal pique or with sinister and selfish aims. The charges made against him derive greater force from the discovery of the correspondence of 1645 ; but there is something to be said on the other side. The man whose ability and force of character had secured Pembroke for the Parliament, and had kept the flag flying through the dark days of 1643, may well have resented the attitude of those who forgot the risks he had run, and made no allowance for the losses he had sustained.

In 1648 the lives of the clergy were more distinctively religious than in the former war. In one of Baxter's latest books he enumerates among those who were opposed to Independency three Pembrokeshire men—Sir John Meyrick, Laugharne, and Poyer. This may be accepted as conclusive evidence of the ecclesiastical standpoint of the Mayor of Pembroke. Wrangles over disputed accounts had long been going on, and while Poyer was thus quarrelling with the authorities at Westminster, his enemies among the county gentry were threatening him with charges of embezzlement. From a quarrel with the dominant party it was but a short step to correspondence with the exiled Royalist leaders. Colonel Fleming, who came down towards the end of February to supersede Poyer, did his best to avert a rupture. The terms he offered included a guarantee against the legal proceedings which Griffith White and others were threatening, but Poyer had gone too far to draw back. For some time he contented himself with firing an occasional cannon-shot from the castle into the town. At length, spurred on by communications from Paris,

where Jermyn was urging him to commence hostilities without delay, he assumed the offensive. Fleming's men were driven out of the town with heavy loss, and thus the second Civil War was begun.

Poyer's force, though strengthened by a troop of Laugharne's horse, was as yet only 600 or 700 strong, and Fleming was expecting reinforcements. On Tuesday, March 26, two companies of Overton's regiment, which had been sent by sea from Bristol, landed at Pwllcrochan. The "well-affected gentry" were summoned to meet Fleming at Griffith White's house, a short distance off, the next morning, but Poyer was too sharp for them. The new-comers were attacked in Pwllcrochan Churchyard by horse and foot from Pembroke. They defended themselves successfully, but eventually agreed to a capitulation, according to which they were to return by sea to Cardiff. Meanwhile Poyer's men surrounded Henllan House, and Fleming, White and the others had barely time to effect their escape and to take refuge on board the friendly vessels in the Haven.

The party that attacked Henllan were under the command of Colonel Butler, an old Royalist officer—probably the High Sheriff of 1643. Few, however, of Butler's old comrades followed his example. The reluctance of the local Royalists to join the ranks of their new allies augured ill for the success of the insurrection. Carbery and Stepney would have nothing to do with it.

For the time Poyer carried all before him. On April 8 he mustered his forces on the historic ground of Colby Moor.

All the towns east of Swansea had either declared for Poyer, or, like Haverfordwest, had submitted quietly to his ascendancy. The double task of completing the disbandment of Laugharne's forces and of suppressing the Pembrokeshire revolt had been entrusted to Colonel Thomas Horton. At Llandilo, on the Towy, the ad-

vanced guard of the Parliamentary forces were routed, and Fleming, who had taken shelter in the church with a large party, died by his own hand rather than surrender.

Eighty-four of the prisoners taken in the fray were sent down to Haverfordwest, where they were locked up in the Guildhall.

The insurrection was spreading rapidly in Glamorganshire, where the Stradlings of St. Donat's threw themselves heartily into it. Laugharne's hesitation ended at last. On Saturday, April 29, he passed through Haverfordwest on his way to join Poyer. Many years were to pass before he saw again his beautiful home at St. Bride's.

The Royalist army was pushing on for Cardiff, their numbers increasing as they advanced. Horton crossed the hills from Brecon, and reached St. Fagan's, near Cardiff, on the 4th, just in time to anticipate the enemy's occupation of the village.

The same day Laugharne wrote both to Horton and to the Commissioners of the Parliament letters whose tone of injured innocence would have been ludicrous if it had not been the expression of his reluctance to fight by the side of his former foes against his old friends.

Next day the Royalists drew back from St. Nicholas to a greater distance from Horton's quarters ; but the Parliamentary commander's reply to Laugharne, received the same day, showed the hopelessness of further parley. Yet Saturday passed quietly. The hesitations in the councils of the Royalists augured ill for their cause, Laugharne showing little of the energy of his former campaigns.

On Sunday evening Horton learned that the enemy were returning to their former positions. Next morning, May 8, at half-past seven, the scouts reported that the enemy were only a mile and a half away, and Horton's little army advanced to meet their more numerous, but less disciplined, opponents.

The Royalist vanguard came on pluckily, but were checked by a small party of Roundhead cavalry. Then Okey's dragoons, supported by Captain Garland with 200 musketeers, beat them back. The horse and dragoons followed up their success, driving the enemy from hedge to hedge till they reached the bridge behind which the main body of Laugharne's army was drawn up. Here they could barely hold their ground under the heavy Royalist fire until the arrival of the infantry, who were hurrying up at full speed. Then the first division, under Lieutenant-Colonel Read, attacked the enemy's front, and on the right Major Wade with the second division crossed the brook and fell on their left flank. The horse on the left pushed " with much celerity " through a boggy place and over the brook. Part of the Royalist horse made a gallant attempt to charge the infantry, but were easily repulsed. " By this time the horse and dragoons on the right were gotten over also, the enemies' foot standing very stoutly to it until our horse began to surround them, and then they presently all ran, and we cleared the field, our horse and dragoons pursuing them for eight or ten miles."

The reader is irresistibly reminded of Sedgemoor. The rustics of South Wales were as brave as the peasants that fought for King Monmouth, but the advantage of enthusiasm as well as of discipline was on the side of the Puritan soldiers.

Local tradition tells how that May morning the waters of the Ely were swollen with the blood of the Glamorganshire men, but, though there were nearly fifty Royalist officers left dead or dying on the field, there was no massacre of the vanquished. The prisoners were almost as numerous as the victorious army. Major-General Stradling, two Colonels, eight Majors, twenty-four Captains, thirty Lieutenants, and twenty-eight Ensigns, are given in the official return, with 2,900 non-commissioned officers and

common soldiers. A supplementary list gives the names of eight or nine other officers of rank and many private gentlemen. Among the former was Lieutenant-Colonel Wogan of Pembroke, whom we cannot identify. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Laugharne, the General's brother, was among the dead; but with the exception of these two, Pembrokeshire names—at least, such as we can recognize as such—are conspicuous by their absence. The Puritans of Pembrokeshire as a whole had not followed Laugharne in his defection from the "grand old cause."

The collapse of the insurrection was complete. Horton followed so quickly on the heels of the fugitives that on the next Saturday, the 14th, he was before Tenby, into which Colonel Powell had thrown himself with a small force. Poyer and Laugharne had taken refuge with the remnant of their army in Pembroke.

Cromwell, who had reached Monmouth on the Wednesday, heard there of the victory. Next day he was at Chepstow, and stormed the town, but the siege of the castle had to be entrusted to Colonel Ewer, the General pushing on as fast as he could towards Pembrokeshire. On the 24th, he was before Pembroke, the siege of which he undertook in person. Meanwhile Horton pressed the attack on Tenby. His first assault on the day of his arrival had failed, but later operations were more successful. An outwork was captured, and on the 31st the garrison surrendered at discretion. There were three Colonels and thirty officers among the prisoners. The proportion of officers among the Royalists was everywhere very high. The second Civil War was an officers' war.

Chepstow had fallen on the 25th, but Pembroke was destined to give more trouble. The strength of the fortifications and the determination of the defenders gave little hope of reduction except by starvation, and it was soon found that the supply of provisions was small. The

deficiency of heavy artillery in the besiegers' camp could not be made good for several weeks, and the delay in the reduction of the town encouraged the sympathizers with the garrison to attempt diversions in their favour. Cromwell's army was small—probably under 3,000—for he had been under the necessity of sending detachments to the north, where the Scottish menace was becoming a serious matter.

In the first week of June an attempt at escalade failed through the shortness of the ladders, and the small breach that had been made was not practicable. Later on another attempt was almost successful. The storming-party pushed through the town right up to the castle walls, but the supports did not come up in time, and the assailants were taken in rear by a party of horse, headed by General Laugharne, and were beaten back with heavy loss. Food was running very short inside. Outside, indeed, the besieging army was only fed with difficulty; but Cromwell's confident anticipations of a surrender in June were disappointed. One tradition has it that he was himself laid up with the gout at Lamphey House. On July 1 the heavy guns at last arrived in the Haven. It was high time. Starvation was doing its work, and the water-pipes from Monkton had been cut; but every day was precious. On July 10 Cromwell sent his last summons. Next day the town and castle surrendered.

Cromwell was inflexible in his refusal of any terms to those of the leaders who had formerly been on the side of the Parliament. Laugharne, Poyer, Colonel Humphrey Matthews, and two others, were thus excepted from the conditions of surrender. Powell had already been taken at Tenby. Next spring he, with Laugharne and Poyer, was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. Poyer's appeal for mercy was rejected. Eventually it was decided to execute only one, to be chosen by lot. Two lots bore the legend: "Life given by God." The

third was blank. The child chosen to draw the lot drew the fatal blank and gave it to Poyer—the handsomest man of the three. He was shot at Covent Garden on April 25, and " died very penitently."

Interesting sidelights are thrown on the campaign and the siege by the entries in the Haverfordwest municipal account. When the news of St. Fagan's reached the town, the prisoners in the Guildhall were promptly liberated. Horton, on his arrival in the county, received a letter from the Council protesting their loyalty to the Parliament, and explaining that Haverfordwest, practically an unfortified town, had been compelled to submit to Poyer's demands.

On June 1 an enthusiastic welcome was given to Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe. His rise had been very rapid ; he was barely thirty. Though he had left Pembrokeshire in early childhood, he was very much attached to his native town, and afterwards rendered good service in times of distress.

On June 12 the Council sent down to Cromwell a cask of cider, with four and three-quarter pounds of loaf-sugar at 2s. 6d. a pound.

Cromwell, in one of his despatches to Fairfax, says that his foot-soldiers had little more than bread and water to live on ; but at least eleven hogsheads and fifty barrels of beer are entered in the accounts as supplied to the army. The cost of the bread and beer thus supplied was apparently allowed out of the assessment for the army. The provisions of all kinds sent for the sick and wounded were furnished at the cost of the town. The nearest landing-place to the headquarters of the besiegers was Carew, and either there or at Haverfordwest four-and-twenty soldiers who had died of their wounds were buried at the expense of the Corporation.

On Sunday, July 16, Cromwell rode up to Haverfordwest, where he was welcomed with merry peals from the

bells of St. Mary's. During his brief stay he was the guest of the Prust family, at their house near St. Martin's Church, the site of which is still known as "the Cromwell Corner." Each morning little Bobby Prust, the son of his host, took him to Gwyn's Ditch (or Queen's Ditch), off Cokey Street, that he might have his morning draught of the delicious spring water. The Council were not without hopes of obtaining the revocation of the order for dismantling the castle, but considerations of public policy were imperative. The utmost they could get was the division of the expenses, of which the greater part was borne by the rural districts, while there was also a grant of powder from the stores at Tenby. Cromwell's peremptory letter, written before his visit, is framed and hung up in the Council Chamber. The tradition of his visit to St. David's at this time may be safely rejected, for the advance of the Scottish army made his departure for the north imperative, and Horton was left in charge of West Wales.

In August a troop of dragoons was sent to St. David's with orders to remove 3,000 pounds of lead to the headquarters at Carmarthen, the constables of parishes through which they passed being required to furnish the necessary carts and horses. Probably the roofs of the side-chapels furnished the lead required.

St. Mary's, Haverfordwest, was threatened with the same treatment, for lead was scarce. Both in 1648 and 1649 the Council had to exert themselves to save the old church In the latter year, Cromwell, just before he sailed for Ireland, interposed to prevent the outrage. It was during the siege of Pembroke that Cromwell made the acquaintance of Peregrine Phillips, the son of the Vicar of Amroth, who had been suspended for "Inconformity" under Laud's régime. Philipps, compelled to leave Oxford at the beginning of the war, had served as curate to his uncle, Dr. Collins, at Kidwelly. To Sir John Meyrick of Fleet he

was indebted for his appointment to Monkton, St. Mary's, Pembroke, and Cocheston ; but at that time the multiplication of incumbencies did not usually mean a corresponding increase of income.

Judging from the numerous Pembrokeshire cases of sequestration, there must have been no little difficulty in providing for the pulpits of the county. In Haverfordwest the difficulty was met by the union of three or more parishes.

William Ormond, who had held St. Mary's, Walton West, and other livings, had all along been accustomed to have his preaching done for him by " lecturers," who were not always Puritans. For instance, during the Royalist occupation, before and after the victory of Priory Pill, the lecturer was Edward Warren, Dean of Ossory, a fugitive from the Irish Rebellion. Warren's receipts for his salary show that he was paid £7 10s. per quarter. Some time later there is a painfully suggestive entry of " £2, for Dean Warren's wife and children." William Ormond held on to the salary, if not to the duties, as long as he could, for in the Mayor's account for 1649 there is an entry of his half-year's salary, due Michaelmas, 1648, paid by order of the Judge of the Great Sessions. When, eleven years later, the Restoration ended the Puritan régime, the old parson contented himself with his seaside parish of Walton West, which he held till his death in 1665.

Several years passed after his expulsion before a successor was appointed to St. Mary's, and the responsibility of seeing that the pulpit was supplied devolved on the Mayor and the churchwardens. St. Martin's living was apparently also vacant, but St. Thomas's had, at least from 1647, a succession of Puritan incumbents, of whom Longsheet and Francis seem to have been appointed by the committee which supervised ecclesiastical affairs in the three western counties.

A fragment of papers undated, but probably written in

1649, gives the names of fourteen "licensed" preachers for Pembrokeshire. Among the names were Peregrine Phillips, Adam Hawkin, and Thomas Hughes.

Through the autumn and winter of 1648-49 there was constant correspondence passing between Pembrokeshire local authorities and the military commanders. Horton was very attentive to any complaint, and issued sharp general orders as to the behaviour of his men; but it was impossible for him to prevent the soldiers from being a heavy burden to the towns in which they were quartered. When, for instance, Captain Boulton's troop of dragoons were removed from their Tenby quarters, "because of the poverty of the town," to Haverfordwest, there was a loud outcry that Haverfordwest could afford it no better than Tenby. No record remains of the way in which the news of the King's execution was received in Pembrokeshire. There, as elsewhere, the proclamation of the republic was at least acquiesced in by the bulk of the population. It was the more easy for the Government of the Commonwealth to retain its hold on the nation, because in the two years following the execution of the King the interests of the new Government and of the country were identical.

The reconquest of Ireland was now felt to be of vital importance to England. Whether a monarch or a Parliament was to govern the country, whether a Stuart or a Cromwell was to occupy Whitehall, England could never brook an independent Ireland—above all, an Ireland which would be simply a Roman Catholic State.

The hostility of Scotland also helped to strengthen the hands of the statesmen at Whitehall. The Presbyterians of Scotland were neither hated nor feared as were the Catholics of Ireland. But Englishmen felt that the union of 1603 could never be permitted to be wholly undone. In one way or another the bonds of that union must not be relaxed, but drawn closer. In this Cavalier and Round-

head were as one. The leaders of both parties saw the necessities and complications of these problems more clearly than the rank and file of their followers, but on the main issue the views of the most far-seeing statesmen and of the majority of the people were for once in harmony. Ireland had to be dealt with first. It was from Milford Haven that the army destined for its subjection was to set sail, and when, in the summer of 1649, Cromwell came to take command, his advent was far more welcome than when he came to stamp out the revolt of Poyer and Laugharne. There were few who in their hearts would not wish him God-speed on his errand of conquest and vengeance.

Arriving at Tenby about the end of July, it was not till the middle of August that he set sail. Adverse winds were given out as the cause of the delay. The empty Exchequer of the Commonwealth was an equally formidable difficulty. The Town Council of Haverfordwest took advantage of his presence in the county to lay before him their grievances, and to prove "their disability to bear forty-five pounds a month according to the Act of Assessment." Cromwell received them very kindly, and promised to help them with his influence on his return from Ireland. He was able, however, to render one service to his Haverfordwest friends before sailing. The leaded roofs and spire of St. Mary's were in danger, but the Council despatched in all haste a letter to Popton, where the General was then lying, and the threatened vandalism was promptly forbidden. His friend, the Vicar of Monkton, was invited to preach on board the ship, probably on August 12. The next day the Lord-General sailed for Dublin. The despatch of successive batches of recruits gave the local authorities plenty of trouble that winter.

Hugh Peters, who had come back from Ireland to attend to this department, wrote to the Mayor of Haverfordwest on December 30, in reply to complaints of the

conduct of the recruits quartered there. He promised that they should be taken away as soon as possible, and that no others should be quartered there until these had been removed, "unless you shall desire it." The last clause is intelligible only if the quarters were to be paid for, and this is borne out by the absence, from the numerous statements of "the town's grievances," of any reference to the cost per quarter later than September, 1649. The famous preacher spent some months in Pembrokeshire. On February 2 he was at Haverfordwest with Henry Cromwell, who was on his way to Ireland with a regiment of horse. Sack and claret, and loaf-sugar at 2s. 6d. a pound, with sundry spices, were bestowed on the visitors. In April it was reported to the House of Commons from Milford Haven "that the people thereabouts did unceremoniously take the Engagement" (to be faithful to the Commonwealth), "and that Mr. Peters opened the matter to them and did much encourage them to take it."

At Hugh Peters's trial, eleven years afterwards, a Pembrokeshire physician of the name of Young, who had been called in to attend him in a serious illness at Milford Haven, had the baseness to give evidence of his private conversations with his patient. The garbled reports of his talk, which, after all, amounted to little more than an expression of his well-known antimonarchical opinions, helped, in default of better evidence, to secure his conviction and condemnation.

The Act for the Better Propagation of the Gospel in Wales, which passed through Parliament on February 22, 1650, was attributed, perhaps unjustly, to the influence of Peters. Its effect in Pembrokeshire, as elsewhere, was twofold. There were more evictions, and there was better provision for the vacant parishes.

In the winter of 1650 Bridget Ireton passed through Haverfordwest on her way to join her husband in Ireland. Edmund Ludlow, who was also on his way to Ireland with

his troop of horse, shared in the welcome accorded by the Mayor and Council to the distinguished visitor.

In the early summer of 1651 there was a Royalist rising in Cardiganshire. It is not easy to account for such an isolated outbreak, unless it was part of a larger scheme which elsewhere had totally miscarried.

Colonel Rowland Dawkins, the Commandant in South Wales, had little difficulty in putting it down. A brief sharp skirmish, in which twenty-eight Royalists were killed and about sixty taken prisoners, put an end to a gallant but unaccountably rash undertaking. The credit of the suppression of the revolt was claimed by the Pembrokeshire men, who probably formed the bulk of Dawkins's small force.

Among those who distinguished themselves was James Philipps of Tregibby, the son of Hector Philipps of Priory, Cardigan. James Philipps, who was descended from a younger branch of the Picton family, was regarded as at least half a Pembrokeshire man. He was the Bayard of South Wales Puritanism, a man without fear and without reproach. He had been coming to the front in public affairs since the close of the first Civil War, and had been High Sheriff of Cardiganshire in 1649. His first wife, a daughter of his relative, Sir Richard Philipps of Picton, having died early, he married, in 1647, Katherine Fowler, the daughter of a London merchant, whose widow was his father's second wife.

Katherine, who was only sixteen at the time of her marriage, won a high reputation as a writer of verse. Since Mr. Justin McCarthy has laid down the dictum that Sappho and Mrs. Browning are the only poetesses known to history, Mrs. Philipps, " the matchless Orinda," cannot be allowed to claim that title. To tell the truth, much of her verse is poor stuff. The lady who, while the wife of a very militant Puritan, enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Jeremy Taylor must have been as amiable as she was

cultured; but her husband, whose very name is now known to few, was far more deserving of a niche in the Temple of Fame.

When, two months after the collapse of the Cardiganshire rising, the Scottish army was pressing southward, every nerve was strained to concentrate an overwhelming army on their path. From all parts of the country the local forces were hurried towards the scene of action. Among the contingents that swelled the ranks of Cromwell's army at Worcester was one from Pembrokeshire. When the Haverfordwest men who fought that day returned home, they would tell how their old fellow-townsman, William Goffe, had brilliantly sustained his already high reputation. At Dunbar he had led Cromwell's own Ironsides to the charge, and his share in the victory of Worcester strengthened the confidence which the Protector reposed in him through life, and which he repaid by loyal devotion to him and to his family.

Meanwhile a great calamity had befallen the old town.

## CHAPTER V

### THE PLAGUE AT HAVERFORDWEST (1651-52)

IN 1650 a house-to-house collection was made in Haverfordwest for the relief "of the sick and distressed in Tenby." The collector's returns show that the response was fairly liberal, but there is nothing to throw any light upon the nature of "the sicknesse." If it had been the bubonic plague, one would have expected to find some traces of it in the traditions of a town where the popular memory was more tenacious of striking events than it has been at Haverfordwest. The probability that the epidemic, whatever it was, was not the dreaded "plague" is slightly increased by the fact that a similar collection was made for "the sick and distressed in Pembroke."

In 1650 and 1651 the bubonic plague, which for some time had almost disappeared from London and the eastern counties, was rife in some of the western counties, as it was also on the Irish side of St. George's Channel. In Carmarthen, which had suffered severely at least three times in the century—1604, 1606, and 1611—it broke out in May, 1651. May 15 is the date given by Spurrell, who states that it swept away whole families in the town and neighbouring parishes. It continued its ravages for several months. The new Mayor, elected on September 29, was sworn in, not at the Town Hall, according to ancient custom, but at his own residence, Rhyd-y-Gors. There is, however, no reason to connect the epidemic at Carmarthen with the outbreak at Haverfordwest. Defective as was

the medical knowledge of our ancestors, and rudimentary as were their conceptions of sanitation, experience had by this time taught them how to erect barriers against the diffusion of the plague. No precautions can be conceived which human selfishness and recklessness may not baffle ; but the practical effectiveness of the cordon established round centres of infection is demonstrated by the history of the epidemics of the seventeenth century, and is in striking contrast to the absurdity of the methods of treatment employed by the average medical practitioners of the same period. Tradition has persistently asserted that the plague was brought to Haverfordwest on a market-day by sailors from an infected ship lying in Milford Haven. This tradition is confirmed by the fact that, with the exception of Newport, obviously an independent centre of infection, the only localities reported as suffering from plague were Crundale, Hillblock, and Prendergast, adjoining the town on the east, and Great Pill, Honeyborough, and Waterston, on the northern shore of the harbour. It is probable that the importation of the disease took place late in the summer, and that the cold weather brought a partial respite from the awful scourge, which, however, had carried off at least 110 victims before the beginning of October.

The records of the epidemic, which the writer was fortunate enough to find among a mass of miscellaneous papers in a lumber-room in the Council House, begin with Monday, October 6—that is, with the mayoralty of Thomas Davids of Robleston, who had been elected on the previous Monday. Mr. Davids' year of office is represented in the Corporation archives not only by the "Plague papers," but by an unusual number of letters and memoranda. The trouble and anxiety caused by the pressure of military taxation may well have made the Council careful to select the most capable and business-like of their number to fill the Mayor's chair at this time.

The financial burdens of the town had become intolerable, and the first and most urgent necessity was to obtain a diminution of the army assessment.

Meanwhile the shadow of the pestilence continued to brood over the place. The number that died " of all diseases " from October 6, 1651, to March 2, 1652, was 46. Assuming a population of 2,600 and an average death-rate of 28, the normal death-roll for these twenty-one weeks would have been 30. After Christmas the health of the town improved, but there was no relaxation of the rigid precautions against the spread of the infection. These were sometimes angrily resented. For instance, there was a woman named Howell whose husband had died of the plague, and who was therefore " shut up " with her family, the doors of her house, front and back, being secured with chains. On Thursday, February 12, she threw out into her garden " a sheet and a blanket, and would not take them back into the house." Next day she was seen to throw from her front-window two pieces of paper, both wet. When remonstrated with, she retorted with volleys of abusive language. The next Monday, when the door was opened to supply the inmates with water, she " caused the maid to take forth 2 bucketts of wash and to give it to the swyne." All which, with the poor woman's vigorous language, is recorded in the depositions taken by the Mayor that same Monday, February 16.

Now, on Thursday, the 18th, the county justices would hold their fortnightly meeting at Canaston. The Council had some reason to anticipate the strongest precautionary measures from the county authorities, and so a memorial was drawn up setting forth the lamentable plight of the town. " The towne is verie poor . . . the assessment rate haveing now leavelled the better sort with the poorer, there appears but slender provision in anye house either of wealth or victualls more than is provided from markett to markett."

Of £400 paid on account of the assessment within the last week, " most of which was gathered in a very sad and lamentable way," at least £100 had been borrowed by the receivers.

The pestilence appears to have abated, for, " although we have watch upon three or four houses at present, we cannot learne but of one that is sicke "; but " if it please God to continue the visitation, they urge that a supply of maintenance may be had and provided as in your wisdomes you shall think good, according as the law hath provided, there being neare 3,000 soules."

Eight was the usual number of justices for a Welsh county in those days, and the letter was addressed to Roger Lort (Stackpoole), Sampson Lort (Prickeston), Henry White (Henllan), Herbert Perrot (Haroldston), Thomas Parry, Maurice Morgan, and Thomas Jones, Esquires. Of these seven the most influential was Sampson Lort, and the letter was put into his hands on Thursday morning. Its object was obviously twofold—to obtain, if possible, aid through a general county rate, and also to prevent the drawing round the town of a cordon that would aggravate the want of employment and consequent distress. The town officials seem to have been under the impression that this appeal had answered its purpose ; but on the evening of Tuesday, the 24th, one of the constables of Prendergast called on the Mayor to show him privately a warrant which they had received from Bulton Ormond, the High Constable of Dungleddy, requiring them " not to permit anie to come into the towne nor anie townsmen to come thence," and threatening " that if anie shall goe or traffique with the townsmen, their houses shall be shut up untill it shall please God to withdraw the scourge from you."

The Mayor lost no time in sending a vigorous protest. This letter was directed, not to the justices, but to Messrs. Parry and Jones, " being told that the original,

*if anie,* came from yourselves." Perhaps they had not seen the original certificate, so a copy was enclosed. The health of the town was better than when the original was sent. Only four had died in the last month, and "I cannot learne of one that is sicke. This population of 3,000 soules must starve if food be kept from them."

The justices' meetings were held alternately at Pembroke and Canaston. On March 4 they met at Pembroke, and rescinded the order made at Canaston. The overseers were, however, required to keep strict watch on all the infected houses in their parishes. But the situation of Haverfordwest was already changing for the worse.

On Monday, March 1, in a memorial to the Parliament, setting forth in the strongest terms the inability of the town to bear the unreasonably heavy burden of the military assessment, the visitation of the plague is referred to as if it were virtually over. "It hath pleased God to visit the town with the pestilence, and that the most part of the remaining inhabitants are in very much want, and not able to relieve themselves." The slightness of this allusion was natural at the time when there were only four houses shut up and there was no known case of sickness in the town. Yet the pestilence was already waking up from its winter sleep. The memorial was despatched on Monday. On Tuesday died William Williams, keeper of the town pound, under the walls of the ruined castle. On Wednesday there was a second death, another on Saturday, and a fourth on Sunday. On Tuesday, the 9th, there were three deaths, including a father and his child. One death on Friday and three on Saturday made a total of eight for the week. The next week the death-rate was still higher. There was one death on Sunday, one on Monday, two on Tuesday, three on Wednesday. On Thursday, the 18th, "James Price, gentn.," his

daughters Audrie and Marie, and two others, died—five in one day. On Friday there were three victims, one of whom was the servant of Widow Howells. The remaining six days of the year there was only one death, but 1652 opened gloomily. On New Year's Day, Thursday, the 25th, there were three deaths. Two of these were Parrotts, children of Walter Parrott, of Bridge Street, who had already lost a child on the 13th. Parrott was supplied with two shrouds by the Mayor, as he was the occupier of one of the largest houses in Bridge Street. This is incidental evidence of the distress to which many of the well-to-do were reduced. On Saturday there were three deaths, and four on Sunday. On Monday "Walter Parrott and his wife Margarett" followed their children to the tomb; Lettice, the widow of the pound-keeper, and three of their children, were also on the death-roll of the month. One can understand the terror which the epidemic had inspired. Two more died on Tuesday, and made up the number of deaths for March to forty-eight—two in St. Thomas's, thirteen in St. Mary's, and thirty-three in St. Martin's. In February the Council had rented two houses in St. Martin's of Alderman William Williams (Mayor in 1641 and 1649). The larger, known as "the great house"—probably a warehouse of some kind—was used as the pest-house. The other, described as "Edward Lloyd's house," was "had for the tarrcoats," or men that tended the sick and buried the dead. At a later date some premises in Cokey Street, now City Road, were used as a home for those "on Recoverie."

Sanitary regulations were drawn up, of which only a rough draft remains, so mutilated that it does not contain one complete sentence. The people are exhorted to repentance, "to avoid the occasion of all sins, especially swearing, sabbath-breaking, lying, drunkenness, lasciviousnesse, malice, envie, uncharitablenesse, which is rife in children as in men." They are urged to pray "both at

home and in public when the Word is preached, that God will withdraw his present judgment from this towne, who will not denie to hear anie repentant sinner." "Those infect in anie house or hereafter shall be infected, to be drawn to the pest-house to be placed in the rooms therein provided."

The remainder for the most part defies even conjectural restoration. One line begins "all swyne, dogs, and catts"—no doubt to be kept at home. In the Chamberreeve's account there are payments of 5s. to John Peyton, and after his death, of the plague, of 2s. to John Webbe for keeping the swyne off the streets. Dung-heaps and pools were to be attended to forthwith. "Those whom it shall please God to visit are to be attended to by Mr. Benjamin Price, Apothecary and Surgeon, and the poore sicke are to be supplied gratuitously both with the medicines and with drinkes of hearbes. The constables, assisted by able watchers, are to keep strict watch at the pest-house and other houses."

One Harry Folland has to do with the distribution of the victuals at certain houses. Supplies of provisions are to be received by the officials at the "redd gate," the gate on the bridge over the river. Of one sentence only these words are decipherable—"the strange woman . . . Lloyd's house." A sentence written in a letter from London by the Mayor two months later throws some light on this. "I praye you lett the visitor woman be encouraged, and not be abused by idle people, as I hear she is, for I am sure that Providence guided her hither, and that shee under God hath been an instrument of much good." This was the "strange woman" of the sanitary regulations. "Abuse" seems to imply not merely scurrilous language, but actual ill-treatment of some kind—the not uncommon reward of those who devote themselves to such ministries among a grossly ignorant populace. There is something exquisitely

pathetic in this brief glimpse of a Christian self-sacrifice which has left no other record on earth.

In April there were fewer deaths than in March—twenty-three in St. Martin's, seven in St. Mary's, and none in St. Thomas's.

The expenditure soon exhausted the town stock—about £100—and the weekly rate of £5 which was imposed the inhabitants were too poor to pay. The mercers, shoemakers, and felters were in sore straits. Their goods had lately come from St. Paul's Fair in Bristol,* "and by reason of the sicknesse noebody will come to buy with them, neither can they be suffered to goe to any fayre or Markett to make sale of them." These and other facts bearing on the state of the town were stated in a letter addressed to the county magistrates at their fortnightly meeting at Canaston on April 15. These gentlemen were less ready to help the town than to take precautions for the protection of their own districts. "They sent their warrants all the country over that none of the people shall commerce with the town." The markets, hitherto plentiful—the most plentiful in the county—were stopped. May fair, the principal Haverfordwest fair, always held on May Day, was "proclaymed," and kept at Llawhaden. The Council "proclaymed" it to be held "in the west side of the Fursie Parcke"—what is now Palmerston Farm—at a little distance from the town, but just within the municipal boundary. "Some people came from Roose, but very few."

In May there were thirty-three deaths — four in St. Mary's, twenty-four in St. Martin's, and five in St. Thomas's.

During April and May the Mayor was absent from the town. At the beginning of April he had left for Hereford on municipal business. From Hereford he had found it necessary to go on to London; and on April 27 he wrote

* Held in January.

" from the Black Lyon on Fleete Bridge " to announce his arrival in the capital, begging the Council " not to conceive that he took the journey to avoyde the sicknesse or trouble in the town." His son-in-law, Thomas Cozen—one of the Sandy Haven family—had been the bearer of the memorial to the Parliament and of the letters to Cromwell, Speaker Lenthall, Harrison, and Colonel Goffe, which accompanied it. Mr. Herbert Perrot of Haroldston, who was in London, was very active on behalf of the town. Though not a descendant of Sir John—and, in fact, but distantly, if at all, related to the old family of Haroldston—Herbert maintained their traditions of friendship with Haverfordwest, and of loyalty to Protestantism.

On Sunday, May 2, Haverfordwest was specially prayed for in the chapel of Whitehall, and at St. Lawrence's in the City. On the 17th the Mayor received a letter from the Council complaining bitterly of the county authorities, " the Pembroke gents." " We have not as yet received any comfort at all from the gents, but they have done us all the spite and hindrances they could. The poore at the Pesthouses doth increase dayly. How they will be maintayned we know not." What was wanted from Parliament was an order to have relief from the country according to statute, " otherwise the poore are like to starve." The Mayor replied the same day. He had just obtained a promise of help from Cromwell, ever friendly towards Haverfordwest. A day or two later the Commissioners of the Broad Seal wrote to the Pembrokeshire justices ; but those much-censured gentlemen had already taken action. Probably the Town Council in their cruel perplexity did not make sufficient allowance for the responsibilities and difficulties of the county authorities. The jealousy with which the town and county had always guarded its independence was a constant source of friction and of irritation. On the side

of the smaller community there has been a readiness to suspect unfair treatment—a suspiciousness which has had, it may be, its justification in the experience of the past. As it was in the seventeenth century so it is in the twentieth.

At their meeting at Canaston on May 13, the justices had before them "a certificate from the magistrates of Haverfordwest, being attested by Mr. Stephen Love, Minister of the Gospel in the said towne, setting forth the sad, miserable, distressed condition of the said towne . . , 990 persons or so, as we are informed, are in want of the necessary foode to sustain nature." The justices therefore desire the overseers of every parish to make a house-to-house visitation in their respective parishes, receiving from the occupiers "those possessions in money, corne, butter, cheese, and other victualls or provisions, as they shall freely and voluntarily give and contribute." A careful return was to be made of the names of those that contribute, the nature and value of the contribution, and "alsoe what they are willing monthly to contribute during the continuance of the plague." They are also to return the names of those who can give, but will not. The constables of each hundred are to appoint for each division of their hundred some able, honest man who will receive the contributed provisions, and will arrange for their carriage to Haverfordwest, where "at Portfield or some other place near the town they are to be handed over to the Mayor or his deputy, and by him distributed 'with the advice of Mr. Love.' No time is to be lost, and a report is to be made to the justices at their next meeting at Pembroke on the 27th." An order of the same date closes the Haverfordwest wool-market, and directs two markets to be opened weekly—on Tuesday at Steynton, and on Saturday at Llawhaden. The amount of this "benevolence" is returned at £48 13s. 7½d., of which about £6 was sent in provisions. Nearly two-thirds

came in before the end of May. The total was made up as follows :

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Roose.. .. .. .. | 13 | 9 | 2 |
| Narberth .. .. .. | 13 | 3 | 3½ |
| Castlemartin .. .. .. | 8 | 18 | 6 |
| Kemes .. .. .. | 6 | 6 | 0 |
| Dewysland .. .. .. | 2 | 16 | 10 |
| Cilgerran .. .. .. | 2 | 2 | 9 |
| Dungleddy .. .. .. | 1 | 17 | 1 |

The Narberth amount included £4 from Sir Hugh Owen. Of the Roose contribution Steynton sent £2 4s., and Langum £2 17s. There was no doubt some private charity sent through other channels. Tenby returned to the best of its ability the aid it had received from Haverfordwest two years before. Carew sent a boat-load of provisions not entered on the account of the " benevolence."

After all, the amount of the " benevolence " was utterly inadequate to the needs of the town. So at the July Quarter Sessions a monthly rate of £80 was assessed on the whole county, beginning on July 13. Up to Michaelmas, when Mayor Davids went out of office, £128 had been received. An arrangement was made that half of the rate from Kemes should be given to the relief of Newport, where the plague had broken out in the summer. There were 45 deaths in June—13 in St. Mary's, 29 in St. Martin's, 3 in St. Thomas's. The return ends with July 7, there having been 11 deaths in the seven days. The weeks ending March 30 and June 28 were the most fatal, the deaths being 14 and 15 respectively. For the remainder of the municipal year we have only the record of the deaths in the pest-house and in the " house of recoverie " in Cokey Street—11 for the remainder of July, 15 for August, and 18 for September. Probably this represents a total plague mortality for the same period of 90 or 100.

The documents dealing with the expenditure for relief

are sufficiently complete to give a most satisfactory record of the treatment alike of the plague-stricken and of those who were merely destitute. For the latter there was a weekly distribution in each of the eight wards into which, for the purpose of municipal taxation, the town was divided. These, arranged according to the length of the relief lists, were : St. Thomas's, Ship Street (Quay Street), Dew Street, Bridge Street, Market Street, St. Mary's, St. Martin's, and High Street. For St. Thomas's the average would be 90, and for High Street Ward, 20. The distribution was made on Thursdays. On May 20, the date of the earliest extant return, there were 254 recipients, but in this return St. Thomas's Ward was not included. Next week it rose to 408, and for the remainder of the civic year the average was a little over 400, the highest number being 450, on June 17. In the earlier lists there are three columns—for the number of the family, for the bread supplied (given in pence), and for herrings. According to the earliest list for St. Thomas's Ward, 92 persons received 13s. 1d. in bread and money, and 188 herrings. After June 10 the herring column disappears. On July 22 in the same ward 79 persons received 8s. 4d., and in Dew Street 63 received 7s. 4d. But the bread lists represented only a part of the distribution of food. Thus in fifteen weeks £5 14s. 1d. was spent in the purchase of 790 pounds of beef, of which only 257 pounds are accounted for at the pest-house. Oatmeal and cheese also figure in the earlier lists. To the pest-house and to Cokey Street provisions were sent on Wednesday and Saturday. The usual weekly allowance per head was : " The sicke—butter 1 lb., oatmeal 1 quart, in money 8d." " On recoverie "—in Cokey Street—" bread two 3d. loaves, cheese 2 lbs., oatmeal, 1 quart." Occasionally a half-pint of grits per head was sent to the sick once, and very rarely twice, a week.

Bread was not sent to the sick, except to a few of the children, or to some about to be placed " on the recoverie

list." For the last 8 weeks 1 pound of beef per head was allowed to those "on recoverie." Only a small amount of mutton is entered as sent to the sick, but the "8d. per head in money" was sometimes sent "in mutton or money." It probably covered frequent purchases "of mutton as well as other necessaries." There are also several entries of money spent on "necessaries for the sicke." It is clear that even sick-room comforts of the simplest kind were rarely seen in the pest quarters.

There can be no doubt that private benevolence, from both town and country, largely supplemented the relief distributed by the authorities. Stephen Love, minister of the Gospel, who signed the statement laid before the County justices on May 13, was the Puritan Rector of St. Thomas's, who had been appointed to that living by the "Propagators" in the latter part of 1651. His parish lay outside the walls, and he probably lived for a while at Haroldston—Mr. Herbert Perrot's house. The other two town parishes were vacant, and Love, whose responsibility was therefore so much the heavier, exerted himself most strenuously to obtain help for the smitten town. A letter from Mr. Arnold Thomas (Mayor in 1644 and 1659) shows he had personally collected a small sum in Kemes. Doubtless others were similarly employed. A list of the persons in the pest-house and in Cokey Street was made on Tuesday and Saturday. Those in the pest-house were divided into three classes: (1) Sick on the town's charge; (2) sick on other men's charge; (3) on recovery at the town's charge. The number, including those in Cokey Street, but not those—usually 5 or 6—"on other men's charge," rose from 31 on May 20 to 72 on August 18, and a fortnight later it stood at 70, but gradually decreased to 37 on October 2—the end of Mayor Davids' administration. The provision account, which extends into the next mayoralty, shows a rapidly decreasing number of inmates both in the pest-house and in Cokey Street. On

November 20 the Cokey Street house was empty, and there was in the pest-house only one inmate, and that was one " on recoverie."

The deaths in the pest-house were frequently those of new arrivals. The tarrcoats were paid £1 10s. per week, but the number so employed is not given. Mr. Benjamin Price, the apothecary-surgeon, was, at least in the earlier weeks of 1652, very much annoyed by a Mr. Synagon—who seems to have been a rival practitioner—but Price retained the confidence and support of the Mayor and Council. His " Bill " has been preserved. It is a document of many pages, and gives a long list of those whom he attended. For his " visiting and diligent care in the business " he charges the moderate sum of £10. Thirty shillings is charged for two journeys to Llawhaden and Tenby " for the recoverie of the lost five pound." For " Inward and outward medicines sent to the Pest quarters for the recoverie of the poor since the seconde of April last " he charges £53 10s. 2d., making in all £64. Appended to the account is a " rule of the particulars sent to the pest-quarters."

| | | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mithridat, Diascordia | the ou. .. .. .. | 1 | 4 |
| Cordiale water, the ou. @ | .. .. | | 2 |
| Sirup of Violets, Sirup of Lemons | the ou. @ .. .. | | 6 |
| Sirup of Rosses, Sirup of Coltes foot, Con. of Rosses, Playster, Salad, Oyle of Camomel | the ou. @ .. | | 4 |
| Oyle of Lillies, the ou. @ | .. .. | | 3 |
| Pills of Rufus | ,, .. .. | 4 | 0 |
| Oyle of Mace | ,, .. .. | 2 | 4 |
| Grene Ginger | ,, .. .. | | 3 |
| Ung. Egyptiani (Egyptian Ointment), the ou. @ | .. .. .. | | 4 |
| Sperma Ceti, the drachm @ | .. .. | 1 | 0 |

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| Aurum Vitæ, the grayn @ .. .. | | 3 |
| Sacke, the quart @ .. .. | 1 | 6 |
| Burnt Sacke, the pint @ .. .. | 1 | 0 |
| Sallad Oyle, the pint @ .. .. | | 10 |
| Quart bottels at .. .. .. | | 4 |
| Pint bottels at .. .. .. | | 3 |
| Half-pint bottels at .. .. | | 2 |
| Small potts, boxes and vialls at .. | | 1 |

BEN: PRICE.

A torn fragment of paper fastened to the account has among other items :

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| Frankincense for the Church .. .. | 1 | 0 |
| Fr .... for the Town Hall & Council house .. .. .. .. | 1 | 6 |

Mr. Price's bill covers the ten months, April, 1652, to January, 1653. There was, it seems, a second slight outbreak of plague in the autumn of 1653, but no particulars are preserved.

Alderman Williams claimed of the Council two years' rent at £4 for the pest-house, and one year's rent, £3, for the house occupied by the tarrcoats, but was allowed only half his claim for the former. He was also allowed some money for the damage done to the houses, but his claim for "one year's rent of the chamber-land in my hand, and voyde for the year 1652," was disallowed. Query: Was that the field on the north side of City Road, still known as the Mayor's Field, and reputed to be the burial-place of the dead from the pest-house ?

In 1653 there was a "great sickness in Pembroke." No details are preserved, but there is nothing to indicate that the epidemic was the bubonic plague. Although Haverfordwest was only recently freed from its own appalling visitation, a very liberal contribution was raised to help their afflicted neighbours.

## CHAPTER VI

### UNDER THE PROTECTORATE

### I

WHEN the plague was at its height, Thomas Cozen wrote from London: "The Lord remove his hand and our sins, and I hope in the Lord the Parliament will remove their taxes." Before the end of the year the plague had ceased; but it was not until the Parliament had been dissolved by Cromwell that the town obtained its desired relief from the existing burden of military taxation.

Under the assessment of £60,000 per month the town paid from March 25, 1647, to March 25, 1649, £30 7s. 8d. per quarter. For the six months from February 1, 1664, to July 31, there was an additional assessment of £40,000 per month "for the relief of Ireland," and under this the town paid in the same proportion £20 8s.

For the quarter ending June 24, 1649, the amount was £45 11s. 6d., which represents an assessment of £90,000 per month. But now there comes a startling change. There was no addition to the national assessment, but the quota of Haverfordwest was increased to £45 per month. It was against the assessment that the Mayor, Alderman Williams, and his colleagues protested when they waited on Cromwell at Tenby. Four times a succession of unavailing petitions and remonstrances were addressed to the Parliament and the Committee of the Army, dwelling on the unswerving loyalty of the town,

and exaggerating the sacrifices the towns-people had really made for the good old cause.

For the second quarter of 1650 the monthly assessment was at the rate of £60,000, and the town paid £90; but this abatement was only temporary, for the Republic had now a Scotch war on its hands, and the assessment rose to £120,000, which meant £60 for the town. No entry of any later receipts from the collectors appears in the accounts. Their task became increasingly difficult, and probably the regular quarterly collections ceased. The quarterly payments fell heavily into arrears. According to the Council's letter laid before the county justices on February 18, 1652, of £400 paid on account the previous week, £100 had been borrowed by the receivers, while the December quarter was still due. Nothing now could be sent off while the plague lasted, nor for some time after. By midsummer, 1653, the arrears, for which the army authorities were pressing, amounted to £1,260.

The town's petition to the Long Parliament, the presentation of which had been undertaken by Cromwell himself, had been read in the House, and referred to the Committee of the Army, but had mysteriously disappeared. Under the Cromwellian régime the prospects were more favourable. The ex-Mayor, Thomas Davids of Robleston, was again entrusted with the management of the business, and he obtained from the Little (or Barebones) Parliament, with the concurrence of the Council of the Army, the wiping out of the £1,260 of arrears. Returning to London in the autumn, he succeeded in getting the town's quota of the £120,000 monthly assessment reduced to £25. He stayed for the installation of the Lord Protector on December 16, and two days later set out on his homeward journey. He was the better pleased with the settlement he had effected because he had defeated an attempt to have the "town and county" assessed with Pembrokeshire. Had that

intrigue of the county justices succeeded, it would, according to a memorandum drawn up in 1658, have meant for the town an additional payment up to June 14, 1657, of £1,158 18s., and, of course, a corresponding relief of the burdens of the county.

It had always been a grievance to the Pembrokeshire authorities that Haverfordwest, which had so zealously guarded its rights as a separate county, had thereby escaped bearing its proper share of the charges laid upon the county of Pembroke.

No record appears to be extant of the assessment in the county. In Pembrokeshire there had been little regret over the dissolution of the Parliament. Since the exclusion of Sir Robert Needham, who was one of the victims of Pride's Purge, Haverfordwest had had no representative at St. Stephen's. Sir Hugh Owen had not returned to the House after his release from his long captivity among the Royalists.

He was probably under a similar ban to Sir Robert Needham; that is, he was suspected, and probably with justice, of adhering to the moderate, or Presbyterian, wing of the party. The county seat was also vacant, but it is not clear whether that were due to the death or physical infirmity of the knight of the shire.

It was to the Lord General and the leading officers of the army—especially to Harrison and Goffe—that the Town Council of Haverfordwest addressed their memorial even while the Parliament was sitting.

Cromwell was personally popular in the county. The favourable impressions he had made in 1648 were confirmed by his social and more peaceful visit. While the Pembrokeshire deputations that waited on him in London were charmed by his affability and his readiness to help their clients, among the landed gentry there was little inclination to play the rôle of irreconcilable.

Here and there would be found some sturdy loyalist

who would hold no parley with the murderers of the King.

There were others who formally submitted, but cherished a secret rancour against their Roundhead neighbours, which showed itself in petty annoyances, and sometimes in actual outrages.

To this class belonged William Philipps of Haythog, in Pembrokeshire, High Sheriff of that county in 1647, and Member for Haverfordwest in the Convention Parliament of 1660.

There was a much larger class, of whom Lord Carbery and Sir John Stepney may serve as examples—men who were sincere in their loyalty, but who, when they had once compounded for their estates, desired nothing better than to be left in peace, and whose friendliness was cordially reciprocated by their neighbours of the dominant party. There were a still more numerous class whose royalism sat so lightly upon them that it cost them little to accept the arbitrament of war, and to swear fidelity to the Republic or the Protector. They did not think it worth while to risk their necks or estates by embarking on dangerous conspiracies. They would be in no hurry to declare for the King, even when the sword of Cromwell had dropped from the nerveless grasp of his successor, and the vigorous rule of the Protectorate had been succeeded by the squabblings of the year of anarchy.

Such were the Pembrokeshire High Sheriffs for 1651 and 1657—Roger Lort of Stackpole, and Richard Walters of Roch, the uncle of Monmouth.

The Lorts were not an old Pembrokeshire family. Less than a century before, George Lort, a Staffordshire man, had come to Stackpole Court as the agent of Lady Margaret Stanley, to whom, as her share of the inheritance of the Vernons of Haddon Hall and Stackpole, the Pembrokeshire estates of the family had fallen in 1567. George Lort appears to have purchased the property, and

he and his descendants throve apace. His son Roger was High Sheriff in 1607, and his grandson Henry in 1609. Henry was a notorious smuggler, and was suspected of being a wrecker—a charge which he indignantly denied. Lort's Cave is more likely to have derived its name from some of his adventures than from any incidents in the fortunes of his accomplished son.

Sampson, Henry's second son, was a fierce Puritan ; but Roger was a Royalist, and his activity on the King's side earned him the honour of being summoned to Westminster, together with his friend and neighbour, Archdeacon Rudd of St. Florence. Of course neither obeyed the summons. The Archdeacon had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Roundheads when Tenby was captured in March, 1644. He died in 1648. A monumental brass in his church of St. Florence records the hardships he endured in the troublous times. A pathetic reference to him as " the first and the last of the Archdeacons of St. David's—the first in merit, the last in time," expresses the sorrowful despair with which devout Anglicans contemplated the apparently hopeless ruin of their beloved church.

While the broken-hearted Archdeacon lay on his deathbed, Roger Lort was in the ranks of his former opponents. His royalism had ended with Laugharne's capture of Stackpole Court six weeks before the fall of Tenby. It was not long before he made his peace with the ruling powers. Henceforth his name occurs side by side with those of his brothers Sampson and John, in the letters of the little coterie of squires and soldiers who managed the business of the county. Probably he was happiest among his books at Stackpole. The small volume of Latin epigrams which he published in 1646 is evidence of his clerical tastes, if not of his poetic gifts.

His brother Sampson was more at home in the rough and tumble of political life. From the first he had been

prominent on the side of the Parliament, and after the revolt of Poyer and Laugharne he became the undisputed leader of the Roundheads in Pembrokeshire. In the quarrel which long before 1648 threatened to split the local Parliamentarians into two camps, he was an opponent of Poyer, and the old antagonism lent a keener edge to his loyalty when the Mayor of Pembroke forsook the cause.

An enthusiastic partisan of the Commonwealth, it was long remembered how he rode into Haverfordwest at the head of a troop, on whose banner were the words "No King! no Lords! We are engaged." Under the Commonwealth the machinery of local government went on very much as usual. The county justices, eight or ten in number, met fortnightly—alternately at Pembroke and Canaston. Sampson Lort, if not perpetual chairman, was the head of the little junta. Between them and the municipal authorities there was little love lost. Mutual jealousy had something to do with the Poyer quarrels; but Haverfordwest was especially obnoxious to the county magnates: even their usual agreement on political questions did not prevent ceaseless bickerings.

But from 1653 onward there are indications of political friction. The law forbidding the holding of municipal offices by any "malignant"—that is to say, one who had ever borne arms for the King—was a formidable weapon.

In the towns there were the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors—close corporations who filled up vacancies by co-optation.

The election of a member of Parliament was practically in the hands of this self-elected body.

It was to the Mayor and Council that candidates addressed themselves, and their promises of support were regarded as insuring the result of the elections.

Sometimes a popular local magnate might defy the

"conscript fathers" of the borough, or, on the rare occasions when political passions deeply stirred the electorate, their dictation might be scornfully resented; but these were exceptions to the general tenor of civic life.

Seats on the town councils were coveted by the heads of the principal county families. Wealthy shopkeepers and merchants sat at the council-table side by side with the representatives of historic families. A knight might be succeeded in the Mayor's chair by a mercer or a miller.

It is amusing to find it filled one year by a Member of Parliament and Councillor of State, the next by a Baronet, the third by an ex-High Sheriff of the county, the fourth by a well-to-do butcher. This was what happened at Haverfordwest in the years 1656, 1657, 1658, and 1659.

In Haverfordwest the practice was to submit three names selected by the Council to the burgesses convened in public assembly. In Tenby four names were submitted, but in each case the custom was to elect the last name read out. Cases of a demand of poll were very rare.

The Sheriff, Chamber-reeve, Treasurer, Sergeants-at-Mace, and Bailiffs, were appointed annually. The Chamber-reeve, who was always a member of the Council, not unfrequently held office for two or three years. Re-election of a retiring Mayor was almost unknown at Haverfordwest. At Tenby it was very unusual, the Council discharging the functions. The old records of the Mayors of Pembroke are lost; but John Poyer seems to have held office continuously during the Civil War.

In Haverfordwest, and probably in the other towns, the tenure of one or more of the minor offices was the usual preliminary to admission to the chamber.

When the Penruddock rising took place in the western counties in March, 1655, there was great uneasiness lest

part of the Royalists who had taken arms should cross over to Pembrokeshire. Evidently the authorities were convinced of the reality of the danger. Curiously enough, a few months earlier the name of Haverfordwest occurred several times in the captured correspondence of Hyde. Was there really any resistance on foot in Pembrokeshire? A careful study of the documents leaves an impression on the mind that such was the case; on the other hand, the use of Haverfordwest as one of the captive wards may have been due to the pressure of a Haverfordwest man at the Royalist headquarters. Stephen Goffe, the eldest brother of the Cromwellian Major-General, had played a busy part in the attempts of Charles I. to get foreign aid in the Civil War. Again and again had he gone to Continental Courts on that fruitless errand. Clarendon, who persistently undervalues Goffe's services, speaks of him: "The chief agent and confidant of my Lord Jermyn—a dexterous man, too, and could comply with all men in all the acts of good fellowship." It fell to his lot to break to Charles, then at The Hague, the news of his father's execution. After some general conversation, "he addressed him as your Majesty," when the young Prince, bursting into tears, rushed to his bedroom. Three years later Goffe entered the Roman Catholic communion. He had been in his youth one of the most advanced of High Churchmen. When chaplain to one of the English regiments in the Low Countries, he had given great offence to the Dutch Government by using the service of the Church of England according to the Laudian version. It was not wonderful, then, that he should have been driven by the calamities of the Anglican Church to seek refuge within the Roman obedience. Clarendon complains that he, just before his apostasy, had received £800 out of some money that had come into Charles's scantily-supplied exchequer; but Goffe made good use of all the money he got. In 1655

he was the head of a Parisian monastery, and was maintaining fourteen English clergymen at his own table. Many a starving Cavalier was indebted to his generous hospitality.

Meanwhile his brother John, who had been ejected from his Kentish living, and imprisoned for refusing the Covenant, had had the good fortune, through Major-General Goffe's influence, to get another good living near Sittingbourne, which he held till the Restoration, when he recovered his old parish of Hackington.

As the chaplain to the Queen-Dowager, Stephen Goffe was entrusted with the education of the little boy who was known as James Croft, afterwards the Duke of Monmouth. Goffe must have known Lucy Walter's relations very well, for they had been for the last three generations leading citizens of Haverfordwest. In Queen Elizabeth's reign William Walter, mercer, the son of John Walter of Roch, was three times Mayor. William Walter was married twice, his second wife being Alice Middleton, the sister of Sir Hugh Middleton of New River fame. Her first husband had been John Dolben of Haverfordwest. By him she had one son, William Dolben, Bishop-designate of Bangor, who died before he could be consecrated in 1631. His son John was Bishop of Rochester (1666-1683) and Archbishop of York (1683-1686). Alice Middleton's brother Charles, the fifth of the famous Middleton brotherhood, is described as "of Haverfordwest." He married one of the Haverfordwest Batemans, and his only son William, "citizen and merchant of London," was born at Haverfordwest. William Walter's elder brother Morris, the Squire of Roch, was the great-grandfather of the frail beauty whose son Charles Stuart acknowledged as his own. He might have been excused if he had less readily accepted the assurance of his mistress. Of Charles's countless amours, there was none more squalid than this, about which so much absurd

romance has gathered. Except that the girl was a native of Pembrokeshire and a member of a very respectable, though not very wealthy, county family, and spent most of her childhood at Rosemarket, the story has really nothing to do with the county. She was in no sense a victim of her princely paramour, for she was already a notoriously bad character when he made her acquaintance, probably at The Hague. James II., though certainly not an impartial witness, had some justification for his contention that Monmouth was really the son of Colonel Sydney. At any rate, the story of the black box that contained the marriage contract was ridiculous on the face of it. No doubt Charles was really attached to her and to the little boy; but her persistent and notorious unfaithfulness at last exhausted his forbearance. Her attempts to pose as his wife deceived nobody, and the notoriety which she contrived to give to her connection with him was very useful to the Protector's friends. "See what kind of a King and of a Court we shall have, if the Stuarts come back!"

Charles's friends looked at it in the same light. After an unsuccessful attempt to raise money in London on a bond given her by Charles for a handsome annuity, and a consequent imprisonment in the Tower, she went to Paris, sank to the level of a public prostitute, and died in a few months in great wretchedness and poverty.

Her brother, Richard Walter of Roch and Trefgarn, must have been thankful that she was known in London as Mistress Barlow. He was High Sheriff of Pembrokeshire in the year of his sister's death, 1657.

The only indication of a Royalist party in the county is the irritation caused by the enforcement of the law that forbade the holding of municipal offices by anyone who had borne arms for the King. The odium excited by this measure was chiefly directed against Sampson

Lort, as the real representative of the Cromwellian administration.

On the whole, the Cromwellian régime was milder than that of the more genuinely republican administration that preceded it. One little incident reveals the unpopularity of some of its officials. An Excise officer was carrying out his duties at Wiston. His servant was resisted, a crowd gathered, and the luckless Exciseman, striking in self-defence, according to his own account, killed one of the mob. At the Great Sessions he was convicted of murder and condemned to death. In his appeal for mercy to the Lord Protector, he pleaded that a revenue officer need expect no justice at the hands of a Pembrokeshire jury. His justification is somewhat weakened by his willingness to suffer any punishment short of death. This suggests that the verdict of the jury may not have been altogether unjustifiable. Anyhow, he was not hanged. There is also a memorial of some of the magistrates and others on behalf of a man at Angle, who was under sentence of death, and it is interesting to note how they relied on Cromwell's natural kindliness for the success of their appeal.

## II

In Pembrokeshire, as in other counties where the fortunes of war had been equally changeful, the hand of the Puritan evictor did not at first press heavily upon the Anglican clergy. Persistent "malignancy" was likely to exasperate the soldiers of Laugharne and Poyer, and perhaps their leaders as well—just as it would not have been safe for any Puritan clergyman to remain in a district swept by Gerard's ruthless ruffians; but it is not at all probable that there was any general proscription of Royalist clergymen, even after the close of the first war. The toleration shown to one so notoriously inefficient as William Ormond of St. Mary's, Haverfordwest, and the

fact that Dean Warren was allowed to retain his lectureship even during Laugharne's occupation of the town, are evidences of the reluctance of the victors to push the vanquished to the wall. Laugharne, Poyer, and Sir John Meyrick are expressly named by Richard Baxter as holding very moderate views on ecclesiastical questions, attached to the parochial system, and as strongly prejudiced in favour of ministers who had received episcopal ordination. That they made a few mistakes, and that they ejected some on the ground of "worldliness" against whom no immorality could be alleged, may also be admitted; but that they did much towards providing a really efficient ministry, and that they would have done more if their labours had not been cut short by the recall of the Stuarts, is equally certain.

Vavasor Powell and his friends could say with justifiable pride that by the time the Act (which was for three years) had expired the number of able and zealous ministers in the Principality was far greater than in the days before the war.

In spite of the great pains taken to secure a good supply of well-trained men for the parishes, the number was still inadequate. Again and again we find several parishes grouped under one pastor. The case of Haverfordwest will serve as an illustration. In the early part of 1651 the "Propagators" appointed Stephen Love, a well-known Puritan preacher, at a salary of £100, the maximum permitted by the Act. Love's arrival synchronized with the outbreak of the plague, and there being no other minister in the town, he threw all his energies into the fight with the pestilence and with the distress that came in its track. His parish lay outside the walls, and it is probable he was the guest of Mr. Herbert Perrot. The two parishes within the walls, and Prendergast on the east bank of the river, were pastorless. Apparently, as far as in him lay, Love ministered to the population of the town.

In the spring of 1656 he put forward a claim to St. Mary's, on the ground that he had been appointed minister of Haverfordwest, and not merely of St. Thomas's parish. The demand was addressed to the "Committee for ejecting of ignorant, scandelous, and inefficient ministers and schoolmasters in South Wales." On the Committee had devolved the duties of "the Propagators."

The Mayor that year was James Philipps of Tregibby, Member of Parliament and Councillor of State. The reply of the Corporation was signed by him. It conclusively disposes of Mr. Love's arguments. It was sufficient to point out that the sum of £100—£16 from the parish and £84 from other sources—was the utmost the Propagators could give, and that a living held by the Corporation was not at their disposal. Not content with this, the Mayor and Corporation argued that the Act did not apply to Haverfordwest, because, though it named the twelve counties of Wales and Monmouthshire, it did not name the county of Haverfordwest. The reply of the Committee was a decision in favour of the Corporation, but it contained the kindly suggestion that they should allow Mr. Love to supply St. Mary's as often as they could, and pay him for it. This letter is dated May 7. A few weeks later Stephen Love had ended his worries and his ministry. In September his widow, Deborah Love, was in London, whither she had gone to lay her case before the Protector and his Council. Her request for an annuity had been granted, and she now asked for a small sum to pay her expenses back to her children in Pembrokeshire, and this request was also successful.

On Love's death the situation in Haverfordwest was changed. The four parishes—Prendergast being added to the three town parishes—were united, and Adam Hawkin was put in charge, at a salary of £100, of which £51 was to come from the cathedral revenues. This refusal to fill up Love's place gave great offence to his old

hearers. In some way or other they formed themselves into a separate congregation, and secured the services of Peregrine Phillips, who, no doubt through the Owen influence, was now minister of Langum and Freystrop. This step must have been taken soon after Love's death, for in a letter in September, 1656, Mr. James Philipps urges the Council to deal justly " with Mr. Peregrine Phillips' people." Thus the earliest Nonconformist congregation in the county was the result of a secession from the Church of the Commonwealth. In the oldest church book of the Albany, Haverfordwest, the church founded by Peregrine Phillips in 1665, a list of deceased members is headed with the name of Stephen Love, the year of death being wrongly given as 1655.

The salary of £100 was, unfortunately, only promised, not guaranteed. The farmers of North Pembrokeshire were as reluctant to pay tithes in the seventeenth century as they were in the nineteenth, and when the £5 ceased to be paid Hawkin was in serious difficulties. His letters to the Mayor begging for advances or loans are written in a beautiful hand, and have, it must be confessed, a curiously modern flavour. For instance : " £5 will do me more good now than a hundred in a month's time." At length, in January, 1660, his difficulties came to a head. He had been driven to make an arrangement with his creditors, but before it could be carried out he was arrested, " to the great scandal of my person, ministry, and Gospel." He describes the officer who arrested him as " such a degraded fellow, as I suppose is not ye like in town." He reminds them that he receives " not a penye from anye particular man's purse in this parish, neither in St. Martin's parish." The reply of the Council is practically a disclaimer of any responsibility for his salary, while they endeavour to get him some money from a source not clearly indicated.

There were no Baptists as yet in Pembrokeshire.

The impulse given to the spread of that denomination dates from the adhesion of Vavasor Powell, which was probably not earlier than 1654. Vavasor Powell had been in Pembrokeshire as early as 1649, when there was some misunderstanding between him and the Mayor of Haverfordwest, William Williams, for which the latter thought it advisable to tender an explanation equivalent to a humble apology. There appears to be no trace of any later visit of Powell to the county. The year after Stephen Love's death George Fox paid his first visit to Pembrokeshire. The only places he names in his "Journal" are Tenby, Pembroke, and Haverfordwest. The only indication of the time of the year is that he was at Haverfordwest on the fair-day, which must have been either the May fair or the older July fair. There is nothing in the context to indicate which it was.

At Tenby, where he seems to have arrived on a Saturday evening, he accepted the invitation of a friendly justice of the peace, and held the meetings at his house. "The Mayor" (Richard Barrowe) "and his wife, and several of the chief of the town," attended the service. There would have been no trouble if his companion, John ap John, had not gone to Tenby Church while George was at the meeting, and stood up with his hat on in the service. This must have tried the patience of good John Carver, the minister, and of his congregation. Ap John was arrested, and the Governor sent for George Fox, to the great annoyance of his host and the Mayor. George Fox could not see why his friend should not wear one hat as well as the parson wear two caps, and coolly told the Governor he was "in the Reprobation." However, his plain speaking and his host's influence prevailed, and John ap John was released.

At Pembroke "he had some service for the Lord." At Haverfordwest they "had a great meeting, and all was quiet." "The Lord's power came over all. . . . They

stand a precious meeting to this day. Next day being their fair day, we passed through, and sounded the day of the Lord and His everlasting truths amongst them."

There is nothing to show who was the justice of the peace referred to at Tenby. If Sampson Lort, who is usually described as of "Eastmoor Manorbier," had a house in Tenby, the identification would be easy, for by this time Lort's son-in-law, Charles Lloyd of Dolobran, Merionethshire, had become a Quaker, and his wife had shared his change of faith.

In the early part of 1659 Elizabeth Holme, a Quaker missioner, laboured with great success in South Pembrokeshire, but at Haverfordwest the meeting at William Bateman's house was interrupted, and Elizabeth and her friend, Alice Burkett, were committed to gaol till the Easter Quarter Sessions, when they were acquitted, and informed that their imprisonment was due to Hawkin, who had called to see them in the prison and express his sympathy, a piece of hypocrisy for which the prisoners rated him soundly at the time, and the magistrates at the Quarter Sessions.

Lewis Barron soon after committed Elizabeth Holme to prison a second time. So the next Sunday afternoon, as he was coming out of St. Mary's, he was confronted by Alice Burkett, exclaiming, "O Mayor, Mayor! is this thy Sabbath, to put people in prison?" The sequel was that Alice was sent to keep her friend company; but after a couple of days she was simply sent out of town, the constable releasing her as soon as they had gone far enough. The warrant, now among the Corporation papers, confirms Alice Burkett's story in every point; apparently Elizabeth Holme was also released.

The time was at hand when the Quakers would find that, if the Puritans now and then scourged them with whips, the Cavaliers would scourge with scorpions.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE RESTORATION

### I

THE recall of the Stuarts was inevitable from the day when the officers compelled Richard Cromwell to abdicate. The strength of the edifice Oliver had reared may be judged from the way it remained standing through the year of anarchy. The election to the Convention Parliament was signalized in Haverfordwest by the presentation of a successful petition against the member returned.

The choice of a Member of Parliament was regarded as lying with the Council almost as completely as that of the Mayor. To them Sir John Stepney addressed his letter of thanks in 1640, and to them, in 1645, General Laugharne addressed his recommendation of Sir Robert Needham. Sir Robert, who was probably the gentleman whom John Evelyn designates " my relation," and who was the father of " Mrs. Middleton, that famous and, indeed, incomparable beauty," and perhaps of the young woman who preceded Henrietta Wentworth as the mistress of Monmouth, was excluded in 1648, but regarded himself still as the rightful member.

Upton, who is more difficult to identify than Needham, was recommended for the Protectorate Parliament by James Philipps of Tregibby.

The course of the counter-revolution of 1660 brought back Sir Robert Needham for a few days to Westminster ;

then the declaration of Monk for a "Free Parliament" threw the nation into a fever of excitement.

For the seat at Haverfordwest there were many candidates. Needham and Upton soon dropped out of the running.

Laugharne, the original sponsor for Needham, and Philipps, the nominator of Upton, were both on the look-out. The long abuses of Laugharne, who would otherwise have been a strong candidate, told against him, though his wife gallantly pleaded his cause. James Philipps was the man who had the strongest claim; for many years he had been the most powerful man in West Wales. At Haverfordwest the Council were eager to gratify his every wish. His relationship to Picton Castle might be expected to tell in his favour, while there was no Commonwealth man whose reputation for integrity and disinterestedness stood higher with his political opponents. That he expected to succeed is very clear.

The Mayor's letter of April 3 was hearty enough, promising to get him all the votes they could. Two days later there was an ominous change of tone. "Mr. William Philipps is in the field; if you both start, Mr. Lort will step in between you." The "County Court" was fixed for the 10th.

On the 9th the Mayor wrote once more. William Philipps was bent on going to the poll, and Sir John Stepney was backing him up, while Picton's influence was also being exerted for him. To make matters worse, William Philipps alleged that his cousin of Cardigan Priory had suggested his candidature. What truth there was in all this it is impossible to say; but James Philipps abandoned his candidature in disgust. It did not follow that William Philipps would be returned. Nearly all the friends of the "good old cause" would rally round him, and there was only too much reason to fear the issue. The Mayor and Aldermen resolved that the

Sheriff must refuse Sampson Lort's nomination. This was accordingly done, although he had "a majority of about sixteen voices." His nomination was refused, and William Philipps declared duly elected.

Fraudulent returns were notoriously numerous in the elections to this Convention Parliament, but anything more impudent it would be difficult to imagine. Sampson Lort of course petitioned, and even a Royalist House of Commons could not refuse to investigate such a return. But the plot had answered its object. One of the most unscrupulous and obstinate of Cavaliers had sat as the representative of Haverfordwest, and for some months his execrable handwriting had informed the Council of the progress of events. About the beginning of July the case was heard, and the election declared void.

This case is a curious inversion of facts, and Sampson Lort, the ex-captive of the soldiers of the "Rump," came back with a royal letter recommending him to the constituency; but the bitter memories of wrongs, real or fancied, under the rule of the army could not thus be effaced, and Sampson Lort never won the seat for which he fought so hard. Still, the imagination is fascinated by the picture of that memorable day when the old soldiers of Colby Moor and many another fight, with all to whom the years of the Puritan revolution were precious, rallied round their leader, and gave him the votes which made him the rightful, but not the actual, Member for Haverfordwest. Roger Lort obtained a baronetcy, which became extinct on the death of his grandson Gilbert, the third Baronet, in 1698, when, through his sister marrying, the broad lands of the Vernons and the Lorts passed to the head of the great House of Campbell. His daughter married Charles Lloyd of Dolobran, in Merionethshire. Charles Lloyd, like his father-in-law, was a highly educated man, and his adhesion and that of his brother greatly strengthened Quakerism in North Wales. Charles's

wife shared her husband's imprisonment in Dolgelly Gaol. The brethren founded Lloyds' Bank, and the well-known name of Sampson Lloyd perpetuates the descent from the Pembrokeshire squire.

## II

It was not until the dissolution of the Parliament that had recalled the Stuarts that the full extent of the reaction became manifest. Even amid the delirium of loyalty that took possession of the nation in the spring of 1660, there were very many constituencies besides Haverfordwest where the success of the Royalist candidate was only secured by deliberate fraud. Of this Buckinghamshire was a notorious example. None who knew the county doubted that Richard Hampden would (but for the unfairness of the officials) have been returned triumphantly, and would have brought in his colleague with him. Had the Long Parliament bequeathed to the country a reformed electoral system such as the wisest members of the " Rump " had contemplated, and as had been adopted more or less completely at the elections to the Parliaments of the Protectorate, many of the disastrous results of the Royalist victors would have been averted. With the General Election of 1661 the triumph of the Cavalier party was complete. Embittered by the memories of the Puritan military oppression, they were prepared to take their full revenge on their vanquished opponents. One prominent result of the Restoration, and of its ecclesiastical policy embodied in the Act of Uniformity and the Acts which formed its corollaries, was the breach between the landed gentry and Puritanism. The political traditions of Puritanism were not wholly sacrificed, but on the religious side the breach was irreparable. Until the Civil War there had been no Protestant Dissent in Pembrokeshire. Afterwards there were middle-class

and working-class Dissenters on whom the persecutor, whether clergyman or Tory squire, could wreak his spite under the form of law; but the squires, Tory or Whig, were Churchmen to a man.

It was on the Quakers that the storm broke first, for the existing laws were in their case sufficient for the purposes. On August 6, 1661, Lewis David of Llanddewi Velfrey, and his wife, with four of their neighbours, were committed to prison till the next assizes. Refusing to give security that they would attend no more meetings, they were recommitted. In September Thomas Symons of Puncheston, and his wife Jane, with their three sons and five of their neighbours, were brought to the same prison. They "were imprisoned among felons and murderers, who picked their pockets, took away their food, and in every way abused them.

On September 21 William Bateman, at whose house the meetings were usually held, was arrested, with his wife and five of their neighbours. Refusing to give bail that they would hold no more meetings, they were committed to the town gaol, where they remained till the autumn assizes of the next year, when the men were fined £5 and the women 4 marks—£2 13s. 4d. each. Refusing to pay, they were imprisoned another three months, except Bateman, whose fine was levied on his household goods. Later, in 1661, while they were in prison, four other men were taken at a meeting at Bateman's; three of them were committed to gaol; the fourth—Richard Poole—was ordered to be kept in prison "till the wind served to send him to Ireland, where he dwelt, then to be whipt and sent thither." In August five women were arrested at Haverfordwest and committed to prison for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. In the same town in September two men and four women were taken on their way to the meeting, and committed to prison for some days. In January, 1663, James Picton, after four months in Carmarthen

Castle for refusing to take an oath, was removed to Haverfordwest Gaol, where he remained till 1672.

At the spring assizes of 1663 the prisoners from Llanddewi Velfrey and Puncheston, after an imprisonment covering two winters in a fireless room, "having no place to make any fire in," were acquitted by the jury on the ground of "insufficient evidence." Whether the verdict was "according to the evidence" or not, it was a righteous pronouncement.

The record of sufferings bravely endured becomes meritorious. One method of persecuting was the levying of excessive distraints, either for fines or for the tithes, which the conscience of the Friends would not permit them to pay.

In 1670, for £8 of tithes demanded from their persons, £25 worth of goods were seized. In that year there was great suffering from the enforcement of fines. Lewis David of Llanddewi Velfrey, for a fine of £20, had £60 worth of goods seized, and sold for £16, leaving £4 still due. In Narberth there were many sufferers. In 1673 so much corn was taken by the clergyman's servants from Henry Lewis of Redstone that he had to buy corn for the use of his family. Tenby had its full quota of resisters. Rudbaxton, Prendergast, Spittal, Uzmaston, Wiston, are all named. The Symons family of Puncheston, undaunted by their cruel sufferings, suffered distraint again and again. The old lady, Jane Symons, who survived her husband refused the Church Rate in 1676. In 1684 there were more than twenty imprisoned at Haverfordwest for "absence from the national Church." But one martyr must not be forgotten. In 1686 Hugh Lloyd of Haverfordwest died a prisoner for his testimony against swearing. It is easy to understand why the Quakers of Pembrokeshire furnished so large a proportion of the first colonists of Pennsylvania.

Pembrokeshire names are thick in the map of the rising

colony, and Haverford College commemorates the attachment of their exiles for conscience' sake to the memories of their old home on the banks of the Cleddau.

The drain of its life-blood by the emigration proved fatal to the Quakerism of the county. The graveyards, dating from the earliest days of the society, are now almost its only memorials in the county. The Mount, near Haverfordwest, where the Stokes family of Hean Castle were brought for burial on into the nineteenth century, was in use as early as 1662.

## III

The story of Pembrokeshire Nonconformity as it survived the persecution—that is, of the beginning of the Independent and Baptist denominations—is better known. To be told to any good purpose it requires far more space than can be assigned.

Adam Hawkin bolted from Haverfordwest to his home at Mullut's Farm and his St. Ishmael's "Parish" as soon as the Restoration was an accomplished fact. His pecuniary embarrassment no doubt quickened his departure. When the Act of 1662 came into effect there were eleven ejectments in Pembrokeshire, and of those, three—Stephen Young of Rhoscrowther, David Williams from Dewsland, and Thomas Francis—afterwards conformed. Hawkin lingered out his life in ignominious quiet in a corner of St. Ishmael's parish.

No curse need be pronounced on those who returned to the Anglican fold. The apparent remoteness of the points at issue prevented many from grasping the significance of the principles at stake. Many Puritan ministers remained within the Church, and others resumed their place within it without doing any conscious violence to their convictions. Some, indeed, who had been denounced as unfitted by lack of education for the ministry,

were among the Conformists. It is somewhat curious that one of those who ultimately conformed was Stephen Young, who was charged with being among the guards of the scaffold at the King's execution.

Bywater of Pembroke returned to Bristol, and Christopher Jackson of Lampeter Velfrey is said to have died not many years after in London. John Carver of Tenby, Morgan Thomas of Mathry, and Thomas Hughes of Begelly, have left nothing more than the memory of their faithfulness. History and tradition have alike neglected them to pay their tributes to the memory of Peregrine Phillips. The facts that history has preserved are comparatively few. There is some uncertainty even about the farmhouse which Sir Herbert Perrot placed at his disposal. It was probably in 1665 that he formed into a church those to whom he had continued to minister privately in the Word and doctrine. But his footsteps were incessantly dogged by persecution. In the days of the Puritan rule he had been noted for his kindliness of heart and his readiness to shield Episcopalian ministers from disturbance, but for him there was no peace. The Five Mile Act was put in force against him, and there is a story that the High Sheriff, a Mr. Howard, by whose orders the cattle were seized for the fine, when on his death-bed asked and obtained Mr. Phillips's forgiveness. There may be some foundation for the story, but, if the names are given correctly, Howard must have been a Deputy-Sheriff. It is admitted that the cattle were not returned. The two public disputations that he carried on at Carmarthen, one of them with his old priest and tutor, Dr. Thomas, the Bishop of St. David's, were no doubt responsible for the malignancy with which he was pursued. Two imprisonments, the first of which endangered his life, and a series of fines and outlawries, show that he was especially obnoxious to the ruling powers. Bishop Thomas has obtained credit for a mildness and

personal friendliness towards the deprived minister of which there is no trace in his correspondence. In 1672 Mr. Phillips was one of two Pembrokeshire ministers who availed themselves of the Declaration of Indulgence, the other being a Mr. Jones, in the neighbourhood of Cilgerran. But soon the persecution was renewed. In 1683 he had to go into hiding at the time of Monmouth's rebellion. In 1687, when peace came at last, although in questionable shape, Peregrine Phillips established an evening service in Haverfordwest, while holding the Sunday morning service at Dredgeman Hill. As far back as 1664 he had established a branch church at Trefgarn Owen in Brawdy parish.

His assistant pastor, John Luntley the "miller," Rector of Nolton and Llanstadwell, had died in 1672. Peregrine Phillips survived to see the great deliverance of 1688, dying three years after at Dredgeman Hill.

Of humbler sufferers among the rank and file, if there were any, there is no record. To the Quakers belong the chief glory of the martyrology of Pembrokeshire Nonconformists.

## IV

The secular history of the county from 1660 to the Revolution is singularly bare of evidence. The dispute between the Tenby Corporation and Captain Cettle over Narberth Market—a dispute from which the lawyers reaped the most benefit—was one of the chief events. Every now and then the bells were rung for victories over the Dutch, and the naval wars brought some business to Milford Haven and Tenby. The Duke of Beaufort's progress in 1684 made no little fuss, as in other parts of the Principality.

A series of transactions of which little is known would be of greater political interest. In 1644 the Court made a determined attack on the Haverfordwest charters.

William Wogan of Boulston, afterwards Sir William Wogan, who had sat for the town in the two Parliaments, was appealed to for his advice by the Council, who knew that there were traitors in the ranks. The descendants of William Williams, the Mayor in 1648, were in league with the Court. This conspiracy against their ancient liberties explains, if any explanation is needed, the enthusiasm with which Haverfordwest hailed the Revolution of 1688 and supported the new dynasty.

# Book V

## CHAPTER I

### AFTER THE REVOLUTION

FROM the English Revolution to the French epoch, 1688-1789, the secular history of Pembrokeshire circles round the chronicles of two families—the Philippses of Picton and the Owens of Orielton. Down to the third decade of the eighteenth century the Wogans and the Laugharnes are more or less prominent, but then they drop out, and for the remainder of the period Pembrokeshire is politically little more than a cock-pit, in which the rival houses fought their battles. From the time of the first Baronet till the end of the Stuart period the Picton family are content to play a secondary part in local politics; loyal to the cause of the constitution and religious liberty, they were never prominent in the fray. This comparative self-effacement was doubtless due to the personal temperament of Sir Richard, the second Baronet, which was inherited by his son, Sir Erasmus. The share Sir Erasmus took in the local administration under the Protectorate is evidence of the strength of his Puritanism on both its religious and its political side. A descendant of the youngest son of the first Baronet played an active and perilous part in 1688, undertaking the distribution of the Prince of Orange's manifesto among the soldiers of the royal army—a service for which he was very inadequately rewarded with the government of Nova Scotia. The Picton baronetcy is

now held by his descendant, Sir James Erasmus Philipps, whose sons represent (1906) both Pembrokeshire and the Pembroke boroughs.

Sir Erasmus was married twice. By the first marriage he had only daughters. His eldest son by the second marriage, Edward, Sheriff in 1691, married the heiress of the Carons, and so united the Kilgetty property to the Picton estate. This considerably augmented the local influence of the House of Picton. The arrival of the "Black Hundred," as the Kilgetty freemen were called, turned the scale in many a Parliamentary or municipal contest.

Edward Philipps died in 1694 without issue, and the estate which his marriage had augmented passed to his younger brother, John, who succeeded his father as fourth Baronet.

Under him the Picton influence became as powerful as it had been in the days of his great-grandfather. His well-known sobriquet of "the Good Sir John" is hardly fair to a family who for generations had maintained a high standard of public and private morality; but it marks the deep impression which he made on his contemporaries. No act of his life belied the reputation he had earned. True as his forefathers had been to the cause of constitutional freedom, he threw himself heartily into the movements of every kind which were preparing the way for the great religious awakening of the eighteenth century.

His connection with Sir Robert Walpole, whose first wife was his relation, gave him additional weight in official circles. The friend and patron of George Whitefield, whom he helped with money in his University career, the effective helper of his brother-in-law Griffith Jones, who owed to him his living of Llandowror, he rendered through this, incalculable service to the Methodism of whose humblest beginning he was an eyewitness.

His care for his family bore fruit in the sons who maintained the religious traditions of the Puritan home in which they had been trained.

## CHAPTER II

### THE EVANGELICAL REVIVAL

NORTH and South Pembrokeshire were alike profoundly influenced by the evangelical revival. The essential unity of the movement in this bilingual county was illustrated when the leaders of Welsh and English Methodism worked together in harmony, and Calvinistic and Arminian Methodism flourished side by side; while the religious life of the community was enriched by the presence of a third element—Moravianism—which had played so important a part in the development of the revival in England, but in the Principality obtained a permanent footing only in Pembrokeshire. The first Pembrokeshire Methodist was a Welshman, a native of Kemes, who was one of the earliest members of the Godly Club at Oxford, and lived for years on terms of the closest friendship with the Wesley family, but eventually quitted the Church of England for the Unitas Fratrum, became a Moravian Bishop, and spent the last three years of his life as pastor of the Moravian congregation at Haverfordwest.

The Gambolds were a remarkable family. The absurd legend that derives their name from David Gam, the half-mythical hero of Agincourt, is at least evidence of their purely Welsh descent.

William Gambold, the father of the future Bishop, was born at Cardigan in 1672 " of respectable parents, who, intending him for the ministry, brought him up in school

learning." They were in sufficiently good circumstances to send him to Oxford, where he was entered at Exeter College.

Here he made the acquaintance of Edward Lhuyd, who was the Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. The friendship of the distinguished antiquary could not fail to stimulate patriotic interest in the language and literature of Wales. In Gibson's edition of Camden's "Britannia," which appeared in 1695, there are extensive "additions" to the sections dealing with Wales. These supplementary chapters were written by Edward Lhuyd, and for some of the facts thus added he gives as his authority his friend William Gambold, of Exeter College. After a few years' work as a curate, Gambold became the Rector of Puncheston and Llanychaer, near Fishguard. To the filial piety of his distinguished son we owe an exquisite portrait of him as a father and a pastor. He was one of the small, yet not uninfluential, minority who in a latitudinarian age were faithful to the best traditions of Puritanism, even within a Church that had cast out the name of the Puritans as evil. Among these traditions was a high standard of pastoral duty, and Gambold was a model pastor as well as an able and painstaking preacher.

Equally pleasing is the picture of his home-life. Among the cherished memories of John Gambold's childhood were those of the family worship at the rectory, when the Psalms were sung so heartily and the prayers were so real and earnest, and of the Sundays, observed as they were with the strictness that in a well-ordered Puritan household made the first day of the week the happiest of the seven.

After making every allowance for the possible exaggeration of filial affection, we have in the letters from which these extracts are taken a life-like presentation of a man of exceptional abilities and attainments, bearing up bravely against the trials of straitened means and failing

health; conscious of his intellectual strength and equipment, yet zealously discharging the duties of a narrow and uncongenial sphere. Nor was this life of obscure and arduous toil without its recompense. While his diligence as a pastor was not unrewarded by success, his careful training of his family bore rich fruit. We have suffered of late from a Caledonian epidemic in the departments of biography and fiction, and the ideals of Scottish religious life have been presented to us with all the resources of literary art; but no Scottish manse ever gave to the world a nobler band of brothers than those who went forth from that humble Pembrokeshire parsonage.

William Gambold felt the narrowness of his means much more keenly because it prevented him from rendering to his countrymen the literary service for which he was eminently qualified. In 1707 the first volume of his friend's *magnum opus* appeared, and in the same year Gambold commenced the compilation of a Welsh-English dictionary. Two years later Edward Lhuyd died, and the first volume of the "Archæologia Britannica" proved to be also the last; but Gambold continued his patriotic toil, and in 1722 the dictionary was completed. To print it was an undertaking beyond his means. He had, however, prepared also a grammar of the language, and his first venture was the publication by subscription of this little book—the first Welsh grammar ever published for the use of English students. It is a small volume of about 140 pages, exclusive of prefatory matter. The printer, Nicholas Thomas of Carmarthen, had already printed three or four books, the first being "Llun Agrippa"—*i.e.*, the Portrait of Agrippa—a translation from the English, published in 1723. The list of subscribers includes Bishop Smallbrook and his predecessor, Bishop Ottley, and also Browne Willis and Dr. Conyers Middleton.

The title-page bears the date 1727, and there is ap-

pended an advertisement of the dictionary, which is offered to subscribers at the modest price of 17s. But the response was not encouraging, and the lonely scholar who had so bravely and successfully grappled with his herculean task was unable to give to his countrymen the fruit of his fifteen years of strenuous, self-denying labour. "His sedentary life had brought upon him a complication of distempers which terminated in a gradual decay." On September 13, 1728, he entered into his well-earned rest.

John, the eldest son, who was born on April 11, 1711, was only seventeen when his father died, but he had already been two years at Christ Church, Oxford, and the liberality of his father's friends enabled him to continue his University career. His bereavement, the consequent breaking up of the old home at Puncheston, and the uncertainty of his future, plunged him into deep melancholy, which no effort of his many friends could dissipate. At length, early in 1730, attracted by the rumours of the religious eccentricities of Charles Wesley, who was also a Christ Church man, he sought his acquaintance, and was induced to join the small band who were known among their scoffing fellow-Oxonians as the "Holy Club," and sometimes as the "Methodists." John Wesley's accession had just raised their number to four, and thus the Pembrokeshire undergraduate was the fifth to enter the little fellowship of which he was the youngest member.

Several years passed before the "Methodist Society" became the fountain-head of a great national revival of religion, and it was still later before the "revival" made any deep impression on Pembrokeshire.

Here, as elsewhere, a certain amount of preparatory work was done by the "circulating schools" of Griffith Jones of Llandowror. Thomas of Puncheston, William Gambold's successor, took an active interest in these

schools. In 1737, out of thirty-seven schools with a total of 2,400 scholars, ten were in Pembrokeshire. These were all Welsh schools. The English-speaking population of South Wales were not yet included in Griffith Jones's field of operations. The education given was of the most rudimentary kind. "It is the single business," wrote their founder in 1746, "of these schools to teach the scholars the Word of God, to pray in the name of Christ, to learn the Church Catechism, and the principles of religion with some Psalm tunes. We do not meddle with teaching any of them writing and cyphering, which would require more time than their circumstances, and more expense than my little cash can afford."

Meanwhile the fire which had been simultaneously kindled at Trevecca in Breconshire and Llangeitho in Cardiganshire was spreading through the land. In the winter of 1739 Howel Harris passed through North Pembrokeshire from the Tivyside to St. David's. In the little "city" the year before, one of the circulating Church schools had been maintained for several months with very good results, many who could not afford to attend in the daytime coming evening after evening to the night-school. Though his brief preaching tour was attended with much success, Howel Harris does not appear to have revisited Pembrokeshire before the winter of 1742.

In the interval a young curate named Howell Davies had been doing a great work in the north and north-east of the county. It was the day of young preachers. Harris was only twenty-five when he came to St. David's, and Davies was three years younger. Of Davies's early life little seems to be known,* but he had become acquainted with Griffith Jones, who had undertaken to prepare him for the ministry of the Established Church. Like some others of Jones's pupils, he had obtained

* He is said to have been a native of Monmouthshire.

ordination without going to a University. His pulpit gifts were unquestionable, but his impulsive and erratic conduct gave the good old Rector no little uneasiness.

"I am sorry I cannot fix him in his studies. I see he will continue as ignorant and disorderly as any of the crowd when he parts with me. . . . It is the cry of the crowd which he will be governed by which grieves me very much for his own sake."

The truth was that Griffith Jones could not quite comprehend the spirit of the new movement, to the success of which his own educational and ministerial work contributed so largely. In later years he knew more of the Methodist leaders, and understood them better.

The summer and autumn of 1742 had been spent by Howel Harris in London, where he had been acting as Whitefield's *locum tenens* during his absence in Scotland. During his stay in London the revival had seemed to be growing cold. His return to Wales was followed by a fresh outburst of religious enthusiasm. It was the second great wave of the movement that stirred Pembrokeshire from one end to the other. On December 5 Howel Harris was at Llangeitho with Rowlands. The next Sunday he preached at one of Howell Davies's two churches to, "I believe, 5,000 at least—one of the greatest auditories I ever saw in Wales." Davies himself was from home "among the English," which probably means in South-East Pembrokeshire. Harris heard "amazing accounts of the power with Brother Howell Davies, and more especially among the English in the county (the half whereof is English)." That week he preached at Fishguard and St. David's, and next Sunday he spent at Llandowror on his way home to Trevecca for Christmas. What he had seen and heard in Pembrokeshire had made a deep impression on his mind, and as soon as he was at liberty he came back to the promising field of labour. On March 16 he preached "on the shores

of the far-famed Milford Haven." Next day he preached four times, one sermon being at Haverfordwest, " where none of us ever were before." He returned to Glamorganshire to attend the second conference of the Welsh Methodists. Howell Davies, whom he had met for the first time in the previous December, was also present. The minds of both were full of the fields white to the harvest in English Pembrokeshire, and Whitefield was prevailed upon to come down immediately after the conference. This time Whitefield spent but a few days in West Wales.

The huge congregations reminded him of his largest English audiences. Sunday morning, April 17, at Llys-y-fran, one of Howell Davies's churches, he had, " as it were, a Moorfields congregation," and in the evening he had " about the same number at Haverfordwest." The day before he had preached at Jeffreston " to several thousands very like the Kingswood colliers." In the congregation there was a young man named Relly, who had come to disturb the service, but, fascinated by Whitefield's eloquence, remained to listen. Completely forgotten as the brothers Relly have long been in their native county, the conversion of James Relly was sufficient of itself to make Whitefield's first visit to Pembrokeshire a memorable event. The tragic story of James Relly's life, and the permanent results of his brother John's work in South Pembrokeshire, make one of the most interesting chapters in the religious history of the county. Whitefield came again in June, 1749, in July, 1752, in May, 1753, and in June, 1758. Extraordinary statements are made as to the numbers who listened to him on these visits. On one occasion his congregation was estimated at fifteen thousand, and on another at nearly twenty thousand. Such numbers are obviously mere guesses, but they are evidence of the profound impression made upon the spectators by the sight of the vast crowds who were listening to the

marvellous music of the great preacher's voice. Whitefield's sixth and last visit was in the early summer of 1767. Though only fifty-two, he was now a worn-out old man, and so was Howell Davies, who was two years younger. There had been in these men's lives a prodigality of strength and energy that would have taxed the resources of the most robust constitution, and neither George Whitefield nor Howell Davies was robust. Compared with Whitefield's earlier preaching tours, this visit to Haverfordwest must have seemed a holiday trip. A fortnight's work was represented by two Sunday morning services at Haverfordwest and two weekday services—one at Woodstock, and the other at Pembroke. The Haverfordwest congregations were enormous. "Thousands and thousands were there by eight o'clock in the morning," he wrote after the first of these services. The Whit-Sunday congregation was asserted in a London newspaper to have been over ten thousand. The subsequent history of the revival in Pembrokeshire can be only briefly summarized here.

1. *Howell Davies and the Methodist Association.*—The chief business of the conferences of the Welsh Methodists which were held at Watford, near Caerphilly, in 1743, was the organization of the work carried on by Harris, Rowlands, Davies, and their numerous helpers. Whitefield accepted the office of Moderator or President, with Howel Harris as permanent deputy. Howell Davies was made superintendent of the Pembrokeshire societies, and the county divided into districts. Each district was entrusted to one of the exhorters, who was to work under the directions of the County Superintendent. Around the name of one of these district superintendents—John Harries of St. Kenox, who had charge of the societies in Dungleddy—a semi-mythical tradition has gathered, due, probably, to his having been confused with another John Harries, a Methodist preacher, whose work lay chiefly in

the north of the county, and who was somewhat later in date. A letter of John Harries of St. Kenox to Howel Harris tells of the persecution which he encountered in Tenby, where he had gone on a missionary errand. That was in 1745. The stout-hearted farmer-evangelist, whom no persecution could daunt, was destined to endure the far bitterer trial of excommunication by his Methodist brethren; but that belongs to another section of our narrative. Howell Davies was for many years the ruling spirit of Pembrokeshire Methodism, both Welsh and English. His relations to the Established Church are difficult to understand.

He is described in the "Life of the Countess of Huntingdon" as Rector of Prendergast, which he certainly was not; but he was at one time in charge of the services there, apparently after the severance of his connection with the parish of Llys-y-fran. The most probable date of his ministry in Prendergast was in the years between 1743 and 1750. He had a house in Prendergast, and his second wife was a Miss White of that parish. To his first wife, who was considerably older than himself, he was indebted for his residence at Parke, on the Carmarthenshire border. In addition to the extraordinary labours which earned for him the title of the "Apostle of Pembrokeshire," he was one of the regular supplies at Whitefield's London Tabernacle, and a frequent preacher in the chapels of the Countess of Huntingdon, as well as in those belonging to what was known as the "Tabernacle Connexion."

In his Pembrokeshire work of evangelization, teaching, and oversight, he was assisted by several helpers, who were known as "Mr. Howell Davies's young men"; but the burden was more than his strength could bear. In the sixth decade of the century he was no longer what he had been. The visits of Howel Harris, which had become more frequent, were necessitated by the failing

health of his old friend, and his personality seems to overshadow that of the County Superintendent, who was no longer able to deal with the difficulties and worries inseparable from the care of all the churches. One morning William Gambold, the only one of the Puncheston brothers who remained a Methodist to the last, rode over from Llawhaden to Parke to visit his sick friend. The worn-out veteran, being asked if he had any message for the societies, said: "I think my labour is over, and I suppose I have no more to do now for my Master; but though I am gone from amongst you, I am satisfied that the Lord will be with you. But only I caution you to take care that there be no divisions amongst yourselves; then I believe He will stand by you, and you shall find Him with you as formerly."

The end was at hand. On January 13, 1770, he died. Traditions still linger of the great funeral procession that escorted his honoured remains from Parke to Haverfordwest. He was buried at Prendergast. There beside the porch of the old church the Apostle of Pembrokeshire was laid to rest amid the weeping of the vast multitude. Many of them could remember the days of his early ministry there, when church and churchyard were thronged with men and women waiting to receive the Sacrament from the hands of their spiritual father.

2. *John Gambold and the Moravians.*—William Gambold left five sons. Of one of these nothing appears to be known. The others were John, William, George, and Hector. It was Hector who first joined the Unitas Fratrum, more generally known as the Moravian Church, and it was he who induced his eldest brother to take the same step. John's high character and exceptional attainments had procured him the favour of admission to Orders before he had reached the legal age of twenty-three, and as soon as it was legally possible he had been made Rector of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire. His sister had been

his housekeeper, and for a while Kezziah Wesley, John Wesley's youngest sister, had lived with them. Like the Wesleys, he had passed through more than one phase of religious thought and experience before he embraced the doctrines known as Evangelical. Unfortunately, one result of his adhesion to Moravianism was an estrangement from his old Oxford friends, who themselves had been for a while connected with the Moravian Society in Fetter Lane, but had since withdrawn. His resignation of his living in 1742 moved the indignation of the Wesley brothers, and the breach became irreparable.

Early next year he married and returned to Pembrokeshire, where he opened a school in Market Street, Haverfordwest. It was just after Whitefield's first visit, but Gambold kept aloof from the Methodists, though he frequently preached in the churches of the neighbourhood. He was not a popular preacher, but was greatly esteemed for his rare combination of rich scholarship with fervent, childlike piety. His stay was short—little more than eighteen months—and he was back in London before the Christmas of 1744, but it led to important results. Although the Moravian leaders would have indignantly repudiated any charge of sympathy with the views of John Wesley, yet his Arminianism was not more repugnant to orthodox Calvinists than was the Moravian type of theology and the Moravian ideal of the religious life. Yet contact with Moravianism in the person of its most cultured and most spiritually-minded English exponent could not fail to make an impression on the more thoughtful of the Methodist workers. The school in Market Street was carried on by George Gambold, and George Gambold married the sister of John Harries of St. Kenox. His connection with the Gambold family influenced John Harries profoundly. He had early relinquished his superintendentship of the Dungleddy district, but was still one of the leading exhorters. Gradually

there arose suspicions of his orthodoxy, and at last he was disowned by the associated preachers. Though feeling deeply the injustice of this treatment, Harries appears to have submitted to their decision in dignified silence; but there were many who sympathized with him, and among them was his brother-in-law, George Gambold. The visit of Beaumont, a well-known West of England evangelist, who had attached himself to the Moravians, strengthened the feeling of dissatisfaction with the rigid Calvinism that ruled in the councils of the Methodists. Eventually several of the members of the Methodist Society which met in a house in City Road, Haverfordwest, separated themselves, and commenced a meeting for worship on the first-floor of a warehouse in Quay Street. Of this little company the leading members were George Gambold and John Sparks, the son of one of the principal shopkeepers.

More important, perhaps, than the preaching of Beaumont was the arrival of John Cennick, who, like Beaumont, had become a Moravian. Cennick's hymns, which are found in every modern hymn-book, have rescued his name from oblivion; yet he was far more than a writer of sacred songs. It must have been no ordinary man who, after separating himself first from the Wesleys and then from Whitefield, retained the esteem and affection of both leaders. If he "attained not to the first three," yet he had no other superior among the first generation of Methodist preachers. He stayed less than two years in Pembrokeshire (1751-1753), but his memory was reverently cherished in every part of the county. The attendance in Quay Street gradually increased, and at length, in August, 1763, John Gambold, who in 1754 had been chosen a Bishop of the Unitas Fratrum for the oversight of the brethren in Great Britain and Ireland, came down to constitute the little society as an organized "congregation." George Gambold had died in 1755, his

wife having preceded him. Sparks was still the most active worker and chief exhorter of the flock who had gathered round him. John Harries, who, after remaining several years in painful isolation, had joined the Moravians, was dying of consumption at St. Kenox. Two months later he died, and was brought to Haverfordwest to be buried in St. Thomas's Churchyard beside his sister and her husband. The body was first taken to the Moravian Hall in Quay Street, where a funeral sermon was preached by Nyberg, the newly appointed pastor. Nyberg was a Swede by birth, and had been originally a clergyman in the Lutheran Church, to which in his old age he returned, after many years of successful labour among the brethren both in England and America. Under his pastorate the Haverfordwest congregation continued to prosper, and in 1765 they removed to their present premises in St. Thomas's Green. The chapel was rebuilt in the eighteenth century, but the old-fashioned manse remains substantially what it was in the days of Nyberg. In 1768 Nyberg was removed to Leominster, and Bishop Gambold came as his successor. Gambold was in bad health, and it was fondly hoped that his native air would restore him. He lingered for three years, becoming gradually more infirm. In September, 1771, he was laid to rest in the burial-ground behind the chapel. A plain flat stone, recently relettered at the expense of the late Dean Howell of St. David's, marks his resting-place. St. Thomas's Churchyard has been explored in vain for any trace of the spot where George Gambold and John Harries lie side by side.

Two years after the Bishop's death his sacred tragedy "Ignatius," written at Stanton Harcourt, was published for the first time. It has won the warm commendation of some of the most competent judges. The portrait of the martyr Bishop is drawn with great skill and force. Perhaps the most exquisite passage is that in which Poly-

carp recalls the Apostle John's reminiscences of his Master.

The different editions of the Moravian hymn-book contain many fine hymns from his pen, some of them being translations from Vicar Prichard of Llandovery. It was Griffith Jones's earnest wish that John Gambold should undertake a new translation of the Psalms into Welsh verse, but this wish was doomed to disappointment. The fragments of Gambold's writings that remain only intensify our regret that one so richly gifted should have made so few contributions to the religious literature of England. His excessive fastidiousness interfered sadly with the productiveness of his refined and cultured intellect.

The Moravian Church at Haverfordwest continues to exist and to flourish, but the numerous preaching-stations established by the early pastors were abandoned before the end of the eighteenth century. Moravianism was an exotic which never took deep root in Pembrokeshire soil, and its history here is only an epitome of its history in the British Isles. The noble traditions of the Unitas Fratrum and its claims upon the gratitude of Christendom are such that one cannot but deplore its failure amongst us; but that failure was inevitable from the first. The Moravian polity could never have been accepted by the people of Pembrokeshire. The early recognition of that fact led to the abandonment of the aggressive work of evangelization which was at first carried on so vigorously from the Haverfordwest congregation.

Yet Moravianism was a conscious enrichment of the religious life of the county. The long succession of cultured men who occupied the pulpit of the little chapel; the beautiful liturgical forms of its worship; the Communion Service, which retained the impress of the Oriental origins of the Church of Moravia; the historical connection with the pre-Reformation Protestantism of

Bohemia ; the traditions of German pietism, which have left their ineffaceable traces on the devotional literature of the Unity—the educative effect of all these influences on many who were but occasional worshippers there forbid us to think of Moravianism in Haverfordwest as a needless addition to the sectarian divisions of Pembrokeshire. It would be ungrateful in the writer of these pages to forget another boon which Moravianism has conferred on the county. If it were not for the copious congregational diaries which for the first sixty years were kept by the Moravian pastors, it would be impossible to recover more than a meagre outline of the religious history of Haverfordwest and Pembrokeshire in the latter half of the eighteenth century. It is to these diaries that we owe our knowledge of William Gambold, the Methodist *par excellence* of the family, who continued his labours as a Methodist preacher to an advanced age. Nothing could tempt him to follow his brothers into the Moravian fold ; but in his old age he was on very friendly terms with the Moravian pastors, especially with Steinhauer, the son-in-law of the Bishop. William Gambold lived on a farm at Llawhaden, and his descendants are still to be found in that neighbourhood.

To the diaries we are also indebted for the rediscovery of the story of—

3. *The Brothers Relly.*—James Relly is himself the authority for the statement that Whitefield's sermon on April 16, 1743, was the turning-point in his life. No record remains of the influences which led his younger brother John to join him in his career of religious activity. Such a record would probably reconcile James Relly's own account with the assertion in a contemporary manuscript, that John Harries of St. Kenox was the chief instrument in the " awakening " of the brothers. James Relly was one of the most remarkable products of the revival in Pembrokeshire. " An ungovernable youth of

great bodily strength," he threw himself with all the energy of his nature into the service of his new Master. Within four years of that memorable Saturday he had become one of Whitefield's regular assistants, preaching frequently at Bristol, Bath, Birmingham, and elsewhere; but his most enduring work was done in South Pembrokeshire, where many societies were formed and many preaching-houses opened under the oversight of his brother and himself. The friendly relations of the Rellys with John Harries would be an adequate explanation, if any were needed, of their independent attitude towards the Methodist Association, and of the resoluteness with which, to the close of his life, John Relly guarded the independence of the societies under his oversight.

At what time James Relly ceased to reside in Pembrokeshire there is nothing to show. His frequent absences on preaching tours would gradually transfer the whole burden of pastoral care to the shoulders of his younger brother. In 1708 the brothers published a joint volume of original " hymns, poems, and spiritual songs," about a fifth of the volume being contributed by John. There is very little poetic merit in the productions of either brother, but the tone of the book is that of a healthy evangelicalism, with possibly a slight tincture of Moravian phraseology. Another edition, published in 1777, contains a supplement of selections from contemporary Methodist hymn-books, but there are no traces in it of the extraordinary transformations which James Relly's theology had by that time undergone. He was, of course, a Calvinist from the first—as were all the Pembrokeshire Methodists—but James Relly could be nothing by halves. His impulsive temperament and lack of intellectual training account for his adoption of Calvinism in its most extreme forms, which was scarcely less repulsive to Whitefield than to Wesley. His vehement dogmatism roused to an unwonted degree the anger of

John Wesley, who is said to have first applied to Relly the epithet "Antinomian"—*i.e.*, enemy of the Divine law—which played so important a part in the doctrinal disputes of the eighteenth century. Wesley's indignation at the teaching of Relly and of William Cadworth of Norwich was such that he, usually so self-restrained in the fiercest controversy, did not hesitate to designate them as "wretches who call themselves Methodists." This was in 1761. By this time Relly was passing, if he had not already passed, to the other extreme of the theological scale. The hyper-Calvinist had become a preacher of Universalism. The theory of the Atonement on which he had based his "Antinomianism," and which he had expounded in his most ambitious literary production, "Union; or, A Treatise of the Consanguinity between Christ and His Church"—this theory in its logical development was probably the determining factor in his adoption of the Universalist creed.

John Relly was now weighing anxiously the future of the Pembrokeshire congregations under his charge. He had meeting-houses or preaching-rooms in Pembroke, Narberth, Templeton, Jeffreston, Lamphey, Cosheston, etc. He does not seem to have entertained the idea of handing them over to the Methodist Association, which had its headquarters at Woodstock. An amalgamation with the Moravian Church he would have welcomed, but the rigidity of Zinzendorf's ecclesiastical polity was an insuperable barrier. He continued to be on most friendly terms with the Moravian pastors, and as his health declined he often expressed his wish that his people could have been transferred to their charge; but the years rolled by, and nothing was done, because nothing could be done. So nothing had been settled when he died at Carew on April 8, 1777. A Moravian minister preached at his funeral to "an auditory of between 1,600 and 2,000 very attentive hearers." The Pembroke meeting-house was

secured by the Methodists—probably the Whitefield Methodists. What became of his societies in the rural districts it is difficult to ascertain. Some may have furnished the nucleus of Congregational churches, as seems to have been the case at Pembroke. It is at least probable that in other localities these societies became associated with the Calvinistic Methodist organization.

James Relly survived his brother only one year, dying in London on April 25, 1778, at the age of fifty-six. His later years were clouded by disappointment and failure. In 1764 a lady who had granted him an annuity of £5 brought a suit in Chancery to recover it, on the ground that the deed was obtained when she was in a state of religious frenzy. A Dissenting preacher arraigned on such a charge would have about as much courtesy shown him as a modern passive resister in a Birmingham police-court. The result was a foregone conclusion, and the press joined in the hue and cry.

In the religious world he had as little sympathy. To Calvinists and Arminians alike, Universalism was the deadliest of heresies. His congregations dwindled. His last preaching-place was a disused Presbyterian meeting-house in Bartholomew Close. A young Methodist named John Murray, from one of the Whitefield churches, who went to hear him, describes the place as " with no seats save a few benches. The pulpit was formed of a few rough boards over which no plane had ever passed." But the preacher won Murray's ear, and when he was expelled from his own church for frequenting a heretical ministry, he joined Relly's little flock. Removing soon after to America, he became the founder of the Universalist denomination in the United States, " a man of great vigour and eloquence."

In 1791 another edition of the Relly hymn-book appeared. It was enlarged by the insertion of a long poem in blank verse, by James Relly, entitled " The Believer."

To this edition a portrait of James Relly is prefixed. It represents him as stout, with a face expressive at once of kindliness and shrewdness.

It would be difficult to conceive of two men more unlike each other than John Gambold and James Relly—the accomplished University scholar and the half-educated cow-farrier's apprentice. Both careers were marred by the same intellectual defect—a deficiency in that sobriety of judgment which is as indispensable to the theologian as it is to the politician. Yet neither career can be pronounced a failure. Gambold's name is imperishably engraved on the records alike of the Moravian Church and of the Oxford Methodists. James Relly has been deemed worthy of a place in the literary Valhalla of the "Dictionary of National Biography." John Relly, to whom Pembrokeshire is more deeply indebted than to either of them, has been utterly forgotten, even in those districts where his name was so long a household word.

## CHAPTER III

### THE EVANGELICAL REVIVAL—*continued*

AN important part in the Evangelical Revival was taken by—

4. *John Wesley and Wesleyan Methodism.*—The first Wesleyan preacher came to Pembrokeshire in the early summer of 1762. This was Thomas Taylor, a sturdy young Yorkshireman who at the London Conference of 1761 had offered himself for the itinerancy, and had been forthwith sent down to open up new ground in South Wales. He had spent the spring of 1762 in Gower, where "the inhabitants were nearly heathens," but where "God blessed my word." His reception at Pembroke was very encouraging, and he "preached in several places round Milford Haven, and had many to hear." So favourable was his report of the beginning he had made, that at the Leeds Conference of 1762 he was reappointed, with Pembrokeshire as his special field of labour; and here he remained for twelve months, visiting occasionally his old friends in Gower. In his charmingly frank autobiography he tells us that "Wales is not the most pleasing part of the world for a stranger to wander in, especially on the errand which I was upon." Besides, he had no salary, "for at that time there was no provision made for missionaries." Yet difficulties and privations troubled him little, for "the Lord prospered my undertaking in Pembrokeshire." By Christmas he had formed eight or more societies, with nearly 250 members. All this success was

achieved in South Pembrokeshire. The people of Tenby, however, "stood out stoutly for *their master*, and boasted that no preachers had ever come there, neither should they but at the price of their lives." At last, about midsummer, 1763, Taylor rode over early one Sunday morning, accompanied by a few of the Pembroke Wesleyans, and preached at the cross to a large and attentive audience, though the Mayor tried to persuade the people to pull him down, and failing that read the Riot Act. Taylor coolly asked him if he had finished, and then resumed his sermon. At noon he was brought before the Mayor, the Town Clerk, the Rector, and the curate, attending as informal assessors of the court; but Taylor knew his legal rights, and threats of imprisonment were met by the production of his licence, given under the Toleration Act. In the afternoon he preached again "to well nigh all the town, and had no interruption." That day fortnight Taylor came again to Tenby, and preached three times to large congregations. Unfortunately, the victory thus won was not followed up, for in July Taylor was appointed to Castlebar in Ireland. In his old age he still regretted his removal from a district where he had been so successful. It was many years before the Wesleyan Methodists in Pembrokeshire numbered as many members as they did when Taylor was among them. He was but twenty-four when he left the county never to return. Fifty-three years later the sudden death of the veteran who had twice sat in Wesley's chair was the subject of Montgomery's stirring hymn, "Servant of God, well done!"

In August, 1763, John Wesley came himself to Pembrokeshire, and introduced Wesleyan Methodism to Haverfordwest, where Taylor had never preached. This was the first of fifteen visits which he paid to the county, the last being in July, 1790, a few months before his death. Many an anecdote might be told of his Pembrokeshire

tours, some gathered from his delightful journals, others preserved by tradition. Haverfordwest, where his people built a chapel, which he pronounced to be "by far the neatest in Wales," was to him, as it had been to Whitefield, the most attractive place in the county. Yet he never failed to spend a day or two at Pembroke. St. Daniel's, a chapel of ease on the high ground south of the town, was often placed at his disposal, and here on Sunday mornings he would administer the Lord's Supper to a crowd of Methodists and devout Church-people, some of whom had ridden many miles for the privilege of being present at a Communion Service conducted by "Mr. Wesley." The élite of Pembroke society would assemble to hear the venerable evangelist, who had outlived the obloquy of earlier years. The congregations at Haverfordwest were perhaps less fashionable, but among those who came were the Misses Warren, cousins of Lady Kensington, and sometimes one or two of her ladyship's sisters, if not her ladyship herself. Miss Catherine Warren had a children's meeting, which if it had not been for boys only would have been an anticipation of Robert Raikes's Sunday-school at Gloucester. Miss Catherine's sister Frances married Mr. John Rees Stokes, and at least one visit to her home at Cuffern is recorded in the "Journal." Wesley was fond of enlivening his pages with anecdotes, and here is one: He was of course taken to see Roch Castle, when one of the company, looking at the rock, asked: "Is this natural or artificial?" Mr. Stokes gravely answered: "Artificial, of course; I imported it myself from Ireland." This Wesley calls "answering a fool according to his folly." In other Pembrokeshire mansions he was a welcome and honoured guest, as at Clareston, below Haverfordwest, and at Llwyngwair and Trecwn, in the north. In the Trecwn family—Admiral Vaughan and his sisters—he found the most cordial sympathy with his work, and the Barhams, descendants of the Vaughans, still cherish the

memory of the distinguished visitor to their ancestral home. When, some forty years ago, a member of the Barham family founded a valuable educational endowment, the management was entrusted by the title-deed to the incumbents and churchwardens of two neighbouring parishes, but the freehold was carefully vested in the Wesleyan Conference. Obviously the pious donor, who had expressly stipulated that the children should be instructed in the *Protestant faith*, regarded the Wesleyan body as the most reliable custodians of that sacred trust. The writer has talked with several who remembered Mr. Wesley's last visit to Haverfordwest, when, standing on the horse-block of the Blue Boar Inn, near the fish-market, his Bible resting on the broad shoulders of a stalwart grazier, the old man, already past his eighty-seventh birthday, delivered what was to him, as it had been to the prophets of Israel, "the burden of the word of the Lord."

Tradition, fascinated by the personality of the founder of Methodism, has taken little account of the preachers who came here under his directions. Yet some of them were men worth remembering. Three were sent by him to America—Joseph Pilmon, from whose coming with Richard Boardman the great American Methodist Episcopal Churches date their history; James Dempster, whose son became one of the most eminent of America's educationists; Michael Rodda, a fiery Cornishman whose indiscreet loyalism at the beginning of the War of Independence made it necessary for him to escape to England. Michael's brother, Richard Rodda, originally a steward at Clareston, was one of Wesley's most trusted lieutenants. Samuel Bradburn's wonderful eloquence earned for him the title of the Methodist Demosthenes. Thomas Roberts, like Rodda a Cornishman, was one of the most cultured Wesleyan preachers of his day. His first wife was Miss Eleanor Wogan, coheiress of the Wiston Estate. With

her early death and that of her children is traditionally associated the fulfilment of the mysterious curse pronounced upon the House of Wogan of Wiston.

One only of Wesley's itinerants was a Pembrokeshire man—John Prichard of Cresswell Quay. He was a man of delicate health and only moderate abilities, whose offer of service Mr. Wesley was very slow to accept. His itinerant career was brief, for he died in his fortieth year, but he left behind him a reputation for great saintliness. Wesley, whose words of eulogy were ever carefully weighed, described him as "an eminent pattern of holiness."

One interesting figure must not be forgotten. "David Allen, Esq., of Fobston," died in September, 1764. He was only twenty years old, but had already built a Wesleyan chapel at Marloes. Six months before he had met, at Philbeach, Nyberg, the Moravian pastor, and in discussion with him had defended the Wesleyan tenets. When or how he became a Wesleyan is unknown. Possibly Thomas Taylor had visited Marloes. Anyhow, he took a deep interest in theological questions, and was regarded as a youth of much promise. The inscription on his mural tablet in Marloes Church tells how

> "A youth, 'tis true, but . . .
> Strong in the Lord he fought the glorious fight,
> O'ercame through Him, with Him he rests in light."

His nephew, David Bird Allen, son of his sister Margaret, who married one of her cousins from Cresselly, was the Vicar of Burton and father of Dean Allen and of Archdeacon Allen of Shropshire.

5. *The Tabernacle, Haverfordwest.*—Thirty years went by after the first visits of Howel Harris and Whitefield to Haverfordwest before the Methodist Society, which was formed in 1743, and which for a generation had met in a room in a private house, found it necessary to build a place for their own use. Harris, Whitefield, Howell

Davies, had all passed away. It is an invariable law of the development of great religious movements in the Christian Church that their results should not assume tangible, numerical shape until the second generation—the age of the Diadochi. This law is strikingly illustrated in the case of the eighteenth-century revival both in England and in Wales.

In England the opening of this second epoch was connected with two events—the expulsion of Joseph Shipman and five other Methodist undergraduates from the University of Oxford, and the withdrawal of Rowland Hill, the younger son of a Shropshire Baronet, from the ministry of the Established Church to devote himself to the work of an evangelist among the Methodists.

In the early part of 1771 Joseph Shipman came to Haverfordwest, and here a few weeks later he preached his last sermon, returning to Gloucestershire to die of consumption in the following autumn. In the spring of 1772 Haverfordwest was visited by Cornelius Winter, who had been much in Shipman's company during his lingering illness. The impetus given to the growth of Methodism—*i.e.*, Calvinistic Methodism—in Haverfordwest and South Pembrokeshire in the decade following the death of Howell Davies was due to the remarkably successful ministry of these men and of "Captain Joss," the Scotchman who had become the assistant pastor of the London Tabernacle. The outcome of the fresh life thus infused into the English societies was the building of the Tabernacle Chapel in 1774. In May of that year Rowland Hill paid the first of his many visits to Haverfordwest. During the four weeks of his stay he preached in nearly every part of the county except the extreme south and the south-east, and from that time for many years his influence was paramount among the Methodist societies of the English-speaking districts. The earliest trust-deed of the Tabernacle Chapel, drawn up in 1776, bears the impress of his

influence. The part that this deed played in the future developments of Whitefield Methodism has been strangely overlooked by all the historians of the movement. The terms of the deed, while thoroughly Calvinistic, are among the earliest evidence of the tendency of the Whitefield societies or churches to break with the Calvinistic Methodism of Wales, and with the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and to gravitate towards Independency, or Congregationalism. When the Countess found herself aggrieved by the line taken by the leaders of the Gloucester Association, which included Bristol, and by the " Tabernacle Connexion " generally, she put in the forefront of her complaints the case of the Tabernacle at Haverfordwest, and insisted, as a first and indispensable condition of peace, that the Gloucester Association should surrender the Haverfordwest chapel to the Calvinistic Methodist Association of Wales. Her ladyship's indignation was especially directed against Rowland Hill. " Mr. Hill *cannot* preach for *me* "—so wrote the Countess of Huntingdon from Trevecca in 1780 ; but Rowland Hill and his friends in Gloucestershire and in Pembrokeshire were firm. The parting of the ways had come. " Whitefield Methodism," to use an awkward but convenient phrase, was gradually merged in Congregationalism, to be followed ultimately—such is the irony of fate—by the Countess's own Connexion. The final open rupture between the Methodist Association and the Tabernacle Church did not take place till the summer of 1790, but the decisive battle, fraught with issues so important to English Nonconformity, was fought and won in 1781. Thus it was that the Haverfordwest Church and the societies in sympathy with it freed themselves from the uncongenial domination of the Welsh Association.

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